No. 2273.6
X.1

GIVEN BY
Hon. Edward Everett.

PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.

PASSAGES

IN

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT.

273.6

"To know one's-self is, according to a Milesian sage, the only wisdom. I doubt if there be a man living, who so truly knows himself, that of himself he can deliver a true opinion. And yet one man hesitates not, to pronounce concerning the state and character of another man, of whom he must necessarily know still less than of himself; nay, your *Traveller* presumes to frame and deliver opinions about whole nations, in which work, the chances against truth of opinion, are multiplied some fifteen or twenty millions of times."—*De La Fronde.*

V.1.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

8294

BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M.DCCC.XXXVIII.

Hon Edward Everett
Aug 7 1855

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1838,
By Charles C. Little and James Brown,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

11578

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY FREEMAN AND BOLLES,
WASHINGTON-STREET.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

	Page.
I.	
Entering London.	3
II.	
A Visit to Holkham Hall.	16
III.	
A Highland Festival.	28
IV.	
Scotch Scenery—Scotch Preaching. . .	39
V.	
Liverpool and Manchester Railway. . .	51
VI.	
Manchester Musical Festival—Malibran's Death.	63
VII.	
Sights and Sounds in London—The Press. .	74
VIII.	
A Parisian Sabbath.	85
IX.	
Shakspeare in Paris.	107

X.

Page.

The Palace of Justice. 123

XI.

Taglioni. 142

XII.

The Parisian Press in January, 1837. . . 155

XIII.

The Italian Opera. 188

XIV.

A Ball at the Tuileries. 201

XV.

The Parisian Cafés. 221

XVI.

The Children's Theatres. 244

XVII.

The Tombs at St. Denis. 261

XVIII.

The Parisian Markets. 273

XIX.

Eating Houses in Paris. 293

XX.

The Second Rate Restaurants. . . . 310

PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL.

I.

ENTERING LONDON.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
  Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl,'
  There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks, with periwigs in curl
  In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass,—
  (For in those days we had not got to gas);

Through this, and much and more, is the approach
  Of travellers to mighty Babylon.

DON JUAN.

I SOMETIMES thank my stars that I am an *American* Traveller in the Old World. It seems to me that my interest as such must be far greater, than that of a mere native European passing over the same region. He cannot be so continually startled with sights and sounds. He cannot enjoy half so much wonder and admiration. He cannot have such remarkable points

for contrast and comparison. He, the native and resident of old countries, is still but a surveyor of old countries. I, the native of a new world, familiar only with its people and ideas, pass through European travel, into an almost opposite set of ideas. Wherever I turn my eyes, the wonderful, the strange, the new continually meet them. I find political institutions here, altogether unlike those in my own country. I see forms of social life, quite different from those I have left behind. The subjects of thought are not the same. The modes of expression, the tones of voice, the accent, the gesture are all different;—and when I come to painting, and sculpture, and architecture, I find myself translated into worlds of mortal creation, that as yet can hardly be said to have more than an infant existence in my own land.

There is nothing from which I derive more pleasure, than comparisons on divers points, between my own country and those through which I pass. Some of them seem to be quite stationary. Their energies, physical, moral, and intellectual have been disclosed. Their soil has shown all its capabilities. Their literature has been written. Their works of art have been created. Their political and social features seem for the present, to be unchangeably fixed. Their epochs of glory and power are among the 'have beens.' They cannot go up, nor do they go down. They have revealed and exhausted all their capacities. They live on, from age to age, on about the same level. Though their society may now and then take little dif-

ferent forms and shades, it does not much ascend above, or descend below that level. With such nations and my own, the points of contrast are innumerable and most striking.

Then here again are States which seem to be on the eve of mighty changes, and changes too that will not merely alter their forms, leaving them in the same old footsteps, but such as must inevitably carry them higher or lower than heretofore they have ever been. These are the States in which liberal principles of politics, and the inventions of mechanical genius have gotten a foothold. While the former nations stand still, like old worn out steeds that have had their day of prizes and of triumph, with these latter do we now seem to be upon the course. With them are we racing onwards to the goal. Our epochs are all in the future; if indeed those of France and England may not almost be said to be in the present. But how wonderfully advanced are these latter people! How far on are they towards society's highest point! How largely are they developed! And when I contemplate these developements, and, with the same eye, those in my own land, I see between them chasms wide, very, very wide. How much have we to achieve! Nothing like foreign observation enables an American thoroughly to feel this truth. Nothing like such observation qualifies him to perceive that place in the scale of physical and moral progress, up to which his country has advanced. Of how little literature can we boast! What small advancements have we made in science! How

few good original paintings do we possess! What a dearth among us of sculpture, and of good specimens in architecture! What a small number of charitable and educational institutions! In short, how poor are we in those agents which bear upon the hearts, the minds, the civilization of a people! But then, in this early stage of our national existence, it seems to me we *ought* to be thus poor. Our greatest energies ought not now to be directed mainly into these departments. They should be given to those other subjects, without whose hale and flourishing condition, neither art nor literature, nor noble institutions can ever flourish;—I mean, the making permanent and salutary the action of our still young political system, and the application of effective agents to develope the immense resources of our soil. They should be devoted, indeed, just as hitherto they have been devoted. We have begun at the right end. We have begun with the great centre and source of national wealth and glory. We have begun by turning to account the riches on our soil, and in it, and under it. Our great anxiety is to devise good means, good machinery, wherewith to make available all these riches, and in all the forms of which they are susceptible.

Here is the foundation of our great future. Let these physical powers be well brought forth, and all good things will surely follow. We must be material before we are ideal. We must have food, and raiment, and shelter and wealth, before we can, as a nation, be intellectual. Nothing more vexes, or rather amuses

me, than to hear divers persons railing at us all, in good set terms, for not cherishing more devotion to the elegant arts, and to literature. We should be fools if we did so. Our nation has commenced its youth like a wise child, by bringing out its muscles and sinews, the only means of securing a hale manhood, an honorable age, and with them, vigorous and enterprising thought. I rejoice that at this opening era of our national existence, the character of the American people is a practical one. I see in that character the elements of our coming glory as a literary, a scientific, an intellectual people. Through the mighty agency of that character, I see our forests levelled, our fields cultivated, our mines laid open, manufactories every where springing up, our territory intersected by railroads, our lakes and streams covered with steamboats, and our ships thronging all the ports of the world. Attendant upon this physical advancement is wealth, national and individual. With wealth comes the fostering of science, and art, and literature. The beautiful forms of architecture may then arise amongst us. The triumphs of the chisel and the pencil may then be ours. Schools and colleges may more generally abound, and those noble institutions of charity, which bless both giver and receiver, may every where more thickly adorn our land. This, we flatter ourselves, will be the progress of our country, and in such progress, the voice of after ages will, we trust, be heard, speaking some praise for those who consented to the stigma of being characterized as a practical, material, mechanical people.

In Europe, the American contemplates higher conditions of certain things than can be found in his own country. But to such advanced points is that country fast hastening. He meets a thousand objects he would carry home with him, and in almost every department does he see a spirit which he would gladly have transported thither. He is indeed unfortunate who, disliking these political systems, can therefore find nothing to admire in certain noble institutions and forms of life which have grown up beneath them. If in their contemplation, his heart be not expanded with wishes to see a kindred spirit to that which created them, active in his own yet undeveloped land, upon him may foreign travel well be said to have left unwrought one of its best influences.

I happened to be thus reflecting as, on this 25th morning of June, 1836, I, for the first time, ascended the Thames, in the Batavier from Rotterdam. I know not what may be the chief impression on others' minds, when thus approaching and first entering London. Nothing, I know, has so much impressed me, as the grand scale, the enormous magnitude, upon which every thing seems to be done. Within two hours previous to my landing, I had seen at least fifty steamboats, storming down the river, thronged, completely thronged with passengers. Then what multitudes of ships, merchantmen and men of war, momently, for miles and miles, met the eye! As we advanced, upon our left arose the great Greenwich hospital, that

immense repository of broken limbs and naval valor. Upon the right are now those vast works, the East India, the West India, and the London Docks, crowded with vessels, and showing forth, even in the distance, a bewildering wilderness of masts. England is said to be mistress of the sea. One cannot but be assured of her greatness on that element, if he approach the metropolis through the avenue of the river Thames. And yet, the thousands on thousands of vessels, I have this day seen, are but a small part of her maritime power.

Judging from the great number of buildings that lined the river-banks, I expected every moment to land. 'We are yet three miles from the custom-house,' said the helmsman. At length London bridge appeared. Barges, wherries, ships, coal vessels, steam-boats of all sizes and shapes, seemed now to be trebly multiplied, all crowded together in the confusion that appeared not more inextricable than hazardous. 'We are here just over the Grand Tunnel,' says a passenger; 'more than forty men are at work, some fifty feet beneath our steamer.' At last we stood in front of the custom-house, itself a stupendous building, and one moreover wherein the traveller learns that if much is here done on a large scale, something is likewise done on a most minute and scrutinizing one.

The custom-house vexations ended, suppose that for curiosity's sake, you at once engage a conveyance to take you a few hours ride through the city. You may, if you like, get into 'Hansom's Patent Safety,'

an easy, cushion-like, one-horse vehicle, the lower part of whose body rises not more than six inches from the ground, and whose driver is perched right over your head. Or far better, you may ascend cabriolet No. 2005. Though upon its outside, under a crown flanked by the royal letters, W. R. you read, 'licensed to carry two persons,' you yet resolve to have the whole interior to yourself. The driver sits at your right hand, on a little seat constructed quite on the outside of the cab, and touches his hat every time he speaks to you.

Passing the lofty fire monument of 1666, you leave the Bank of England and the Exchange upon your right, and enter Cheapside. Here is a crowd in the streets, only to be paralleled by that which you have just left upon the water. Your cab now walks along slowly in a line of carriages, itself between two other lines, moving in the opposite direction. What shouts of drivers! what crying out of pedestrians! what cracking of whips! what rattling of vehicles! Here are cars drawn by dogs, and cars drawn by men; omnibuses with two horses, gigs with one horse, and coaches with four; and every now and then shall you see one of those enormous vehicles, only to be found in London, whose body reminds you of Noah's ark, drawn forward by animals whose stature and prodigious muscular developement proclaim the antediluvian,—the veritable horse-mammoth. The confusion seems to be inextricable; and yet this little world of counter and cross interests moves on, slowly to be sure, but yet harmoniously and quite surely.

Now relieved from the crowd, you dart on past St. Paul's Church, pausing just long enough to wonder that any one could ever think of comparing it, discolored as it all is, and hemmed in by common-place buildings, to the isolated beauty and majesty of St. Peter's at Rome. Moving on through Fleet Street and the Strand, you may catch distant glimpses of Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges, among the finest in the world. You now enter Trafalgar Square, and turning by the large Italian Opera House, up Haymarket, you pass through the beautiful crescent, adorned with its hundred and forty cast iron columns, into Regent Street,—a street which after five minutes' observation you pronounce, from the regularity of its architecture, the splendor of its shops, its great breadth, and the gorgeous equipages that are coursing thickly over it, to be the most magnificent you have seen in foreign parts. Bid your cabman drive right ahead. You are thus conducted through Portland Place past the Colosseum. On your right now range those princely mansions, the Chester and Cumberland Terraces, while far away upon the left expands Regent's Park, with its four hundred acres of shrubberies, its beautiful sheet of water, its numerous intersecting paths, themselves shaded by noble English oaks. Under them you see clustering herds of cattle and sheep, the paths are full of promenaders, while here and there appears a villa, to complete a picture of grand and rural beauty, whose tout ensemble can be matched by no similar scene on all

the continent. It seems a noble specimen of the English Park, whereof perchance you have often read, but of which until now your eyes have never judged. Sweeping around it, you pass Hanover Terrace, and Sussex Place, and Clarence Terrace, and Cornwall Terrace, and, more magnificent than all, York Terrace. The designs of all these edifices are grand, and when you have passed them, you seem to have left behind, a city of palaces.

You may now come back to Oxford Street, and though you have travelled some five or six miles, you have found no thinning-out of houses, no less crowding of streets, and you feel that no less tremendous is the rush of life here, than where you this morning commenced your journey near the stairs of the custom-house. Men, women, and children are perpetually on the *qui vive.* This is certainly no place for loungers. The men with faces that speak of moneys to be made, not merely walk, they run, they rush. The women seemingly embued with the business-enthusiasm, move as if issues momentous depended on their motions. And the children, alas! they have not countenances exuberant with the careless joy of childhood, even *they* look solemn and calculating, they have the spirit of the day, they already help to carry on the energetic business amidst which they have just been born. How different these scenes from some I have lately left behind me! Imagine this Oxford Street and High Holborn, with their anxious faces and bustling bodies, suddenly trans-

ported into Venice, or Milan. Corpo di Bacco! What stares of amazement would possess the Italian! 'Che demenzia, che pazzia!' might he exclaim. His coffee would grow cold in his cup, and his ice melt away in the sun, and he himself look more stupid than ever, wondering what, in this little farce of life, could so fill human beings with bustle, fuss and seriousness.

Dashing down Oxford Street we reach an open space. 'What's this, cabman?' 'Ide Park, zur.' 'Well, drive on through it.' 'They vont let such wehicles has this go hin, zur.' I now began to perceive that I was not moving in sufficient style for the gratification of all my curiosity; so paying off my man, I alighted and walked into the park.

Surely, said I pausing, nothing can be desired more ample and magnificent than this. Here again, as I have just been told, are near four hundred acres of fine country scenery, waters, and undulating vales, and here are flocks, and herds, and forests flourishing right in the metropolis. But what are all these compared to the wealth, the rank, the beauty and the splendor, swiftly dashing through the park? The *season* is now in its glory, and this is one of the important hours of the season,—five o'clock in the afternoon. 'Pray, sir, can you tell me who is this on horseback, galloping so finely, he with a single groom behind him?' 'That, sir, why the Duke of Wellington.' 'And the lady alone in that vehicle, guiding her horses with her own hand, the little white dog

sitting on the seat beside her?' 'The Countess of B——; and the mounted gentleman near by is Count D——: every body knows them.' And they move on with the rest, a countless throng of carriages in all shapes and sizes, some carrying one person, some whole families; of men on horseback and ladies on horseback; of gentlemen on foot and women on foot; merchants, lords, great men, and small men, passing and repassing, recognising and *cutting*, and all, particularly the last, done in a style of grandeur well becoming the greatest metropolis of the world.

There seems to be no limit to the vast crowding of the Londoners into Hyde Park at this hour. And then the air of self-confident independence and substantial opulence, which surrounds each equipage. Every man seems here to enjoy himself out of certain enormous superfluities. There is no apparent narrowness of means. Horses, carriages, coachmen, grooms, all are of the most wealthy, permanent, substantial build. I had seen similar grand gatherings in Italy,—at Naples, Rome and Milan. But there, and particularly at the first-named city, there is a great deal of tinsel style. Every traveller thither well knows that many a Neapolitan starves himself during the week, that he may be enabled, on a fete or sabbath day, to sport a carriage over the Toledo or the Chiaja. But depend upon it, there is no starving for purposes of show in yonder gorgeous vehicle, and that which comes after, and those others which still follow. The flaunting of those plumes, the rustling

of those veritable silks, the abounding fullness of that stomach, and the blazing fullness of those cheeks, proclaim in signs not to be mistaken, that before me is none other than mighty John Bull taking his evening ride, in all the glory of riches and of independence.

Moving at my leisure onwards, my eye was arrested, among the thousand objects, by a semi-colossal statue in a defensive attitude, with a shield some eighteen feet high, standing on a granite basement. Underneath I read the following inscription:—

'To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen.' Within a stone's throw is the fine town residence of the Duke, and opposite to it, extend far away other Parks—the Green and St. James'—of equal, and perhaps superior magnitude to those I have just beheld.

I have now seen but a very little part of the exterior of London. A few hours only have been employed;—and yet what an impression have they not left of its vast extent, its splendid architecture, the endless thronging of its streets, the gorgeous displays in its parks, the anxious bustle of business, the laughter and show of fashion, and the ever-onward rush of its millions to mysterious and unknown destinies!

II.

A VISIT TO HOLKHAM HALL.

Here Holkham rears in graceful pride
Her marble halls and crested towers,
And stretches o'er the champaign wide
Her lengthened suite of social bowers.

ROSCOE.

TRAVELLING over England and Scotland, my impressions with regard to the gigantic scale on which things are done in this little island, have each day been strengthened. I leave out of consideration the numerous and immense manufactories, the extensive system of internal communication, the large benevolent, literary, and religious institutions, the vast naval depots, and the enormous commercial establishments. I will look only at the state and style surrounding individual noblemen, and certain wealthy gentlemen of the kingdom. I will, in my view, embrace only their extensive grounds, their parks thronged with deer, their numerous tenantry, their large mansions filled with choice productions of the pencil and the chisel, and the scores of servants, carriages, horses, and what not, that go to make up their entire worldly establishment. What proofs do they not furnish of individual power! What an illustration do they not afford of the grand style deemed by many Englishmen essential to their dignity, in passing from their cradles to their graves!

Do they likewise go to prove national advancement? That is a question I do not now pretend to answer. Would it be better, were these enormous establishments broken up and distributed among a greater number of more equal enjoyers? Would it more conduce to national and individual happiness if the ten thousand acres of land, now possessed by a single individual,—a part for pleasure and a part for profit,—were divided among twenty cultivators, of five hundred acres each? These are questions that may enter an American's mind as he rides through these large domains, now regarding their sole proprietor, idling away time in luxurious ease, and anon beholds some hundreds of his hard-laboring tenantry,—hard-laboring that, among other things, such ease may not be disturbed. To answer them requires a thorough insight into this social organization, large comparisons and closely scrutinized reasoning. I do not now presume to attempt it.

I was led into the foregoing reflections by my first approach this morning to Holkham Hall, the residence of Thomas W. Coke, Esq., the great Norfolk farmer. 'Certainly,' said a fellow passenger in yesterday's coach, 'you will not leave this part of the country without seeing Holkham Hall.' 'And be assured,' added another, 'your reception will be gratifying. There is not a house of equal hospitality in the kingdom. Strangers, or acquaintance—none are neglected. Ah, but the proprietor is a nice old gentleman—eighty-three years old, and still hearty as a man of fifty.

Thirteen years ago he, childless, married a lady aged nineteen. He has now five children. I don't know what you would call that in America, but here in England we think it doing very well.' 'Capital,' said I, and assuring the gentleman that we were not altogether insensible to the application of Malthusian doctrines, resolved at once to visit the establishment.

The grounds, including gardens, and park, and forest, and meadows, and fields of *corn* (for this latter word, designating in our country a product seldom or never grown in England, is synonymous with our word *grain*), are bounded by a circumference of ten miles. Within this circumference is an artificial lake, regarded by many as the most superb in England. Walks and rides intersect these grounds in every convenient direction. Here you move under a triumphal arch; before you arises soon a lofty obelisk; upon your right spread out five hundred acres of barley, and anon you enter Lady Anne Coke's beautiful flower garden, planned by the taste of Chantrey. Sheep, whereof here are twenty-two hundred of the veritable South Downing breed; cattle, of which there are three hundred belonging to the stock of Devon; milch cows, whereof thirty constitute the dairy; horses, whereof fifty enjoy stalls at Holkham; tenantry, of whom two hundred are happy to acknowledge this excellent landlord; and laborers, of whom two thousand are said to be continually in his employ, meet your eye wherever it is turned. And nearly in the centre of this circumference stands the House of Holkham. A magnificent

pile, it was erected about eighty years since by the Earl and Countess of Leicester. It consists of a large central building with four wings, and you are informed that, 'measuring closely by all the angles,' it is just one mile in circumference. The house is open for public inspection on two days of each week; and well may it thus be opened; for it contains treasures in tapestry, sculpture, and painting, that richly repay the visiter for his time and trouble. In this respect,—as a repository of Art,—Holkham is one of the many valuable houses in England. There is in all the island, no Louvre, no completed National Gallery for the products of the chisel and pencil,—no centre of Art. England is truly rich in these works, but they are scattered, a Claude here, a Titian there, and distant a hundred miles or more, amidst sculpture both ancient and modern, may be found a Salvator Rosa, and a Raphael. If you would enjoy them, you cannot, as in Paris, walk to a single centre; you must ferret them out from those numerous nooks and private corners, in which the private pride of the nobility has, I had almost said, *concealed* them.

And here I digress for a moment to say, that of all sight-seeing in England, that which includes statuary and painting, is the least satisfactory. If haply you have an acquaintance with a possessor of worthy products of art, and hence enjoy free and frequent admission to his collection, it is all very well. If, however, like a thousand other travellers, you must content yourself with a single visit, that visit will afford little

pleasure and less instruction. You will, by pampered servants, be hurried hastily through the halls, and when at length you leave them, the master-pieces just seen, are scattered here and there through your memory, in as much disorder as they are throughout the kingdom. Blenheim House suggests a very apt illustration of this. But far better is Hampton Court. 'I should be happy to see the cartoons of Raphael,' you mildly say to a youthful portress sitting at the door. 'Will you please to wait a moment, sir?' asks the damsel insinuatingly. Now you are requested to wait this moment, sometimes a rather long one, in order that other company arriving, the course of the attendant through the rooms may be a profitable one. A key is taken along, and so soon as the door leading into one apartment is opened, that through which you have passed is closely locked. Hence, you must keep right at the heels of the inexorable guide. This guide walks onwards enumerating rapidly, 'This is by Sir Peter Lely; this is by Holbein; this is a Rubens; here is a Weenix.' It is contrary to all regulations for you to remain behind, in admiration of a particular work, and you are thus constrained to hurry along with the hurrying attendant, and the stranger-party. A little surprised to find that you have despatched fifty or more paintings of the masters, in less than ten minutes, you resolve that the cartoons, at least, shall be properly seen and enjoyed. Vain resolution! The party, in whose company you unfortunately chance to be a visiter of the rooms, caring little

perhaps for these productions, are now anxious to get out, and certainly you cannot be so ungenerous as to detain them all, for the selfish sake of merely gratifying your own private curiosity. Raphael is of course left behind with the others, and you find all at once, that you have made the entire circuit of the apartments, and moreover, that you enjoy therefrom, just that degree of satisfaction, which one derives from walking through a large library, and hearing announced the title of the books composing it. You rejoice, however, that you know *what* pictures may here be seen, although that knowledge might be furnished as completely by a catalogue, as a visit of thirteen miles from London to Hampton Court. As the establishment is hardly a private one, if, while you are depositing the *consideration* within the damsel's palms, you do not pronounce this system of exhibition a disgraceful humbug, be assured it is because your sensibility to Art is for the moment quite overcome by your sensibility to a very good looking countenance before you. I could never imagine why these rooms were not left open somewhat like those of the Borghese palace at Rome, where the visiter might linger at his pleasure, and stand some chance of having his love for Art in some small degree gratified.

The stranger who desires to visit merely the *apartments* at Holkham House may meet, as he enters the magnificent Egyptian Hall, a portly dame in most aristocratic turban and white gloves, who is no less, nor indeed no greater than *next* to the mistress of the

whole establishment. She has the true quiet of English good breeding, and when you consider that out of the sixty servants belonging to the Hall, twenty-six of the females are subject to her single control, you can understand why authority sits not merely in her eye, but in all her motions. Nothing, however, can exceed the civil grace with which she conducts you through thirty-one apartments remarkable either for architecture, paintings, sculpture, or tapestry. I paused sometime in the rooms composing part of the 'Stranger's Wing.' There were the 'red and yellow bed-chamber,' and the 'blue and yellow bed-chamber,' and the 'crown bed-chamber,' and appended to them were 'dressing rooms,' all furnished in most costly style, and adorned with numerous paintings, while in the story above, were many similar rooms, designed for a similar purpose, to which the mere visiter has not access. That purpose, as the name indicates is, the accommodation of numerous strangers, who, at any season of the year, may sojourn beneath the hospitable roof of Holkham Hall, and of the private and noble friends of its proprietor, who, in the shooting months of October and November, throng hither from many parts, to enjoy their favorite sport. The 'brown dressing room' is curious, as containing a goodly number of original sketches with the pen, and in white, black, and red chalk, by such masters as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Perugino, Carlo Maratti, the Caracci, Lanfranco, and others.

I was next extremely interested in the statue gallery,

its tribune and vestibule. This gallery is one hundred and more feet in length, and contains twenty-eight antiques, of which many are full-grown statues. I was pleased with one of Diana. It is conjectured to have been the property of Cicero. It was purchased by the Earl of Leicester, at a great price, and *secretly* sent out of Rome. For this offence the Earl was arrested, but soon released at the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is of Parian marble, in excellent preservation, and is enfolded in that drapery, that *glorious* drapery, which could have come from none other than the Grecian chisel. There is likewise here a very pretty specimen of art by Chantrey, the model of which I had seen in the artist's studio at London. Sir Francis, whose shooting feats have given the name of 'Chantrey hills,' to certain rising grounds near the triumphal arch, happening on one occasion to bring down two woodcocks at a shot, in commemoration of the event, transferred them into marble, and presented them to Mr. Coke. Nothing can exceed the sweet delicacy of this composition. And then so natural. The birds are done not indeed to the life, but truly, *to the death.*

The Landscape Room, as it is called, gave me much pleasure. The ceiling and chimney-piece are exquisitely wrought, and the walls are hung about with richest crimson embossed Genoa velvet. It contains, among others, a landscape by Salvator Rosa, another by Domenichino, three by Caspar Poussin, and seven by Claude Lorraine. Of this last master, there are

thirteen productions at Holkham; a number altogether extraordinary for a private collection, and most of them possess extraordinary merit. Having fully enjoyed these admirable landscapes, and caught a glimpse through the window of one still fairer without, we walked into the manuscript library.

Here is a full-length portrait of the celebrated Roscoe. To this gentleman's taste and zeal are the eight hundred volumes of manuscripts in this library indebted, for many excellent literary notes and for numerous facts respecting their age and value. This collection is extremely curious, and such as I hardly expected to find in the possession of one who, while he has served fifty years in Parliament, has never been particularly devoted to literature. What excites one's attention and admiration is, the marvellous beauty with which some of these manuscripts are executed. Here are Latin copies of the four Evangelists on vellum, preserved in covers of gold and silver, adorned with colored stones and richly illuminated. These are more than six hundred years old. And yet, what clear and polished beauty is in the material! How distinct is the hand! How surprisingly brilliant are the illuminations! I was likewise attracted by a miniature missal of the fifteenth century, supposed to have been the work of the skilful Julio Clovio, whose caligraphy and poetical illustration seemed to me outrivalling the finest achievements of the press at the present day. Then was shown a copy of the Pentateuch three hundred years old, written on deerskin, extending its single leaf

one hundred and six feet, in a width of twenty-five inches. There are many other curious compositions similar to these, within this library, which is moreover very rich in the Greek Fathers, and the Latin Classics. In the mansion are two other libraries, one of which is scrupulously classical, and the other miscellaneous. The literary part of the establishment seems to be indeed princely, and in harmonious keeping with that magnificence, which an income of near two hundred thousand dollars per annum enables its proprietor to sustain.

That proprietor, as already stated, is eighty-three years of age. He receives you with extreme cheerfulness, and even vivacity, as if he had a great deal to expect from your friendship. Hospitality seems to shine forth in every expression. He completely embodies your idea of the real old English gentleman. The character of the landlord pervades all around him. No one can fail to be impressed by the mild and hospitable deportment which marks his numerous tenantry. And then, with what enthusiastic love do they all speak of him! My experience extended beyond that tenantry, to the inhabitants of the little town of Wells, three or four miles distant. There is among them but one accordant voice, respecting the good heart and condescending bearing of the venerable man. Every one speaks of the 'Hall,' as of some central source of enjoyment. None pass near it, without calling to shake the porter by the hand, and look into the ever-open treasures of the larder. The feeling of good will

is common to old and young; and while the proprietor takes his evening drive among his extensive grounds, you are pleased to see the laughing children of his tenantry, running before his carriage with rival steps, to open the various gates through which it is about to pass.

I have never seen happier faces, or plumper forms, than in my rambles of to-day. The servants of the establishment, particularly, are in admirable condition. Really, one feels healthier in merely looking at them. But of all the jovial expressions there, what one can match the visage of the old butler? It is a prodigy of good humor. You cannot call it intensely red. It is rather a brilliant copper. It images

'The shadowy livery of the burnished sun.'

With the round body beneath, it proclaims a life passed among mugs, and bottles, and tankards. It is indeed irresistible. You actually feel warmed in its presence. You know not how to describe it. In despair, you pronounce it the word *jolly* melted down, and are ready to burst forth into admiration of that ale which can work such marvellous results.

As the turrets of Holkham Hall faded for the last time from my sight, I reflected that soon its worthy proprietor must pass away. And what a glorious evening is this to the day of his life, a life long spent in the service of his country, and in sowing within the condition of the humble around him, seeds whose fruits are their own contentment, and unbounded love of

him. I cannot but believe their happiness well based, and their affection sincere. A pleasant reflection indeed must this be, shining into a heart around which the shadows of a long night are beginning to gather. And now, were present *feeling* to decide the matter, I can hardly deny, that if all establishments of noblemen and wealthy gentlemen in the kingdom, were under such benevolent principles as seem to govern this, some questions that arose on my first approach this morning to the Hall, might without great difficulty be answered.

III.

A HIGHLAND FESTIVAL.

MIDNIGHT. I sit down at this late hour to transfer into my diary the sights and sounds of this day. They may serve to illustrate one of the phases of Highland life.

I am at St. Fillans, at the foot of Loch Earn. This is the little village at which, on this day each year, assembles the St. Fillan's Highland Society. This society was organized in 1819. It consists of about three hundred of the gentlemen of Western Perthshire. Its professed object is to keep in existence the old Highland games, and the Highland costume. Since its organization, some hundred others have sprung up in various parts of Scotland, governed by similar rules, and having in view the same objects.

The Games commenced at twelve o'clock. They are always performed in the open air. Imagine yourself before a stage thirty feet square, and raised some eighteen inches from the earth. On your right hand and left, are tents filled with ladies, the nobility of this region. Opposite to you, on the other side of the stage, are numerous carriages likewise filled with ladies, and strangers, hither come from a distance of forty or fifty miles. Behind you rises, two hundred feet, an amphitheatrical hill, over whose sides are

distributed hundreds of the strong and the fair, damsels in their native tartan, and young men in hose and philabegs. Sir John Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, Bart. Chieftain, announces that the games will now commence. The first is a competition of bagpipes. The best performer of the pibroch selected for him, is to carry off as prize, a handsome full-mounted pipe with silver inscription plates. The second best performer will be presented with a handsome silver-mounted dirk.

'Jame McIntyre, piper to Sir Henry Bradistone,' shouted the herald. Forth walked the announced, in Highland bonnet, with a broad plaid sash curved over his left shoulder and tied beneath his right arm, richly belted, bearing two beautiful pistols under his belt, and a long dirk suspended therefrom. His sporan molach, a sort of convenient pouch, hung down before him from his waist. His philabeg, or petticoats, descended as far as his naked knees thence naked to the striped hose, which, concealing a well-developed calf, ran down into a delicate shoe, whose front shone with a silver buckle. James McIntyre having tuned his pipe, walked struttingly up and down the stage, playing McIntosh's lament.

I had long wished to hear the great Highland bagpipe well played. I have had enough of its sounds to-day. But whether they were well executed or not, my ear could hardly inform me. I can as yet make nothing of bagpipe music. The Scotch like it of course. This is their national instrument. It is asso-

ciated with their youth, their homes, their parents, their heroic ancestors and with all the past. To me, having no moral influences to endear it, its voice is extremely unpleasant. What a horrid monotony! I can hardly distinguish one tune from another. They all seem to me but variations of the same hum-drum tiresomeness. And then what a looking instrument! That huge wind-bag, and those four long pipes awkwardly projecting out therefrom. I hate its sight; I hate its sound, and when it 'sings i' the nose,' I am quite ready to believe in that peculiar influence which, according to Shylock, it has been sometimes known to exert.

James McIntyre having concluded his walk and his effort, touched his bonnet to the ladies and retired. George McPherson of the 49th regiment succeeded him. His costume was similar, his strut was similar, and to me his tune was the same, and so seemed his style of playing. There was, however, a certain flourish of fingers, and an air of self-confidence in the look which he bestowed upon the assembled throng, which seemed to say, 'I go in for the first prize.' After playing about five minutes, he gave way to another, who seemed to take up the droning tones just where his predecessor let them fall. Then came a fourth and a fifth. 'Not yet ended,' said I, in vexation, as a sixth advanced, and then, alas, a seventh, and to fill up the circle of monotonous concord, an *eighth* appears. 'I'll *hear* no more.'

When the contention of pipes was finished, the chief-

tain, in a loud voice asked, 'who goes in for throwing the sledge-hammer?' A space was immediately cleared. Several men stripped for the contest. The prize for the best throw was a handsome sporan molach; that for the second best, a pair of stocking hose. The names of the competitors have passed from my memory. I shall get them near enough, however, by prefixing an Mc to any monosyllable. Well then, McNab took the hammer. It weighed twenty-two pounds. With both hands striving, he flung it easily fifty-eight feet. McDab followed. He strained hard, but alas, for want of bottom or breath, his cast fell short of the preceding about five inches. McGill now advanced. He was indeed a small body, but you had only to look at his walk, and the elastic style in which he made the pendulum-like swings preparatory to the grand fling, to feel yourself in the presence of muscle unusually condensed. His cast leaped over McNab's at least two feet. I readily joined in the 'hurra,' for McGill was a mere Lilliput by the side of McNab. McNab looked unconcerned, for each competitor was entitled to five trials. McBib now entered the lists. But he had evidently taken too much ale in his day. The contrast between the lean long handle of the hammer, and the bursting rotundity of his belly, set several in a roar. It is quite unnecessary to record his throw, or that of McMillin, or McMore. The competitors having each had one trial, McNab did girt himself once more for the prize. In his first effort he appeared strong; in this second he was mighty. As

he stood with his left foot somewhat advanced, his hands clenched around the hammer's handle, his eye intently fixed upon the distance before him, and every sinew seemingly strained up for the terrible feat, an old crone by my side whispered, 'aweel, he *is* a braw mon.' I felt sure that the sporan molach was for him. Out from his hands flew the twenty-two pounds. The fling was sixty-four feet and four inches.—Shall I attempt to depict the consternation upon the visages of McDab, McBib, McMillin, McMore? They showed the merit of ambition, however, and cheerfully exhausted their respective right of trial. But completely were they outdone by that Herculean throw of McNab. McGill was constrained to be satisfied with the pair of stocking hose; McBib winked something about another time, and the other competitors doubtless felt it sufficient glory to be beaten by so 'braw a mon' as McNab.

Then came the throwing of the Putting Stone, an iron ball weighing, like the hammer, twenty-two pounds. To the best thrower thereof was to be presented a handsome silver-mounted snuff mull, and to the second best, a silver crest for the bonnet. The weight is taken into the right hand and, as it were, *shoved* forward. There is a vast deal of knack necessary here. I felt that McFillin would be successful. How admirably did he bring *all* the necessary muscular energies to act *precisely* at the instant when the ball was taking leave of his hand! He cast it thirty-three feet and two inches.

The tossing the Cabar now followed. The cabar is a piece of wood about eighteen feet long, six inches in diameter at one end and four at the other. The competitor elevates it to his right shoulder, and with his two hands under the smaller end, he strives to cast it ahead, and likewise to make it turn a sort of somerset. This exercise was so very arduous that we enjoyed it less than the others. Only one succeeded in making it perform the revolution, and for that achievement, he received a silver brooch. The second best tosser was presented with a Highland bonnet.

Then came the shooting with the plain gun, and while McMoran at the distance of one hundred yards, was planting a bullet within two inches of a crown piece, the ladies lunched. A powder horn was Mc Moran's prize.

Then followed the dancing of Highland reels. 'Will Lady B. and Lady C. and Lady D. do us the favor to judge between the dancers?' said Sir John Muir Mackenzie to three noble dames who now advanced. Four dancers ascended the stage. The successful bagpiper struck up the tune, and legs began to move. I was not favorably impressed by the movements. There was life, but little grace or character. I afterwards found that I was not altogether wrong in my impression, as the ladies refused to award the prizes: the first of which was a pair of silver buckles, and the second a Highland plaid. But if disappointed in this, I certainly was not in the sword dance, or Gille Callum, which succeeded. Two claymores were

laid down upon the stage, crossing each other at their centre, at right angles. A lightly framed Highlander ascended, touching his bonnet to the fair judges, and placed himself in a position to join the commencing bagpipe. He danced once around the swords, pausing for a moment coquettishly, before each point and hilt. He then—but it is utterly in vain for me to attempt a description of the complicated steps which, during the ensuing five minutes, he executed. My eye was actually bewildered in their mazes. Imagine something like the directions traced by the most beautiful and diversified spider's web. So diversified and beautiful were the directions traced by toe and heel athwart the claymores. The great object is to execute these various movements with delicacy and grace, and without touching the swords. McIvor performed the beautiful feat, and received therefor, not merely a steel pistol, but applause from the fairest hands I have seen in Scotland. McLeven went in for the second prize, a silver mounted skian dhu,—that is, a dagger usually worn on the outer side of the right leg, stuck in under the hose. His steps were fine, but they lacked the airy and self-possessed grace which characterized those of McIvor. Moreover he did once slightly touch the claymores.

The broad sword exercise was now gone through, and a set of sword belts was the promised reward of him whose first five cuts were pronounced the best. McDougal having in the course of five minutes, five times sounded his weapon, not of steel, full upon the chest of his antagonist, received the prize.

Then came the last assignment of honors, a silver medal with a suitable inscription, to that Highland shepherd, who produced the highest testimonials for length of service and fidelity to his master's interest. John Baillie,—ah, what a composed and honest physiognomy was thine, John Baillie,—presented a certificate from his master stating, that for thirty-six years he had deported himself so unexceptionably as not to warrant the slightest rebuke. Thine was perhaps an humble prize, John; and few attended to the reading of that worthy character given of thee; and yet I doubt not, if higher spirits have deigned to take an interest in this day's competitions, the unseen goodness of heart, whereof thy paper was a testimonial, has awakened in them joy far greater than the whole combination of muscular efforts, which alone seem to have excited *our* mortal interest and admiration.

The games having been concluded, the prizes awarded, and nine cheers bestowed upon the ladies for having graced the festival with their presence, the members of the association and several strangers, repaired to mine host's inn, and while the successful bagpiper played, partook of a dinner of venison, grouse, black cock and partridge, all washed down by plentiful glenlivet, the veritable mountain dew.

Toasting time having arrived, we first drank the usual loyal sentiments. Then the society drank to the strangers, and then the strangers to the society, and then we all drank to Lord Willoughby, without whose generosity we should have lacked the two splen-

did haunches of venison. Then we drank to Sir John Muir Mackenzie, and to Sir David Dundas, without whose admirable management and courteous bearing, the pleasures of the day had been less. Then a glass was filled to the departed ladies. But this must be quaffed in the Highland style. So we all mounted our chairs. The chieftain elevated his left foot to the table, holding in his right hand an unemptied glass. 'A good picture that,' said a travelling artist at my side. The glasses were emptied. 'Nine cheers,' shouted the chieftain, in Gaelic. 'Nieht, Nieht, Nieht, hip, hip, hurra, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, &c. &c. &c.'

After an hour of boisterous glee and Highland songs, it was resolved to give our enjoyment a new form. The tables were cleared away, some Highland reels were danced by the first Scotch noblemen present, and Sir David gave us the sword dance in a style which surpassed even that of the successful competitor of the day.

But this was all somewhat dry tripping of the toe, since no females joined. The ladies had two hours since departed for their homes. Now it so chanced that some score of rustic Highland lassies, ingeniously suspecting that their presence might be wanted ere the festivities closed, had delayed their departure, and for a long time, had either been wandering on the banks of the beautiful lake, or sitting in solitude at the open windows of the inn's chambers. Nothing could equal the efforts of the Highlanders in conveying this lovely

gear into the hall, save perhaps the affected struggles of the maidens themselves to prevent it. The Sabine fable, such as it shines in Italian paintings, rose vividly before me. However, the dancing was soon renewed under more favorable circumstances. The spirit of motion was irresistible. Those who could not secure fair partners, were content with foul ones. A French gentleman seized upon a crone who but a moment before had spaed his fortune, and though she was but a crippled fortune teller, she was a most energetic and nimble dancer. A tall Canadian walked into the kitchen, and politely solicited the hand, or rather the foot, of fat Mrs. McDibdin, the mistress of the house, and she, nothing loth, was soon steaming in the reel. Indeed all was life, and vivacity, and good will and enjoyment. There was perhaps one drawback, and that was in the presence of half a dozen of the unsuccessful pipers, who were mournfully walking about the hall with this eternal remark :—'Every body says as how *I* should have had the pipes.' At eleven o'clock the Chieftain and other noblemen took their leave amidst hand-shaking and cheers.

I get some glimpses of the reason why clansmen are devoted even to death, unto their chief. With what frank, and generous, and noble cordiality have they not this day intermingled hands and hearts! The viewless cords that bind them all together, are made stronger and tied more closely. The chieftain looks with kindlier interest upon those who, though below him, are still linked to him, and *their* hearts leap with

freer energy towards their leader so full of unaffected courtesy, and of that dauntless Highland spirit which they all adore. This is among the influences of such an association. Moreover, while it preserves the Highland spirit, and games and garb, it tends to keep alive that recollection and reverence of the past, which is a part of the basis of the truest patriotism. And while it tends to physical developement, it serves likewise to make firmer the sinews of the mind and heart. The people are brought together with feelings worthily elevated. The presence of superiors, while it checks, furnishes to them noble models. Each one is anxious to appear well. Good manners and good feelings universally prevail. Acquaintance and friendships are formed. The day is looked forward to, with delightful hope; it is enthusiastically enjoyed; and then with sad pleasure is it remembered.

Full two long hours have now elapsed, and still can I hear in the hall below my chamber, the drowsy tones of the bagpipe, and the clapping hands and laughing voices of the Highlanders.

Adieu, my pen and page. My eyes are heavy, and the morning comes on apace.

IV.

SCOTCH SCENERY—SCOTCH PREACHING.

'Ecce Tiber, ecce Campus Martius!'—Thus exclaimed Agricola, when for the first time he looked on Perth, the river Tay, and the country around them, from the hill whereon I now stand. The scene still retains some features faintly resembling those which it brought into the memory of the Roman General. Its characteristic features, however, are not altogether Roman.

I look far to the north and west, and see the Grampian hills ridged into an uneven boundary, not quite unlike that which limits the campagna in the vicinity of Tivoli and ancient Tusculum. Below me is Perth with its ten thousand inhabitants; and the river Tay, Tyber-like, cuts it into two unequal parts. But the Tyber is of a thick, muddy, yellow color; the Tay is crystal clear, and at this moment looks like a stream of silver in the sun. Perth is a little place of manufactures. What a poor offspring of that regal parent from whom it came! We look in vain for that solemnity which surrounds the ancient, the old. There is but one little ruin, and that can boast of but a few hundred years of associations. But the scenery in this vicinity,—how unlike that in the region of the

Italian city!—There, for miles spreads out the vast campagna, level, desert and unrelieved, save by the aqueducts which still, in spite of time, hold their place upon it. Here, all is variety; variety in form, and in colors. Mountain, hill, dale, bold sweep and mild inclination, in hues black and white and green and yellow, meet the eye at every turn. Here is still life, and active, noisy life,—the still life of woods, and meadows and cultivated fields; the noisy life of birds, and waters, and lowing herds and active husbandmen. Your vision wanders over the Roman campagna, and you feel dreary, and mournful, and dissatisfied. Here, from this high crag, you watch the gigantic cloud shadows, stalking spirit-like over the vales; you look upon the transparent Tay and its bordering hills clothed in freshness, and you feel your heart sweetly harmonising into sympathy with the freshness, and purity, and tranquillity around. Indeed, this is among the most famed scenery in Scotland. And with what bountiful exuberance is it not lavished forth on every side! Mark yonder little space. It is a picture by itself, and would, with its single beauty, make the reputation of any other spot. And yet it is but one among a thousand neighboring spaces of equal or superior loveliness.

From the Janiculum, you survey Rome, too often in a hot sun, and in airs, delicious indeed, yet so mild that they dissolve the firm and healthy tone of the nerves. Here, on the contrary, clouds are every moment shading you; the vigorous breeze elevates your

physical frame; the nerves are brought into elastic and keen tension, and outward nature touches them pleasantly, as does some harpist the strings of his well-tuned instrument. Then again, in the Italian firmament, you have that eternal, uniform, characterless, dazzling glare. Can it interest the eye like these ever-shifting heavens, these bold bursts of sunlight, these clouds that in one short half hour pass through so many beautiful forms; that in one part of the horizon are black with storms, and in another reposing in mild brightness; now sweeping athwart the sky, hand in hand with the wind, and then again gently dissolved into the sprayey lightness of eider down, and lost to vision as seemingly they intermingle with the over-arching blue? Some of these appearances are too beautiful to be so fleeting. You hardly begin to enjoy, ere the sight vanishes. You almost wish for some enchanter's power to arrest it. Abide still for an instant, you would say to some passing features in the scene above you, till I may impress your images upon this memory. Alas, your voice is not heard, or not obeyed. The seal is taken off ere the impression be made. It is a dreamy delight which you enjoy, and yet you bless God therefor, and thank your eye, which, while it can circle a surface no larger than a shilling's, can yet embrace that wide circumference of beauty and of grandeur.

'Are these wondrous scenes of nature devised alone for man?' I ask myself. Man would fain think so, deeming himself the centre of the universe. And

yet though crowned as lord of the creation, he can control but a very insignificant portion of it. He cannot stay the cloud, nor the wind, nor the rain, nor the sunlight, nor put his hand on the Pleiades, nor guide Arcturus and his Sons. It is a humble thought which deems the beauty and sublimity of the outward world made for the contemplation of beings higher and purer, but whereof man is permitted to partake in some brief portions, during his sad pilgrimage below. For ages after ages, and in the fairest parts of the earth, what streams have rolled, what fields have bloomed, what skies have shone, and all in solitude. Believe you their beauty was all for nought till man came among them, not perhaps so much to enjoy as to lay waste?

And yet though man may realize in his own heart but a little portion of the enjoyment which natural scenery is capable of inspiring, yet over that scenery, to mortal feelings, can he pour an interest deep and mysterious. Human and noble deeds in the past—how do ye not consecrate a spot! Nay more, let but a worthy deed be associated only in imagination with some stream, or hill, or valley, what an accession of pleasure-giving power is theirs! 'Tis all a falsehood, and yet the falsehood has made the spot immortal. No one can more deeply feel this old truth than he who has travelled in Scotland. Much indeed is there that would be always beautiful, though man had never existed. And yet how greatly is the beauty enhanced by the moral idea which is around, and in them. And

some scenes meet the eye that would not for an instant arrest the thought, but that human hearts have there loved or hated. Nay human love or hate has not been there, the Northern Enchanter has only so imagined, and that imagination, though airy as a dream, has opened around that spot new fountains of delight, spiritual fountains for ever running, yet never to be exhausted.

Descending the hill into Perth, I saw its citizens in their Sabbath suits thronging into the church. I joined the throng. A Scottish church, particularly when it has no steeple, is to me somewhat repulsive. It is as broad as it is long, and high as it is broad. It has sometimes one, sometimes two, or three, or four wings. And yet they often look more like huge buttresses than wings. If there be a steeple, it is seldom in harmony with the body of the building; too long or too short, constructed without reference to beauty, and flung upon some part of the roof, as if by blind chance. The building is of a dingy brown. It looks cold, and dreary, and unsociable. It is hard and stern. Seeing it for the first time, a stranger, you are prompted to inquire, 'pray, what outlandish looking building is that?' When informed that it is a 'Scottish kirk,' all the hard words in John Knox's creed seem to be embodied before you. I speak not of all the edifices, but of a large class, such as may be found in almost every town, and whereof the Canongate in Edinburgh is a specimen.

Entering the church, I see, what indeed is to be

seen at the entrance of every Scottish church, a large plate, not unlike a Roman Catholic font, into which each passing hand casts some charity for the poor, and around which stand several argus-eyed sentinels with folded arms, to keenly watch, and keep in decorum that gentry, abounding here as every where else, which is more disposed to take than to give. I like this mode far better than our own, of taking collections with a long pole and a black bag at the end of it, or even with a silver plate. I never see that long pole and ominous bag slowly advancing through the pew, without thinking of a *coax*, or a *demand*, both of which a freeman will deem unworthy of him. Neither of them can be reasonably implied in this ingenious Scotch system, and you make your contribution cheerfully, because it is made at the suggestion of your own will.

I was pointed to a seat near a large coat of arms painted on the wall. It bore upon it these words, 'God blis our craft.' I was in the Tailors' department of the church, and beneath those supplicatory words were suspended the immortal shears. Adjacent to me were the seats of the Glovers; this name being inscribed on every bench, and near by was hanging their coat of arms. Upon my right was the Smiths' Gallery. That upon the left was called the Shoemakers'. A coat of arms, on which I recognised the crown of Crispin surmounting a knife, looked out boldly from its front.

The church was thronged. In the midst of the con-

gregation, before the pulpit, in the most eligible part of the church, I observed two full grown negroes. Now as I am an American, and not an abolitionist, or an amalgamationist, a host of what are called early prejudices, instantly arose within me, and I queried by what right the men of color were there. 'Why, sir, they are human beings, and good citizens,' said a tailor beside me. This is not the first instance I have witnessed in Scotland of such familiarity between the races. I do not speak of the dark, elegant East Indian ladies, who may be seen walking daily, arm in arm, with the fashionables of Edinburgh. It is the crispy-haired, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, and ebony black gentleman, whom you shall see in fraternal confab with the polished sons of this modern Athens, to whom I allude. But the prejudices of early education do not here exist, and your negro is deemed nearly as much of a human being as a white man. The last one I saw, intermingling with the whites on a public occasion, was at the theatre in Edinburgh. He was a lad, and of a most painfully intense black. He was right in the centre of a pit filled with white ladies and gentlemen. Seen from a distance, he resembled a mere little black dot on a piece of white paper, or perhaps a dark wafer surrounded by myriad white ones. He enjoyed the comedy with an exuberance that delighted me. Indeed, with many others in the boxes, my attention was first attracted towards him by repeated chuckles, and boisterous 'ya, ya, ya's,' which Mr. Rice himself might have deemed worthy models in his

study of negro laughter. The good-humored and intellectual people around him seemed to enjoy his mirth, and the gentleman who had the superintendence of him, every now and then whispered something into his ear, which invariably brought up new and overflowing bursts of gladness. Happy they if so organized, that in his physical excitement, the peculiarities of his constitution were not distinguishable by more than one of their senses. I turned my eye inward to contemplate that feeling, which I possess in common with most of my countrymen, which abhors the heart-and-hand companionship of the negro, that feeling which is associated with all our thoughts and sympathies, and which, if able here, would have instantly elevated into a higher atmosphere the youth so cordially associated with, by an apparently respectable portion of a theatrical audience, in one of the most refined and intellectual cities of Europe.

As I have said, the church was thronged. I read in the anxious faces around, that something unusual was expected. In the pulpit, which by the way stands within a few feet of that, long ago demolished, from which John Knox was wont to thunder forth his thoughts against popery, I could see nothing but a mass of reddish hair. The congregation was at length composed, and the minister arose. I had just been told by a gentleman at my elbow, that he was a missionary of the society for promoting the principles of the Reformation, and that he was to discourse on the subject of the abominations of the Romish Church. Having read

a psalm, the precentor or leader, stood up in his desk situated just before the pulpit, and singing the first line of the first verse alone, was at the commencement of the second, joined and accompanied to the end, by the voices of the whole congregation,—men, women and children. Then came the prayer. With what apparent devotion was it not sympathized with, by every heart in reach of the minister's voice! There was not a stray eye, not a wandering expression, no shifting of positions to break the silence. After the prayer, the minister announced the chapter of the Bible which he proposed to read, not *to*, but *with*, the congregation. Immediately a thousand Bibles were opened at the designated portion, and as he read, the eyes of each in the house, followed him in the opened volume. When the text was announced, every book was opened to it, and I may here note down, that whenever reference was made in the sermon to any verse or any chapter, the whole congregation seized their Bibles, and forthwith searched out, with most zealous interest, the cited chapter and verse. I must confess that this visible sympathy on the part of the hearers with every thing the minister said and did, impressed me much. It is universal, I believe, in the Scottish church. I noticed many instances in Edinburgh, and there as well as here, even among the inferior classes, men and women, old and young, in several cases were engaged, most assiduously in taking notes. What an encouragement, and what a check to the preacher is this surrounding sympathy! Not a thought falls from his lips unappreciated. If deemed

sound, it passes inward as spiritual manna to the heart. If unsound, it is noted down, cogitated about, talked about, written about. What a contrast this to the comparative listlessness of congregations in my own country! But I forget that I am among the most devotional and reflective people in the world.

There was nothing in the preacher's manner that I can well describe. And yet the eye was on him continually. He spoke without notes. His voice was harsh. His gesture was rare, and never made save when it forcibly contributed to aid his words in the developement of his thought. In illustration he was abundant and extremely felicitous. I cannot here transcribe the sermon, and yet there were some statements with their proofs and illustrations, which I desire not altogether to forget. I recollect his adducing as proof of the divine origin, and God's protecting care of the Scriptures, the fact that for ages, they had survived the worst assaults of popery. 'Suppose, mee freends,' said he, 'that a mon were to come intil this room eighteen hunder years auld. Suppose that for a' this time he had been attacked by the worst enemies; and had escaped them a'. That he had been cast intil the sea, and not been drowned; that he had been thrown intil the fire, and not been burned; that he had been mangled and torn limb fra limb and, yet not slain. Would ye not say there was somewhat superhuman aboot him? Would ye not say the Almighty Power was taking care o' him? Mee freends,' added he, after a pause, and putting his hand with emphasis on the Bible before him, '*this* is that mon.'

In one part of his discourse, he brought forward facts to prove the alarming increase of popery in Great Britain. He stated that in England, in 1810, there were but forty Roman Catholic chapels, and that now the number was five hundred and ten; that in London there were now twenty-eight chapels, where twenty-six years since were but four; that in the metropolis were numbered two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, and annually they distributed seventy thousand tracts in that single city; that in some places they had bought up Protestant churches, and converted them into chapels for their own worship. He said that their spirit of proselytism was more active now than it had been for many years; that their numbers were rapidly increasing, and that in Scotland at this moment were one hundred and ten thousand Roman Catholics. He asked if such was again to become the religion of this fair land; if the kirk was to descend, and the monastery to arise; if the true Bible were to be trampled under foot, and the Catholic mutilation to be substituted; if the simple form of worship they this day witnessed was to be done away, and the gewgaws and trappings of an idolatrous faith were to overspread the land? 'And when that day shall come, mee freends, it will be a day of ashes and of bitterness; and weel may we mourn then, and weel may Scotland then exclaim, her mouth in the dust,—"Call me no longer Naomi the beautiful, but call me Martha, for God hath dealt very bitterly with me." '

Before he concluded, he touched on another topic

that created a little sensation. He observed that seldom was found a Roman Catholic, however humble, who, when questioned, could not instantly bring forward some text of scripture, or some confident argument in support of what he believed. He lamented that such could not be said for the members of his own denomination, and that he feared many were now listening to him who could give no reason for the faith that was in them. 'Shame, shame,' shouted he, 'on a' such. Let them go hand and heart to work. Let them whet up the spiritual weapons. Let them be ready to do battle for God's truth, and as in the times when the banners of the Covenant floated over yonder moors and glens, and desert places, let them not flinch, but come forward at a moment's warning and speak aloud, and raise a glorious testimony for God and against the foe.'

He ended by exhorting them in the most energetic and soul-stirring language, to root deeper into their hearts a hatred of popery, the direst foe to Christian truth; and conjuring them by their fathers' bones, now lying right under their feet, by the mightier voice than his, which sounded from this spot more than two centuries ago, by the agonies of martyred saints, and by their hope of joining them in glory, not to rest safe in this age of danger, nor dream away their hours in looking at the beauty of the kirk, while Satan in cowl and surplice, was undermining its foundations, and striving to drag down that beauty to the earth.

V.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

If I were called upon to select any single physical feature of modern times, which more widely than any other distinguishes them from the ancient, I should make choice of that which within the last two hours I have, for the first time, seen. I mean the Railway between Liverpool and Manchester, with its machinery of engines and cars, and all the diversified apparatus that belongs to it. This is manifestly a peculiar feature. There is no corresponding one upon the face of ancient society wherewith to compare it. That the ancients had the knowledge and application of immense mechanical powers, is amply attested, as well by the mighty monuments that are still standing, as by those fragments of fallen temples that extend their huge dimensions—the wonder of the traveller—along the plains of Balbec and Palmyra. But, so far as we know, their application of these powers was seldom made with reference to the common purposes of life. The ancients lacked what we call mechanical ingenuity. They had vast enterprise, and courage, and patriotism, genius, and talents, and taste. But only in peculiar spheres were these powers active. They were undoubtedly high spheres, though I cannot think them the highest. Acting therein, their powers

embodied principles of liberty, and forms of beauty and grandeur, which well have been the wonder of all succeeding times. In these spheres, it seems to me, the ancients may be said to have completely anticipated all posterity. But there is one department into which neither their philosophy nor their practice often descended. It is that in which modern enterprise has achieved some of its noblest triumphs,—I mean, the mechanical department. In almost every other, they had what was equal, or superior to any thing that since their time has been produced. With all forms of government, they were more or less conversant. They had patriots, and orators, and warriors and poets, as good as ours. In sculpture and architecture, they could more than match us, and perhaps they had music and paintings equal to those which have given glory to these after days. But they had no railroads, no steam-engines, no spinning-jennies. They could boast of Praxiteles, and Demosthenes, and of many deeply-thinking moral and political philosophers. But among them were no men like Fulton, and Watt, and Arkwright.

Strange, thought I, that so many thousand years should have passed away, before the mechanical field was begun to be successfully occupied. It is surely one quite immediate to human happiness, and yet how long has it been postponed to many others. To multiply and cheapen the means of being well sheltered, well clothed, well fed, and well cared for in all bodily wants, is no unimportant vocation. And yet the world

has comparatively neglected it, and the highest minds have been engaged in meditating battles, writing books, framing governments, chiseling marble and painting canvass. In the earth are the sources of all that sustain man, and yet what few and inadequate means have till lately been applied, to bring out those sources, to develope them thoroughly, in short, to manufacture and widely distribute them. That the mind's attention has at length been turned to this great subject, gives prospect of important changes in social existence and hope of vast accessions to worldly happiness. There has doubtless been human enjoyment in the past, equal to any that may exist in the future. But it has been confined within comparatively small circles. It has been the possession of a fortunate few. The application of mechanical principles is enlarging such circles. It is increasing the number of that fortunate few. I do not look forward in any confident enthusiasm, to those perfected modes of human life which many have deemed within the reach and destiny of man below. I only seem to see in the future, forms of social existence embracing vast multitudes of men, superior to any forms that heretofore have existed. I seem to see those forms wrought out, in a great measure, by the instrumentality of physical agents, and among these agents, I can at present discover none whose influence is to be more wide, more direct, more permanent, than that of the railway and the steam engine.

What successful and convincing results have they

not already wrought! Six thousand years of human hope and fear, and meditation and contrivance passed away, before they were conceived and fashioned. And yet within a few short years thereafter, were their capabilities revealed and their credit established. For ages, human ingenuity has been framing systems of morals, and politics, which still require so many ages more to confirm themselves in general confidence. But these machines whose influence will, we doubt not, go hand in hand with morals and politics in benefiting humanity, have almost instantly established their efficiency, and, as it were, springing up at once into public conviction, have thereof taken willing and entire possession.

There can be no doubt of the complete adaptation of railways to the ends for which they were designed. But if one, perchance, should be a little skeptical about them, I could do no better than advise for him a small acquaintance with that which lies between Liverpool and Manchester. Let him go up to the new Station House in the first-named city. Its large dimensions; the fine Corinthian columns that adorn its front; the ample, clean and elegant apartments of the interior will at once impress him, and he cannot but feel that here is a system of conveyance, on a somewhat larger scale than that to which he has been accustomed, and whose beginning and stopping points are the narrow, dirty coach-offices of the kingdom. 'Will you have a place in the first or second class train?' asks a gentlemanly Englishman from behind the counter; 'for the

former you pay five-and-sixpence, for the latter four shillings.' You resolve upon the first class train, and thereupon receive a ticket entitling you to No. 8, Car G. You are happy to read upon it that no porter or guard connected with the establishment is allowed to take any compensation for his services. And yet the rogue, when he has deposited your luggage upon the top of the car, walks up to you, brushing his hands, and with a most shilling-like expression upon his fat, red face, informs you—what you knew before—'that your portmanteau is *quite* safe.'

As fifteen minutes will elapse before the train starts, you spend the time in looking about. There are fourteen cars in the train. How admirable, how surpassingly elegant, is their construction! Each has its name. The Wellington is next to the Adelaide, and next to the Adelaide is a car of singular color, upon which you read, 'Royal Mail.' Behind this car, and terminating the train, is a sort of semi-car, whereon stands the open barouche of a travelling gentleman. The company begins to throng in. Men and women arrive on foot and in carriages. Luggage passes swiftly from this point to that. There are continual, hurried exclamations:—'Car H, madam? this is it.' 'In precisely ten minutes, sir.' 'You need not fear, ma'am, I've put up your bandbox *myself*.' 'What an invention!' and this latter exclamation comes from a little round-bellied man with a red nose. You hear a great deal of confusion, and yet looking more closely, you perceive a symmetry and harmony

that delight you. In the mean time, a train for cattle is departing. Here is a large pen full of beeves. There are two cages, one above the other, crammed with sheep. Here are stalls filled with horses, and behind them is a pen of hogs. The beeves are lowing, the sheep are bleating, the horses neighing, and the pigs swell the symphony with their multitudinous grunts and squeals. This train starts off, and after it moves the train for goods. Here you see enormous masses of timber, and bags of grain, and barrels of drinkables, and bales upon bales of cotton whereon you read, 'Egyptian,' 'Sea Island,' 'New Orleans.'

But now approaches the engine, which is to drag onwards the train in which you have a place. It seems to be a rather small laborer to perform so great a work. It is not larger than two good yoke of oxen, and yet there is about it a certain bull, or bull-*dog* expression of energy that promises much. It looks condensed and muscular, and you are right in saying that its ribs of iron should close in none other than a soul of fire. It backs up composedly to the foremost car, and you now learn with pleasure, that its name is 'Lightning.' Suddenly the sound of a bell is heard. Turning towards whence it comes, you see a man, in whose left hand is a placard, whereon is largely written, 'Take your seats.' There is now a vast deal of rapid movement, but no confusion, for each passenger knows precisely his place. You enter your division of the Car G. It is richly carpeted and cushioned, and upon each side of your ample No. 8, are means

for reposing leisurely your arms. Indeed, you feel easy and independent as when lounging at home in your parlor arm-chair. 'Tickets, gentlemen, if you please,' says a voice; and these having been delivered, you feel a gentle motion, for imperceptibly the train has started.

Nothing can exceed the delicacy of this motion. I have been upon the chief railways in my own country, and upon several in Great Britain. They have their merits, but they lack in this:—they have not such perfectly delightful quiet and ease. Take that between Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is more than fifty miles in length. What jerking! What jolting! The result of traversing it is, pains in all the limbs; and coupling these with its cinders and smoke flying momently into eyes and nostrils, I was not surprised to hear a Yorkshire man exclaim, 'I be coom twenty miles just to ride on this here railroad, and I'll be danged if I coom again.' But upon the Manchester and Liverpool railway, there is hardly the slightest agitation. As you sweep onwards, and the winds visit your face, you feel more as if swung through the air than rolled along the earth.

But what is this? Darkness has suddenly descended, and by lamps previously lighted, you read on huge walls beside you, names of certain streets wherewith you are familiar. The fact is, you have entered a Tunnel, six thousand seven hundred feet in length, twenty-two wide, and sixteen high, and you are now coursing under the streets, and churches, and grave-

yards of Liverpool. This single Tunnel cost more than two hundred thousand dollars, a little portion only of the expense of the entire road, which, I may here add, is estimated at about four millions. Coming forth into open light again, the speed of the train is increased. It moves, it flies, it darts, it whizzes onward. The little gentleman of round belly and red-nose memory happens to be at your right hand. Like yourself he is quite green in this mode of conveyance. He is continually and gravely looking out at the wheels, and the rails, and the engine, and occasionally he gets rid of his emotions by exclaiming, 'astonishing rapidity'—'wonderful invention!'—and also by that sapient query in which the present time is frequently used to embody its feeling towards the past,—'What would our forefathers say, if they could only see this?' Opposite to you are a couple of little urchins, clapping their hands, tickled and delighted to death at this novel speed, and, as their eyes detect an approaching storm, wonder if it will catch up with the 'ingin.' Beside them is a stiff dame, such as, thank heaven, can seldom be found out of England, who deems it quite vulgar to exhibit emotions of any kind, and particularly those of wonder. She personifies the '*nil admirari*.' Nor earthquakes nor tornadoes shall stir her placidity, and surely not a railroad. Upon your left is a rich Manchester manufacturer. He has been over the road some forty times. To him it is an old story. Railways, with him, have passed into common-place remembrances, and so, with spectacles on

nose, he is settled down into his seat, intent upon an article in the Times. For yourself, though your doubts are not dispersed, you perceive the way thereunto gradually opening. It is not until you find that an hour and ten minutes have sufficed to convey you the thirty-one miles to Birmingham; not until you have seen the merchandise there coming in for transportation to Liverpool; not until you are informed how slow and expensive is the land carriage of goods from Leeds to Birmingham, how quick and cheap their carriage thence to where they embark for all quarters of the world; not until you have conversed with the intelligent men belonging to the company, been told of its enormous profits, perceived how deeply entrenched it is in their good favor, and reflected seriously upon its bearings on all the interests that lie within its active range;—it is not until *then* that your doubts are shattered, and broken up, and put to utter flight. If perchance you be still a little skeptical, bent on continuing among the invincibles of the age, you will find yourself in a minority which is each day diminishing. You will perceive your voice of doubt unheard amidst the loud convictions of the time. You will see your energies rendered inefficient, for not joining the energies of the age. Look around you. England, that has three hundred miles of railways completed, has five hundred more completing. In France you see them fast getting into favor. In Belgium one has been recently opened whose business has astonishingly surpassed the estimate of its most sanguine advocates,

and though in Italy is a power, that like the fabled iron skeleton, enfolds and crushes all spirits of noble and comprehensive enterprise, yet even there a railroad has been thought of, and men have dared to dream of thus joining Milan and Venice, hoping perchance thereby among other objects, to raise the latter from the weeds and slime into which she is so swiftly sinking.

It seems to me there is not a single point of comparison between railways, when so admirably constructed as this which I have to-day seen, and other modes of communication, wherein the vast superiority of the former is not made completely manifest. I leave out of consideration their mightier, moral, political and social influences. I leave them out of notice too as agents for transporting merchandise merely. I desire to look at them only as public means for conveying passengers. They have no feature, even when thus narrowly considered, which to me does not appear superior to the system of coaches now existing.

Take the coaches of England, for instance. I am happy here to express my admiration of them. I shall not soon forget the delight I experienced, when seated upon the top of the 'Tally Ho,' I, for the first time, was borne over the road from London, past the 'Bell at Edmonton,' on to Cambridge. How smooth, and sound, and marble-like was the way! How finely constructed was the vehicle! How easily it swung upon its springs! What spirited horses, dashing on-

wards, in their new and gilded harness, at a rate of ten or twelve miles the hour! With what self-possession and pride, were they not guided by the portly coachman before me, himself looking respectable enough for a member of Parliament! With what ready civility did not the scarlet-apparelled guard look from a face more scarlet than his coat, into all my interests of luggage, umbrella and bodily comfort! As we swept past parks, and mansions, and pleasant villages, I thought there could be no superior mode of transportation. At length, said I, I have found my beau ideal in this department realized;—and throughout England and Scotland I have often had occasion to renew the agreeable feelings of that first trip.

And yet to this mode are serious objections. It is very expensive. You will often pay sixteen shillings for passing a distance no greater than that between Liverpool and Manchester, which costs you only five and a half. In a storm, nine or ten persons on the outside are at the mercy of the rain, while the four in the interior consent to be jammed into jelly, as the price for their dry skin. Moreover its speed is slow compared with the railway, and as for safety, the most important element of all,—give me a railroad like this I have just passed over, before any coach in the kingdom. The number of accidents in this vehicle is truly astonishing; accidents which go not merely to the limbs, but likewise to the life. I had believed, that in this respect the western country of America was unequalled. Looking regularly through some ac-

cident columns of London papers has quite undeceived me. I believe that if the large multitudes who travel on the railways of England be considered in connexion with those who travel by coaches, and a balance be struck between the mischances that befall them, the result will be found vastly favoring the former mode of conveyance.

I dislike what is called proselytism, but, as an American, I am anxious to see converts made to the railroad system. In our country, it will be an agent well able to facilitate our very distant communications, and to help in developing and in distributing our immense resources. It seems to me that the vast extent of our territory, makes it more desirable with us than in England. Here, however, we see it supplanting every other mode of conveyance, and I have often thought it a lucky circumstance, that before our enterprise had gone far into expenses of labor, time and money for roads and canals, the railway and its utility have been well established. It is not perhaps vain to hope, that as the steamboat has, in a measure, taken the place of the sail vessel, and the spinning-jenny that of all machinery for similar purposes which preceded it, so, after some time, shall the railway supersede the canal and the usual road, however finely macadamized it may be; these huge waggons shall rot away unused, and their huge horses stand still in the stalls; the coach shall no longer gather a merry company of voyagers around its top, and the coachman and guard, fat and perdurable though now they seem, shall vanish into things only for remembrance.

VI.

MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL—MALIBRAN'S DEATH.

Having always heard of Manchester as one of the great manufacturing centres of England, I had associated with it foul streets, dingy and smoke-capped houses, and a population bustling and mechanical. I hardly expected likewise to find its chief thoroughfares crowded, like the Italian Boulevart at Paris, or the Regent street of London, with splendor, rank, and beauty, and fashion. Such nevertheless was the fact, when this morning I entered it, passing onwards up through Market street to my hotel, the Albion.

I was evidently here upon some great occasion. The shop windows were crowded with strange and gorgeous dresses, and prying through them were multitudes of inquisitive eyes. Here was a personage in large moustaches and fantastic, foreign garment, walking leisurely up and down, bearing upon his shoulder an immense cross, whereon was written, 'Continental Novelties—Magnificent Spanish and French Costumes, at Newall's Buildings, for the grand Fancy Ball.' Here was another, his hat surmounted by an announcement in huge letters, 'Song on the Festival.' Behind him came another shouting out, 'Answer to the Song

on the Festival;' and he himself was followed by still a third, whose hat likewise proclaimed, 'Answer to the Rival Song,' and they all three sang out continually, 'a penny, gentlemen, only a penny.' On one side the way was written, 'The Floral and Horticultural Exhibition is now open,' and upon another, 'The Gallery of Modern Paintings may here be seen.' Before me was a little fat man, round as the machine of which he spoke, proclaiming that the balloon would certainly go up this afternoon; and on my right was a shabbily-genteel lean one, reading an advertisement pasted up in large letters, informing the citizens that the police had been trebled, and advising them, by all means, not to carry about them large sums of money during the coming festival. Through the streets rushed vehicles richly ornamented, and evidently filled with the Ton. Gentlemen were on horseback, and countrymen were on foot, and ladies were joined with them, and all was talk, and laughter, and frolic and joy. Surely, said I, this people cannot be thinking of cotton-spinning now, and whatever may be their general, sober, manufacturing, industrious character, at present, another and a gayer spirit has usurped its place. My eye soon read an explanation of all.

Before me was a vast placard at least fifteen feet high, upon whose top were the words, 'Manchester Grand Musical Festival, under the patronage of his most gracious Majesty the King, Duke of Lancaster; her most gracious Majesty the Queen, Duchess of Lancaster; and their Royal Highnesses the Duchess

of Kent, and the Princess Victoria. Then followed the names of about sixty vice-patrons, including some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the kingdom, among whom was Sir Robert Peel. Then came a list of the instrumental and vocal performers, among the latter of whom, the chief were Braham and Madame Malibran. A few moments were sufficient to satisfy me, that here was a combination of musical talent which perhaps had never been paralleled in Europe. I now read a list of the performances. Two mornings were to be occupied in performing the entire Sacred Oratorios by Haydn and Handel ;—the Creation and the Messiah ;—two more in performing selected portions of other famed compositions. There were to be three evening miscellaneous concerts, and the festival was to conclude with a grand fancy ball. The price of tickets to the different performances, varied from half a guinea to a guinea, and the surplus proceeds of the festival were to be given to the public charities of the city. A noble programme this, said I, nobly patronized, and its object nobler than all.

Seven years ago, Manchester got up a similar festival, and after paying about fifty thousand dollars for expenses, a surplus still remained of some twenty thousand dollars, which went to relieve the sick and the poor. In Birmingham, such festivals are triennial. In Liverpool a similar one for similar worthy objects, is to be held next month, and in Norwich and Worcester, and many other provincial towns, the same agent is to be set to work for the same charitable purposes.

Music, thought I, should be more cultivated in my own country, if for no other object, at least for this. If not cherished for itself, might it not be more cherished for that charitable good which it can achieve? If not regard it as an end, why not more worthily regard it as a means? Leave out of consideration its elevating, refining, sobering, bettering influence upon the heart. Look upon it only as a mighty agent in relieving human suffering. Take the practical view of it which here seems, very wisely, to be taken by the working men of England. In that view even, does it not present strong claims upon our encouragement? In this country, it has admirably subserved such noble end, and it seems to me that here is a reason for cultivating the delightful art, which the most material, practical, common-place leveller amongst us cannot for a moment gainsay.

Whether the English have a taste for music, national or otherwise, is to me matter of little concern. This I know, that besides all their operas and thousands of private concerts, these great festivals flourish and yearly increase in public favor. And while the performers are generally foreigners, and the pieces performed are from German and Italian genius, the English of all ranks and ages are the listeners, and they pay well and willingly for listening.

* * *

Wednesday.—I have just returned from hearing the Messiah of Handel. It is the first entire oratorio that I have ever listened to. I have not been disappointed.

The composition is perhaps the finest of its kind in the world. But what would that composition be, were there not adequate powers of voice and instrument, to embody and exhibit it? Such, it seems to me, have been here to-day engaged. Consider only their vast number. Here were one hundred and two *instruments* alone; whereof fifty were violins, and twenty violoncellos and double-basses. Joined to the instruments, was a chorus of two hundred and twenty-four voices, whereof sixty were female. But this enumeration does not include the masters; Braham, and Phillips, and Bennet, and Machin, and Nicholson on the flute, and Harper on the trumpet, and Lindley on the violoncello, and Mori and De Beriot on the violin. Nor does it include those other fair names known to the musical world;—Bishop, Knyvett, Novello, and Shaw, and Madame Caradori Allan. Malibran, from illness could not appear.

Braham opened with the strain, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.' I was seated far away in that part of the great church, called for the present the patron's gallery. I must have been at least three hundred feet from the singer, and yet up came his full voice to me, through arches and the vaulted ceiling, swelling and fading away like some organ tones. 'He sings as well as when I heard him forty years ago,' said a gentleman at my side. In a few moments the chorus, accompanied by all the instruments, joined him in the words, 'and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.' The mighty volume of sound

filled at once the vast cathedral. It died soon away, until it became no stronger than a lute's voice; and then again it rose, solemn and majestic. I could have had no finer proof of the great musical genius of Handel. Did he, in his solitary composing moments, hear imaginary sounds like these? Unquestionably, and perhaps far finer.

Emotions, surely, music can express. Can it likewise express events and scenes? Its power to do so was never more beautifully revealed, than in this sweet pastoral symphony, by Madame Caradori, 'There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.' I suppose it must have been my own quickened imagination that brought up before me the original scene. Yet how was that power put into action, by the notes now heard all freshly various, and, as it seemed to me, distinctly speaking forth the quiet, the simplicity, the confidence of that life, that early pastoral life, wherewith, in mortal hearts, are linked so many sacred associations! The first part of the oratorio, which is descriptive particularly of Christ's coming, concludes with a call upon all who are heavy laden to come unto him for rest.

The second part speaks of the sufferings of our Saviour, of his ascension and final triumph. It is full of most emphatic passages, and though, without the words before me, I could not perhaps have conjectured what the music meant, yet when that fact was known, I perceived, or flattered myself that I perceived, how admirably it was adapted to the expression of those

events. In this feature, music is akin to many paintings, whereof the meaning cannot be clearly known without a verbal description; but when that description is before you, the expressive power of lights and shades is instantly and strikingly made manifest. One passage in this second part, I would not willingly forget. After the word has been given to Christ's followers to be preached among all nations, a voice softly breaks forth into that joyful exclamation, 'How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.' The voice was Miss Clara Novello's, but the music—*that* could have come only from the soul of Handel.

The concluding part of this Oratorio begins with, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' It speaks of the influence of Christ in redeeming man, of the soul's triumph over the grave, and ends with giving honor and glory to Him that sitteth on the throne for ever. To me it seemed full of pathos. 'Behold I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.' And then came the trumpet-obligato of Mr. Harper, with the air, 'The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' I had never had an idea of the capabilities of this instrument until now. Its effect in such a passage as the above is quite indescribable. 'The trumpet shall sound,' said the

voice, and then softly swelled forth its clear, silver note,—then for a moment all was still, and the expecting multitude was breathless. I looked around me and beheld some of the best talents, the noblest rank, the vastest wealth, the loftiest pride, the fairest beauty of England. It was a scene of splendor to which all my travels could not furnish a parallel. And yet this scene shall soon fade away, and this splendor shall become dust, and 'worms shall destroy these bodies.' But not entirely shall they perish; and now was repeated far below me, in clearest tones, 'the dead shall be raised incorruptible,' and then the trumpet was again heard.

* * *

I attended one of the miscellaneous concerts. It was made up of overtures, and songs English and Italian, and of instrumental solos. Nicholson's efforts on the flute were beyond all praise. Nothing can describe the ease, and grace, and self-possessed style within which he executed most complicated pieces. Lindley upon the violoncello did wonders. Under the bow of usual performers, that instrument is one thing, under that of old Mr. Lindley, it is quite another. He brought forth from it tones altogether peculiar, and as far above those ordinarily heard, as are the tones of a fine singer's voice above those of ordinary conversation.

There is one circumstance that makes me dwell upon this evening's performance with melancholy interest. Upon looking into another part of my diary,

I find that it was the last public occasion on which the voice of Malibran was to be heard. With what enthusiasm was she not greeted, on appearing with Novello, and Bennet, and Phillips to perform a quartetto from Beethoven! It went off faintly however. Something was wrong, and the applause which followed its execution was transient. Half an hour after, she again came on to perform with Caradori a duet from the Andronico of Mercadante. It was the last musical effort she was to make on earth. It was indeed a masterly one. Never were those strange, peculiar, mysterious tones, which occasionally she was wont to ring upon the ear, poured forth with more electric, and soul-subduing pathos. It was universally noticed that between the fair performers was a good deal of emulation, such indeed, I doubt not, as their generous friendship would unhesitatingly approve. The efforts of Caradori, admirable indeed, were uniformly followed by the more marvellous strains of Malibran. When they concluded, the applause that rose from the vast and brilliant assemblage, was loud and long. The latter part of the duet was consequently repeated. I take sometimes a sad pleasure in noting the last words, and thoughts, and acts of those who are to think and act no more among men. That impulse tells me to record the last stanza that ever came from the lips of Malibran. No one can fail being affected by the mournfully prophetic character of its strain. What a coincidence between some of its thoughts, and the dark

destiny that so soon was to press her down to the grave for ever!

Ah! non resta più à sperar!
Quanto è barbaro il mio fato!
Ah restar più non degg' io!
Da lui grazia imploro Oh Dio!
Và felice a trionfar.

Judging of the place which one should hold in the scale of estimation, by the happiness, the rational delight which he or she has created, that to which Madame Malibran is entitled, is certainly very high. Her voice, like her fame, has passed over two continents. What enthusiasm has she not awakened in her day! What hearts has she not filled with rapture, what mouths with praise! She has fallen now,—fallen in the very prime of her dramatic and vocal powers, in the full bloom of her reputation, and when for her, but a few days ago, seemed to be reserved many, many triumphant years of public action. She has vanished, and with her has vanished all that to so many millions has given happiness. The achievements of the singer and the actor, unlike those in the sister arts, perish with those who wrought them. The voice, the dramatic expression, ever-shifting and only vital with their expressor, cannot alas, be perpetuated like painting and sculpture, to after ages. The grave which closes around their bodies, flings its shroud likewise around their deeds. They live only in the present, and when we mourn their death, it is not as we mourn the death of the sculptor, the painter, or the

poet, whose works survive them, and through which their spirit may still shine and be the companion and instructer of many coming generations. When we lament the departure of Malibran, we more lament the utter extinction of her power to create delight,—to do good. It is as if with Raphael's body, had likewise been swept away all his immortal productions.

Music is, to be sure, not the highest of human departments; but to me it seems to be the highest of human pleasures merely. And when I look over Europe, and see its millions flinging away hours, and days, and years on pleasure alone, and on pleasures too, whose paths are degradation, I look up with singular gratitude to that art which strives to raise higher the standard of those pleasures, and with no affected emotion, do I set down these small memorials to her whose walks in that art have been so useful and so glorious.

VII.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN LONDON—THE PRESS.

I WAS this morning awaked by passing and repassing sounds beneath my window, that convinced me I could be in no other than a vast metropolis. Sounds they were, running through the whole compass of the voice, guttural and screaming, double and triple, now coming from men, then from women, and again from children. I could make of them little or nothing. There was one tone that oftener attracted my ear than any other. It was a monosyllable. It was intensely guttural. It had nothing human. It was more like the solitary note of your hoarse bullfrog, sometimes heard on a summer's evening. What that monosyllable was, I could not conjecture. Opening my window, I perceived it came from a man with an aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, long curled hair and a bag over his shoulders. I recognised the Jew, and he immediately hailed me on the subject of worn-out garments.

Here again was another voice that perplexed me exceedingly. It came forth in three syllables. Its regularity of utterance was truly clock-like. It was hoarse and grating, and recalled more than any thing else, those dreary notes oftentimes heard from a wheel, moaning as it were for relief. I could not for a long time make out its meaning, and yet it was only

a simple announcement of 'fine lobsters.' Then here were other notes,—two deeply bass, followed by two piercingly tenor. They proceeded from a little woman, who would fain have one buy her 'water-cresses.' She was walking tranquilly, but behind her stormed a boy with a huge basket on his shoulders, ringing a little bell continually, and crying out with most money-making impatience, 'hot muffins, muffins all hot.' I confess that I was exceedingly interested and amused, as sitting by my window, I now listened to these and some hundred other like announcements. They awakened many juvenile memories, and verified that wonder and delight of all boyhood, the 'London Cries.'

As I wandered out, I had additional occasions for amusement at the curious modes here established for spreading information. Before me was an enormous one-horse vehicle,—a sort of house twenty feet high,—a locomotive advertiser, all over whose sides were notices of departing coaches and steamboats into every quarter of the kingdom,—and from morning till night, does this travel through the principal streets of the city. Then every moment I came into contact with persons bearing upon their shoulders enormous guide boards, giving the direction where only can be purchased the unrivalled 'gossamer hats, the imperceptible Zephyr;' or announcing thus;—'Sold, *on oath*, the pure grease of a fine large bear,' or thus,—'The industrious Fleas, patronized by their Royal Highnesses, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, may now be seen at No. 100, Piccadilly;' or again,—'Repair your tailor's

bills by going to the cheap Clothes Warehouse, No. 15, Strand,' or still worse,—'Awful disclosures of what was done in the Charlestown Convent, Massachusetts, have just been published,' &c., and beneath this notice is the picture of a priest choking a woman. Then there are men, sheepish, not to say guilty-looking beings who, standing at every frequented corner, slyly insinuate out towards you a bit of paper on whose top are the words, 'To the afflicted.' Then here are others, advertisers ambulatory, leisurely stalking through the streets, with hands thrust independently into their pockets, while around their hats are curved largely-lettered placards on which may be read, 'To Paris, 30 shillings.' And here again is an individual seemingly yoked within two immense placards, one falling down over his breast and the other declining upon his back. He walks with mournful gravity along. His expression is more truly gallows than any you have yet seen. His placards announce, 'Warm baths at reduced prices—vapor, sulphur, shampooing,—all for two shillings.' These men are generally able-bodied. They look healthy and fit for active labor, and the stranger is anxious to know more of that social organization, whereby so much vigorous bone and muscle are consigned to such comparatively idle vocations.

But here is a cluster of anxious citizens. They stand before a large lot of newspapers pasted against the wall. Some of these contain the daily news, and others announce what 'Bell's life in London' *will* contain on the coming Sunday. You are startled at the

greedy rage with which these sheets are devoured; and as you walk on, meeting every now and then some walking reader of the Times, or chance into Newsman's Hall where, morning and evening, the London Journals are distributed to hundreds of venders, you are ready to swear that this people actually live and banquet on news. Doubtless of such material is the aliment of their intellectual frame. For sustaining that frame, it seems to have become quite indispensable. What would become of the Englishman without it? Suppose the full-flowing channels of information under this government, suddenly dammed up, and in their stead the meager droppings vouchsafed by Absolutism. Imagine the Neapolitan, the Pontifical, or the Austrian system of publishing, miraculously transplanted hither. Fancy it suddenly substituted for that which at present exists. Instead of reviews and magazines poured monthly forth on all those topics of philosophy, science and government, which can engage the intelligent mind, imagine now and then appearing a little badly-printed volume on the Druidical Antiquities. Instead of these hundred thousand mammoth sheets sending forth, each morning and evening, intelligence on all matters from all parts of the world, and boldest speculations on the rights and destinies of man, fancy in their place, some half a dozen petty journals eight inches by twelve, announcing the barrenest facts about distant lands, or containing some vain movement of a court favorite. Instead of a hundred voices proclaiming aloud through every street all kinds

of news, commercial, political and even literary, imagine only the stillness of despotism, broken now and then, perchance, by some screaming of a wretched songster, or the pompous annunciations of a juggler. On such a substitution, what scenes would follow! What frowning upon the exchange! what impatient, damning execrations at the club-houses! what blank visages all along the Strand and Pall Mall! what wrathy exclamations from fair lips at Carleton Terrace, and St. James's Square! what chapfallen expressions in Paternoster Row! what Zahara-like solitude in the reading rooms! You shall see things upon the eve of a revolution. The ire of John Bull is kindling. He has been touched in a vital part. The food by which he intellectually lives has been wrested from him. You might as well venture with impunity to take from him his plumb pudding, his beef, his ale. The review, the magazine, the newspaper,—what are they but his necessary mind's diet? So much does he deem them co-essential that more than one such grouping meets your eye as this;—'Soup—Roast Beef at five—x x Ale—Newspapers—Porter, also a haunch of venison at six—also the Magazines.' He would not give up for the world the pleasure of knowing every thing that is going on abroad, of hearing his government railed at and defended, and of being able, as he carves a slice each day from the huge joint before him, to shout out imperiously, 'Waiter, bring me the Chronicle, the Globe, and the Times of to-day.'

The great subject of the present English periodical

press is politics. The Americans have sometimes been denounced for continually wrangling upon this subject. Our institutions are said to make every man of us peculiarly a politician. We are reproached for spending that time in talking about Presidents and Governors, which might more profitably be devoted to honest industry. Now it seems to me that the good people in whose centre I find myself, are ten times more disposed to write and talk about politics than are we. Take such a fact as this, derived from the stamp office. In provincial England are one hundred and seventy-five newspapers. Of these, one hundred and seventy-two are decidedly political, whereof one hundred are called Liberal, and seventy-two advocate Tory principles. Can this fact be matched by a similar one in the United States?

But a stronger proof yet remains. Politics does not so deeply enter into our magazines, as in essential manner to determine their character. Nor do our larger reviews, while often containing articles upon those subjects that lie within the range of governmental policy, so ardently and fiercely espouse any system of measures, as to give them a strong political aspect. How different is the fact in England. Politics pervades almost universally, its higher periodical literature. Indeed, it may be doubted whether that literature could maintain its present firm and vigorous condition, were not this element intermingled with it. It shines forth in the magazine. It shines forth in the review; and there are thousands who, while they look

with indifference upon the purely literary portion of a Quarterly, are yet pleased to sustain it, since forsooth, each number contains one potent article, vindicating or denouncing those measures of governmental policy which they love or hate.

But more. We have no literary institutions which are likewise political. The far-dividing principles of federalism and anti-federalism, have not yet pervaded those high seats. But this is not true of the great Universities of England. The interests of Oxford and Cambridge are continually affected by political likes and dislikes.

And so look abroad all over England. For what are these numerous public meetings? For politics. For what are all these great whig, conservative, and O'Connel dinners? Why, all for politics. Now enter the saloons, and club-houses, and public conveyances. What is the topic that there is compelling gestures into even an Englishman's arms, and its superabundance of blood into his excited features? Why nothing less than politics. Shall the Church abide as it is? Shall the House of Lords stand as it is? Shall the principles of Reform triumph? These are the all-engrossing subjects of English thought and conversation. And well they may be so, for on the answers ultimately given to them, depends the happiness, not only of this generation, but of many which are yet to come.

If politics be the great subject of the present English press, and particularly of the daily press, great ability

is likewise a characteristic that must impress every reader. That ability very visibly appears in several of the leading journals. Take, for instance, many articles in the Times. What accurate and comprehensive knowledge do they contain! What treasures of knowledge in their authors, do they imply! They contain boldest and maturest thoughts on government, in finished and energetic language. They imply deep knowledge, not only of the English, but moreover of the Continental systems, and indicate an acquaintance with their past and present policy, which is indeed surprising. It is sufficient praise to assign for them a place by the side of those masterly essays, that for many past years, have characterized some of the higher journals in France, such as the Constitutionnel, and the Journal des Debats.

But aside from politics, nothing original and at the same time talented, finds its way to the English public through the daily or weekly papers. The French press gives you very frequently, admirable scientific, literary and philosophical compositions,—compositions whose framing has engaged some of the best intellect of the country. But through the English papers, you will look in vain for a corresponding feature. Such can only be found in the higher periodicals,—in the magazine and the review. Hence the great mass of English readers are entertained chiefly with what is called news, and with politics. I do not now speak of the Penny Magazine, and two or three other similar publications. I know their object, their influence, and

the many ends they worthily subserve. I speak of the daily press; that press towards which the general eye is turned, whose sheets fly into every corner of the island, and which, now mightier than ever, is shaping the destinies of this people at a most eventful crisis in their history. With politics for its theme, and great ability discoursing thereon, what important effects are not each day produced! That ability does not always seem to be exerted for patriotic ends. Too often is party rancor its prompter and its guide. The whig, believing that the principles of his political creed are those whereon depends the salvation of the country, proclaims those principles, and Tory hatred instantly denounces, pursues and stabs him therefor. Then again comes forth the Tory gentleman—as did Lord Lyndhurst lately in his celebrated vindication of the House of Lords,—what a mighty diapason of reproach and recrimination is instantly rung forth from the throat of every whig and radical press in the land! The words 'knave,' 'false,' 'traitorous,' are bandied about from one to the other, like so many holiday and lady terms.

Whatever may be said of the wide licentiousness of our democratic press, I do believe, and I judge from the experience which my own reading has given me, that we are not altogether alone in political scandal, that ours is not the only press which holds up the good to scorn, because, forsooth they proclaim their honest convictions, and moreover, that in this self-eulogizing, and at the same time, self-denouncing island of Great

Britain, is the voice of the press equally scandalous, vindictive, and rank with that offence which makes the virtuous grieve, as that whose notes are loud on the other side of the Atlantic. If a foreigner were to form his opinion of Englishmen, from the character given by the press to those public men of whom it has most occasion to speak, he must necessarily set them down as arrant knaves indeed. If his idea of British prosperity be derived from the Englishman's idea of the same, he can often think no less than that the nation is buried in wretchedness. For it is rather an amusing anomaly, that while John Bull pronounces himself the greatest, the mightiest, the most glorious personage in the world, he likewise complains most bitterly of his government, of his national progress, and is not satisfied in any argument, unless he has uttered the solemn words:—'Sir, we are in a most perilous crisis.' If you would see England raked fore and aft, set an English Tory and an Irish Catholic Priest into hot conversational conflict with each other. Not an institution, not a prominent man, not a prevailing measure of the times will survive that conflict. And yet your Tory will inform you that he helps to pay the enormous interest of the national debt, for the 'honor and glory of being called an Englishman.'

I have had some opportunity of seeing John in his self-satisfaction, and his self-reproach. 'Well, sir,' asked a gentleman, as I left the royal arsenal and dock yard at Woolwich, knowing me to be an American, 'what do you think of *these* works, sir?' 'Ah,

sir,' said another, 'if you have so good an opinion of us from what you see on the Thames, what will you say on travelling *throughout the Island?*' 'Depend upon it, sir,' said a little gentleman from Coventry, 'depend upon it, England in her commerce, in her naval powers, her 'wooden walls,' as we like to call them, ha, ha, ha, in her royal revenues, in her, in her, her *resources*, sir, is, be assured, sir, she is a prosperous nation, a *very* great nation, sir.' I was not disposed to contradict him. Leaving him alone, however, he may in a short time rather contradict himself. He is a Tory, and let only the note of politics be sounded, and lo! the words 'corruption,' 'national disgrace,' 'wide spread desolation,' 'irretrievable ruin,' and so forth, fly from his lips with as much alacrity as the blood flies into his visage. How far the press has been instrumental in bringing about the state of mind implied in the above violent expressions, I do not pretend to say. Suffice it for the present to remark, that the denouncing and inflammatory character of many of its harangues and criticisms, executed as they are by large ability, tend to create and keep up a state of public excitement, a sort of O'Connell agitation, which many of the judicious and the good most sincerely deplore.

VIII.

A PARISIAN SABBATH.

'Nous avons une littérature, une philosophie, une *religion*. * * * * Chose remarkable! aucune nation dans l'univers n'a peutêtre pris plus de soin que la France, de sa civilization intellectuelle, et de sa civilization *morale*; elle en receuille maintenant les fruits.'

Journal des Debats in January, 1837.

'THANK God,'—said I, as this morning I read the article from which the above sentences are taken—'thank God, religion has at length been restored to France. The evidences of such restoration may be doubtless seen in thronged churches, in the periodical press, in the literature, and particularly in the observance of those sacred institutions which religion claims as peculiarly her own. The sabbath, I have been taught to believe, is one of those institutions. It will be scrupulously observed by a people, who, with their philosophy and their literature, possess a *religion*, and who have taken the extremest care of their intellectual and *moral* cultivation. I will walk abroad,' continued I. 'It is a pleasant sabbath morning. I wish to contemplate one impressive proof of the moral regeneration of France. I shall doubtless wander through tranquil streets, amidst a serious population bending its course piously towards the sanctuaries, and every moment will my eye and ear bear witness, that the mighty

heart of the city, for six days deeply agitated, has found a much-desired sabbath of rést.'

I had moved hardly twenty paces from No. 10, Rue de Rivoli, when my ears were saluted by the beating of drums, and the music of a martial band. A thousand soldiers were following these sounds into the Place Carrousel. A review was about to take place. I had witnessed many similar reviews on the same spot, but never before on the sabbath. 'Well,' said I, 'so far as the military are concerned, Paris does not, according to my notion, seem to be rallied about the banners of the Prince of Peace.'

Watching the manœuvring of several companies of the National Guards, I soon lost in laughter all recollection of the sanctity of the time. There can be no wider chasm between the physical appearance of men, than that which separates the National Guards from the Troops of the Line. How pitiful seem the latter, in those long gray coats and red pantaloons! How villanously diminutive is their stature! What good-for-nothing expressions look blank on their visages! And yet they handle their muskets with a precision, harmony, and dexterity that proclaim in every instant the omnipotence of the drill. But at their side is ranged a battalion of National Guards. Behold their portly stomachs, their massive frames, their fine complexions, their plump cheeks, their eyes full of expression, and their tout-ensemble abounding in consequential citizenship. They are your martial personification of the *embonpoint;* the idea of that

word in another vehicle; the Falstaff *à la Française*. These are the men unto whom, by its sixty-sixth article, is confided the protection of the Charter of 1830. They are men of business. They have pecuniary interests in society, and of course are interested in the preservation of public tranquillity. They are the peculiar security of Louis Phillippe and his throne. Still do they look any thing but martial; and as for their bearing, it is altogether unsoldierlike. Your National Guard marches along behind a pair of spectacles, caring little for his gait, still less for his musket; laughing with his comrade, joking with his captain, or muttering to himself; mistaking 'shut pan' for 'shoulder arms,' and apparently requiring for the correspondence of his step with time, the benefit of legs visibly chalked 'left,' 'right.' When on duty, he is half the time laughed at by others, and the remaining half by himself. He knows that he cuts a laughable figure, that he is each night burlesqued upon the stage, and caricatured in every print-shop under the words, 'Tribulations of the National Guards.' Hence has he no particular ambition to look or walk the soldier. Sometimes he parades in a huge cloak; sometimes he marches smoking a cigar; sometimes he 'orders arms' to take snuff; and always is he talking, always does he laugh at his awkward blunders in tactics, and always does he look fat. Indeed slenderness and angularity are no longer national features. The age of lean marquesses has gone by. The French men are fat, the French women are fat, and so far as fatness is

concerned, the French children are following on in the footsteps of their parents.

Leaving the military parade, I directed my steps towards the Musée Royal. I perceived its huge doors flung widely open, while hundreds were rushing through them, and thousands were wandering within, among its works of art in marble and on canvass. 'Pray,' said I, to a crimson-liveried huissier at the portal, 'is the Louvre open on the sabbath?' 'Certainly, sir,' replied he. 'This is the *only* public day. The Royal Family visit it on Monday—on other week days it is opened to those who have permission, or passports, but all the world are free to enjoy it on the sabbath.' I took a turn through the apartments. They were thronged with the middle and lower classes; with respectable gentlemen in the red ribbon; with countrymen in wooden shoes, and grisettes in clean white caps. Sympathy with art, thought I, is indeed wide in this metropolis. It thrives under a dirty jacket as beneath an embroidered mantle, but Paris artistical is any thing but Paris evangelical.

Quitting the Louvre, I walked up through the gardens of the Tuileries. And here the scene was far more stirring, and ten thousand times more brilliant than that which I had just left. Some hundreds were reading newspapers; other hundreds were lounging listlessly upon the seats; hundreds of bucks were sporting their canes, and an elegant gait through the promenades; hundreds of ladies wandered in magnificent attire around the fountains; a thousand children jumped

the rope, or drove their hoops in every direction, while their nurses—those champaign nurses in hale red cheeks, and broad outbursting bosoms!—laughed, danced, chatted, and thus responded with exuberant joy, to all the shouts and all the laughter of the creatures under their charge. 'This is certainly a very delightful scene,' said I; 'but it seems to be distinguished from its brethren on week days, only by more resolved enjoyment, more loud and impetuous sport.' By a New Englander, who had been accustomed to *keep* Saturday night with scrupulous observance from sundown onwards, and who, moreover, in boyhood had been taught that even an idle whistle upon the sabbath was a profanation of its holiness, such a scene could hardly be deemed in harmony with the sixth commandment. Indeed, I was on the eve of running back for a moment to my apartment, just to see whether I had read aright the article from which is taken the motto of this sketch. And then again was my step arrested by the apprehension that I was falling into that worst and narrowest of all prejudices,—the applauding or condemning of others' habits according as they corresponded with, or deviated from, the standards which I had been accustomed to contemplate in my own country. 'Notwithstanding all I have seen and am seeing,' said I, 'the Parisians may have as much religion as any people on the face of the earth, only they are a little peculiar in their *forms* of keeping holy the Lord's day;'—and so I walked on past the obelisk to the Champs Elysées,

I found the Champs Elysées thronged; thronged with elegant carriages; thronged with elegant men and women; thronged with jugglers at their diablerie, with Punch and Judy at their squabbles, with companies of men at their games of balls, with Turks crying out figs and prunes as 'good for the stomach,' with Savoyards grinding hand-organs, with old people each moment lighting and cracking up their matches, and with young people each moment apparently on the eve of making them. I paused for a while before a stationary carriage. In it was a large, fair-complexioned man, with enormous whiskers and moustaches, and whose hair, surmounted by a richly-gilded velvet cap, hung in enormous curls down over his shoulders. His jacket was fancifully decorated, and about his waist circled the belt of a splendid yagatan. His carriage was surrounded by fifty idle men, women, and children. The grinding of a hand-organ attached to his establishment having ceased, he arose to address his company. I now perceived that he lacked an arm and a leg. Moving his large black eyes significantly about him for a moment, he pompously began. He declared that he had been in the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon; that fighting for the former he had lost an arm, and for the latter a leg; that he had once spared an enemy from the death which was his due, and that in consideration thereof, said enemy had given him the receipt for a certain medicine capable of curing all diseases, and that too in the astonishingly brief space of five minutes. Hereupon he began to reveal certain bottles

and phials. I perceived what the fellow was at, and immediately took my leave to observe some other phases of Parisian life on Sunday.

Moving down the Rue St. Honoré, I found its shops all open. The milliners were sewing and ogling at the windows; the shoemakers were beating their lasts; the legs of the tailors were crossed; the hatters were at work; the trunk-makers were at work; the saddlers were at work; the ribbon-seller sold her ribbons; the marron-roaster sold his marrons; the patissier sold his *paté de foie gras*, and at 'Aux Palmiers,' I saw, as on any profane day, its black-eyed divinity shrined within her customary pyramids all transparent, her pastilles and her bonbons. At length I stood before St. Roch. 'Ah, here's a church at last,' said I. Entering, I found it crowded. The Catholic service was proceeding in company with the most solemn and impressive music. Far be it from me to insinuate any thing derogatory to the motives which led that throng within those walls. It is one of my pleasures to give pictures true, though faint they may be, of some scenes which pass before me. I do not wish to distort the scene within this sanctuary. I saw there many kneeling forms, many devout expressions, and the eyes of many turned heavenwards, whose thoughts, I trust, were on the same divine pilgrimage. I sincerely hope that this may be a type of all Paris, nay, of all France.

A short walk brought me to the Market of the Innocents. The contrast was striking. A thousand women there trafficking, had been shrived for the day.

They were now at their work. All the markets of Paris are open on the sabbath. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Suppose them closed. Fifty-two annual gaps in the till now perfect and harmonious history of Parisian gourmandism! You could not close the markets, without slightly troubling the restaurants. You could not slightly trouble the restaurants, without deeply troubling the gourmands who there banquet. And more safely may you derange Paris political, or Paris literary, or Paris commercial, than Paris *gourmande*. To speak out frankly, however, a dinner at the Rocher, at Grignon's, or even at Very's, will half reconcile you to this desecration.

Before leaving the Marché des Innocens, I paused an hour to note the forms and modes of its strange population. A brawny, muscular, hoarse-voiced race it is, and a worthy offspring will you soon pronounce it of those poissardes, who in *the* Revolution helped to storm Versailles, and for mere pastime, as they marched thither, tore a horse into a hundred fragments, devouring him raw, as a sweet morsel. Their faces are coarse and lack meaning. In their broadly-built and lusty frames, however, are revealed marvellous capacities for multiplying their image. They are in general, strongly and comfortably clothed, and about the head of each is invariably bound a parti-colored handkerchief. As an illustration of French peasantry, they are interesting. On them, the political tornadoes, upturning so much in France, have left but slight influences. They talk in the same out-

landish patois as ever. They move in nearly the same narrow spheres of action and of enjoyment, as did their grand-parents. They come up to Paris in the same huge, awkward, three-wheeled vehicles; and they bargain with their customers in the same grimaces, shrugs and 'bah's' which for ages have characterized the intercourse of the French. Passing one of their stalls, a gruff voice hails you; 'Eh, dites donc, Monsieur, tenez, voyez, Monsieur, voyez.' Not being able to arrest your steps, and deeming you English, the ancient and fish-like crone, discharges after you a certain quantity of slang, wherefrom you get your first ideas of Parisian Billingsgate. They take their meals conveniently. A little woman advances towards one of them hungry. This little woman carries, suspended from about her neck before her, a sort of tray whereon stands a cooking apparatus. At her left side is a basket, filled with slices of meat and rolls of bread at least three feet long. At her right, hangs a pair of bellows, and behind her, drags a sort of crutch upon which, when stationary, she may lean for repose. 'Eh ben, voul' vous mange?' 'Ouias,' responds the market woman. Thereupon the ambulatory cook claps a bit of tripe into her pan, blows up the coals beneath it, cuts two slices from her long bread roll, and placing between them the fried tripe, receives therefor three sous, and walks off to another stall. Does the eater desire some drinkables? The tinkling of a bell announces the approach of a man, bearing upon his back a large flask filled with wine or lemonade.

The pipes conducting from it, project forward under his right arm. Four bright goblets are outstanding from his chest, and three hang down from his girdle. He cracks up his beverage as the finest in all Paris, and sells a glass thereof to the market women for one sous. These people seem not to lack happiness. They are continually joking with each other; they have each the condensed health of half a dozen ordinary persons, and their boisterous rampant laughter has no parallel, save in the shouts of a Dutch burgomaster.

Passing from the Marché des Innocens to the Palais Royal, I stepped by chance into a cabinet-de-lecture just long enough to inform myself that the periodical press was active on this day as on any other; that every journal made its uninterrupted appearance, and that some of the most merry and roguish, whereof Paris can boast, husband themselves profanely for six long days, that they may send forth their diabolical waggery only on the seventh. The gardens of the Palais Royal were filled like those of the Tuileries. The Passage d'Orleans seemed all alive with promenaders. Gay grisettes laughed in the spray of the fountain, falling sheaf-like. The shops shone dazzling as ever. The dames-du-comptoir presiding therein, told as pretty French lies about their wares as on a weekday, and as their moustached customers departed, streamed after them certain glances which, though issuing from very heavenly eyes, were certainly very far from being sanctified by any divineness in their source.

Walking beneath the arches, my eye was arrested at No. 36, by this sign; 'Dentiste au 3me.' I ascended into the third story. Entering a little ante-room whose walls were hung about with hats and cloaks, a man holding a triply-pronged staff, like Neptune's trident, in his hand, and known by the emphatic appellation of *Bouledogue*, eyed me keenly for an instant, and then received my hat and cane. A servant in soiled livery, now opened a door leading to a large apartment. I saw within, some fifty faces disturbed and saddened. I heard a tinkling of silver, and then the roll of a little ivory ball, and then a sepulchral voice saying, 'rien ne va plus.' I was in one of the Hells of Paris. By what I had this morning already seen, I was prepared for witnessing almost any extremities, but hardly did I expect to find the gambling houses in full operation. It was now two o'clock. One hour since, was the room opened, to continue so until midnight. It contained two tables for roulette and rouge-et-noir. It was not magnificent. The walls were dingy; the floor was dirty; rules of the games were hung up in black frames here and there; the garçon solemnly passed lemonade to this or that gambler; no ladies wandered about in stereotyped smiles, lighting on raw youths to ruin, and the money was staked tremblingly down by the biggest and dirtiest hands I have lately seen. This is hardly a Frascati, said I. But it is ten thousand times worse than Frascati's. It is a gambling house for those who cannot afford to lose. It is for the laboring class,

and those old gamesters who are nearly used up. I saw there many pale faces, and many flushed ones, contrasting strangely in their wild agitation, with the careless, motionless, immovable visages of the *croupiers*. Your croupier, holding his natty rake upright while the wheel is turning, looks around upon the company with a complacency 'mild as cheese.' He even seems amiable. How affectionate is his manner, while changing your forty franc piece! But let only a dispute arise. You shall suddenly see several mad demons in his eye, and the worst passions of the arch-fiend himself, wrenching every feature. The rouge-et-noir table was thronged. My eye rested on an old man in black cotton cap and spectacles, whose face had once been intellectual, whose manner was that of the graceful French gentleman, and whose vestments were extremely shabby. How anxiously did his trembling hand prick down upon the bit of paper before him, the results momently announced by the *tailleur*, 'rouge gagne et couleur perd,'—'rouge perd et couleur gagne.' That man had once played high at the Cercle des Etrangers; afterwards strong at Frascati's; then moderate at No. 154, Palais Royal; and finally was he playing low at this degraded No. 36. His next legitimate descent will be to the Morgue. As, departing, I descended the stairs, into my memory came unbidden the paraphrase, 'This is indeed the den of Satan, and none other than the gate to Hell.'

Moving out from the Palais Royal through the avenue where now, as ever, you may hear the shrill cry,

'vingt cinq sous,' and entering the Passage Colbert, the Passage Vivienne, and the Passage Panorama, I perceived no cessation of business, not the slightest token that this was a day of observance among the Parisian French. Dropping for a moment into the Conservatoire-des-Arts-et-Métiers, I learned that at three o'clock, a certain Professor Dupin would there deliver his usual Sunday lecture on —— *chemistry*. Not tarrying to hear it, I directed my steps towards the Boulevard-du-Temple. What rattling of carriages! What shouting of people! What pantomimes! What puppet-shows! What rope-dancing! What mountebanks! What tumblers! What music! What multitudes of boutiques! What vending and crying up of knick-knacks! 'Here is nothing more nor less than a fair,' said I. 'I must be mistaken in my day. This is certainly Saturday or Monday.' A man at my elbow set me right. 'It is Sunday, sir,' said he, cracking his whip, 'and if Monsieur wishes a drive to the Barrière du Combat, here is a cabriolet, tout-a-fait magnifique.' 'And what is to be seen at the Barrière du Combat?' asked I. 'A grand fight of animals, Monsieur.' 'I'll go,' said I, 'but wait a moment.'

Before some large squares of canvass covered with grotesque figures, stood a man in costume most bizarre. He was addressing an audience of fifty. His subject was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. A picture of said massacre was to be seen within. Having concluded his energetic description and harangue, he said, '*here* is the magnificent picture, gentlemen, enter, only

two sous, enter Messieurs, quick, quick;' and then one comrade rang loudly a bell, and another blew a horn. The object was to take the curiosity of the audience by storm. That audience walked coolly off in an opposite direction.

At the side of this exhibition, stood another quite different. An enormous porker was there to be seen. It was from Bordeaux, and if it corresponded with the length, and breadth, and height of its portrait, must have been a monster indeed. Had that mammoth-hog been exhibiting in America, you would have seen at the entrance to its pen, a portly gentleman in blue dress-coat and bright buttons, with his hands thrust into his breeches pocket, deliberately stating that 'the animal within was *really* a *very* great curiosity, that it was raised in Ohio by a member of Congress, that it showed the progress of the State in breeding swine,' and his whole manner, as well as stomach, would have revealed some appropriate sympathy with the magnitude of his theme. Here however was a French pig exhibiting by French men. To draw spectators, one little man in green cap and feathers beat a drum; another in red jacket and sword, stuffed enormous quantities of tow into one side of his mouth, and miraculously puffed out enormous quantities of smoke from the other, while a third in harlequin costume, and in waggery which none but a frequenter of the Boulevard du Temple could appreciate, rallied him about the peculiarity of his appetite, bobbing every now and then his head against his neighbor's, with grimaces beyond

number. A goodly company having at length been attracted, the drummer announced that the charge for seeing the animal was but two sous. A porcellian curiosity could be awakened in only one very old woman, and one small boy.

The cabriolet bore me swiftly through the Rue de Lancry to the Barrèire du Combat. A miscellaneous barking, hoarse and shrill, announced the vicinity of animals. I approached a door. The ensigns of battle were thick about it. Sanguinary pictures of dogs pitted against wild boars, and bears, wolves, bulls, and jacks, and of dogs against dogs, met my eyes wherever they were turned. The woman who sold me a ticket of admission, looked ferocious and gorgon-like. The man who received it at the door, had a mouth like a bull-dog's, and the very handle of his bell-rope was a bear's paw. As the sport had not commenced, I amused myself in looking about the premises. Entering through a little gate, two hundred and thirty dogs of enormous magnitude, of most blood-thirsty expression, here collected from all parts of Europe, sprang towards me, the length of their two foot chains, with savage yelps, and barks and growls. Each had to himself a little oval kennel, and the tout-ensemble of their habitations resembled what you might imagine to be the appearance of a village of Hottentot dwarfs. There was a good deal of the truly infernal in the fiend-like energy with which these monsters fretted and raved to burst from their bonds, and seize an intruder into their territory by the thorax. The scene

might have looked not unbecomingly in the third circle of Dante's Hell. Before I had time to inspect the square arena, the opening of the combats was announced. I took my seat in a box, and was happy to notice, amidst the multitude of spectators, only two females.

The dog-fights, to the number of twelve or fifteen, were sufficiently sanguinary. Indeed you might fairly denounce them, with the whole exhibition, as horridly, degradingly brutal. You might perhaps be doubtful about a longer tarry. And yet here may you read a curious chapter in Natural History. Declaring that you desire to study 'The habits of Animals,' you remain.

Soon came the battle of a wolf, tied by a rope some thirty feet long to a ring in the centre of the arena, with ten or twelve dogs. The wolf looked extremely sheepish at first, and yet he dealt his fangs very generously into the flanks of his adversaries. For his trophies he had a score of keen, ear-piercing yelps. While these conflicts were going on, the wild animals in cages surrounding the arena, grew furious and impatient. The four or five wolves glared, and growled and yelled. The bears leaped about grinning horribly, and a boar of Ardennes momently thrust his snout and tusks all white with foam, through the iron bars of his pen, seemingly quite anxious to have a finger, or rather a tooth, in the pie.

Now followed the fight of the bear with the dogs. He was tied like the wolf. Three dogs were at once

let in upon him. They merely worried him. Three fiercer ones were soon added. They not only worried, but fought him. To them were at length superadded three others, still more ferocious than their predecessors. These latter made the acquaintance of Blackhead with a speed that indicated their possession of the highest possible quantity of pluck. Bruin however patted them with his paw to the right and to the left, thus returning their compliments in a style which proved that his was no baby's play. He was at length brought down. The dogs had their fangs full into his throat. Two men dressed in crimson, pried their jaws open with long iron-pointed bars, while a third dragged them off their prostrate foe, *by the tail.*

This concluded, the bull-fight began. The bull was tied, as had been the wolf and the bear. He was evidently an old worker at this sort of business. First he bellowed deeply, then he pawed up the earth, and then he pricked forward his ears in confident expectation towards the door, through which four bull-dogs now furiously dashed at him. There was nothing very revolting in this spectacle. With his horns, the bull tossed off the dogs to this side and to that, with as much easy regularity as a Connecticut farmer would turn and toss hay. Indeed you might almost imagine him parodying the thought of the Augustan poet:

'Fœnam habet in cornu.'

Now and then was he attacked vigorously, *a posteriori.* And yet very happily did he retort the arguments from

that quarter, convincing his opponents, by what might be scientifically called the knock-down argument, the *argumentum ad canem*, that either *horn* of the dilemma was preferable to this proceeding. Not one of them was able to throttle him, and he was soon trotted out of the arena, decidedly victorious.

I supposed the games concluded. I rather wished them so. Not small was my surprise, however, when I saw entering from the passage through which the bull had just made his exit, a very handsome mouse-colored jackass. With the ass do we all have some pleasant associations,—associations of the patriarchal times, associations of the pastoral life, of the panniers filled with children, and ever since Sterne saw him leaning his disconsolate head over a French fence, he has been not altogether unpoetical. I was a little grieved to see him in such company as this. But I was never aware that he could show such wonderful fight. The first and second set of dogs seemed to have suspicions of his capacity in that way, and kept at a respectful barking distance. The third set, however, did him some damage; and yet in several instances, did he give them to feel, as well as to know, that he was not to be tampered with,—nay more, that he was a very disagreeable customer. There was a vigor in his action extremely exhilarating, and every instant did he seem to be pronouncing the sapient proverb in him originated, 'Each one look out for himself.' The object of one of the dogs seemed to be, to catch him by an ear, and for that end did he leap vigorously five or six times

across his head. A timely dodge prevented success. Once however, was he slightly nipped in that appendage, and thereupon he set up a bray of which even his ancestral kin, in the time of Balaam, might in nowise have been ashamed. Whatever malicious waggery may insinuate, I do declare that now I began to feel great sympathy for the ass, and therefore was I extremely delighted to see him, through a well-directed aim, plank his left hind hoof compactly into the nether jaw of his foe. That heel-tap was of terribly spiteful, intense energy, satisfying me that however asinine might be his blood, his antagonist would never think of writing him down an ass. That antagonist expressing himself in a yelp, sulkily retired and the combat closed. 'When will there be another fight?' asked I retiring, of the old woman from whom I had purchased my ticket. 'Next Sunday, sir,' was the reply. The fact is, the Combat-des-animaux and the Louvre, are open to all the world on Sundays. At Paris, the highest works of art and the lowest spectacle in nature, can be seen by the public, only on the sabbath.

Dining at the Trois Frères, I cogitated how I should spend the evening. 'Were I in Boston,' said I, 'I might join the throngs which, in a few hours will crowd the churches and prayer-meetings; but I am in Paris; garçon, le Courrier des Théatres.' 'Bien, Monsieur.' From this little periodical I ascertained that I could choose between three Royal Operas, twenty-one Theatres, and two Concerts. Shall I go to the Italians, said I, for Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini and La Blache;

and where may be seen the best blood and the best diamonds of Paris? Or shall I to the Grand Opera for Taglioni, with the bravos and bouquets momently rained down upon her? Or shall I enjoy the soft voice of Damoreau Cinti, at the Opera Comique. But here again are the Theatres. Mademoiselle Mars plays at the Français, and Lemaitre at the Variétés. Shall I see performed the 'Three Hearts of Woman,' at the Vaudeville, or this piece entitled 'Vive le Diable,' at the Porte St. Martin? But here moreover are the Concerts. Which shall be patronized, Jullien's or Musard's? Paying one franc, you may enjoy two hours of the finest music in the world. I resolved upon Musard's. In his magnificent rooms were ninety musicians, playing for their own and the pleasure of two thousand hearers. How many Parisians are this evening engaged in giving and receiving theatrical and musical pleasure? said I to myself, as the last strain of one of Musard's fine quadrilles died upon my ear. What with two concerts, twenty-one theatres, and three opera-houses, there cannot be less than fifteen hundred artists. Nay, this estimate is too small, for upon the single stage of the Grand Opera, you may often see at one time, more than three hundred performers. Say then, two thousand artists. And for their audiences, say eighty thousand. Imagine every inhabitant of Boston, looking, laughing and shouting at operas, concerts, ballets, vaudevilles, dramas and melo-dramas, and you get some notion of what on a sabbath evening is, 'Paris Gay.'

Having taken at eleven o'clock, the usual supper of Riz-au-lait, I was about retiring to my quiet chambers. I believed the amusements of the Parisian sabbath terminated. Miserable, baseless belief! For thousands on thousands those amusements are just beginning. *Nine* masked balls are announced for this evening. The earliest commences precisely at eleven o'clock. Pray, shall we look for an hour or two, into the masked balls? Shall we speer at frail Cyprians through the sombre domino? Shall we join the impetuous gallopade, or whirl in the dreamy gyrations of the waltz? Or far better, shall we don opera hat, white cravat and kids, and with glass at eye, gaze from a box in the Academie Royale de Musique, upon the *jaleodi Tripoli*, danced voluptuously in their native costume, by the first artists from the royal theatre of Madrid? I doubt not that the fagged-out reader, who so kindly has journeyed with me through this day's scenes, will answer,—'no.' That reader, I trust, will join me in saying that a sabbath in this metropolis, so far from being set apart as a day of seriousness for its religion, is only set apart as a larger receptacle for its amusements, and that if for six days the rein be freely flung upon the neck of license, upon the seventh it is cast clean over its head. Paris wants a Luther in 1836, as much as Europe wanted one in the sixteenth century. And suppose the great Reformer, miraculously uprisen from his grave, and unroofed Paris exhibited to him as an illustration of the progress which the mighty impulse he commenced, had made. How vain would

seem his noble labors! The Reformation has wrought many worthy things; but Paris moral and Paris religious is, as if *the* Reformation, or any other Reformation had never for a moment been dreamt of.

And now were one to address the author of the motto to this sketch, justly might he say—'Mr. Chevalier, you have at Paris the grandest triumphal arch in the world; you have a lovely Madeleine, a magnificent Bourse, a Louvre thronged with immortal works, a learned Sorbonne, and great literary, scientific and medical institutions. You have likewise vast military establishments; you have the glorious memory of many victories; you have a classical drama, and, moreover, an Epic Poem. These things you have, and well may you rejoice in them; but from reverence for truth, if not for its Author, do not also lay claim to religion.'

IX.

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.

I HAVE just witnessed a representation of Hamlet on the great national stage of France, the stage of the Théatre Français. The piece was announced as from the pen of Duçis, whom we know as among the most successful of the French translators of Shakspeare; and it was to be executed by some of the first artists of the company,—a company in whose ranks was once the great Talma, and of which the most distinguished member at present is, Mademoiselle Mars. I shall soon have an opportunity of judging how the English dramatist is appreciated by the French, thought I, as I entered No. 15 of the Stalles-de-Balcon. I shall soon be enabled to determine for myself, whether all the waggery I have read be true, of the style in which his plots are mutilated, his ideas caricatured, and his language travestied. At least, I shall have *one* instance to enlighten me on this subject.

The curtain rose, and before me was an apartment of a palace, into which I was somewhat surprised to see entering King Claudius and Polonius. The King was clad in loosely hanging red vestments. Over his shoulders was flung a black mantle, and his top was surmounted, not by a baby proof of sovereignty, but

by a velvet cap, whose loose crown projected forward in the mode called Phrygian at Naples, and which here may be seen chiefly upon the head of a French cook. Polonius was dressed similarly, except that his brow was surrounded by something in the shape of a Turk's turban. I may here remark, that the character of Polonius is as much revolutionized as his dress. He is no more a superannuated, self-conceited companion of a state. Through his dotage appears nothing to make you smile. He has no dotage, no ludicrous character. He is middle-aged, and he talks good wise advice to you, in regular French rhyme.

The Majesty of Denmark has been murdered; his place has been partially usurped by the murderer, who is now consulting with Polonius, how that place may be permanently secured to him. Thus is he engaged when a noise is heard. Polonius suddenly takes his leave, and the queen enters. Madame Paradol struck me at once as a very excellent Gertrude. She was brawny and sensual. Her body, her countenance, her voice, her smile, all loudly proclaimed the adulteress. I thought that Shakspeare himself would not have moulded his Gertrude otherwise. After a few moments, the king begins to importune her to have their nuptials solemnized. I was a little surprised to find that they were not yet married, and still more when I heard the queen, in stern round terms declare, that she did not intend to marry. She was filled with remorse at the recollection of her past career in guilt. She was not going to wade deeper

in. She was resolved to have Hamlet crowned king. The wrong done the husband was not to be continued over to the son.

> 'Quand par un crime affreux, je l'ai privé d'un père,
> Il est bien juste au moins qu'il retrouve une mère.'

The conclusion was certainly a motherly one. Polonius is instantly called in, and having received orders to make preparations for Hamlet's coronation, makes his bow and departs, looking slyly at the king. Claudius is now advised by his repentant consort in crime, to betake himself as quickly as possible to virtuous courses, and to become a loyal subject. Before he has time to respond to this apparently unwelcome suggestion, the queen waves him away. Left in solitude, she is going on to congratulate herself upon her new and virtuous state of heart, when a *confidante* named Elvira, enters, to inform her that Norceste, the noble friend of her son, has just arrived from England. To him, continues Elvira, your son may perhaps reveal the *chagrin fatal* which alarms you. 'Do you think so?' asks the queen. 'And why should I not?' reponds Elvira. Gertrude then sums up her feelings in the sentiment, that if her son should die without disclosing said *chagrin fatal*, nothing remained for her but to die with him; and so ends the first act. 'Il est tout changé,' said I to a Frenchman beside me. 'Oui,' replied he, 'c'est arrangé pour la scène Française.' 'Vraiment,' added I, 'et pour le *goût* Français.'

At the beginning of the second act, the preceding

personages, Gertrude and Elvira, re-appear. The queen now, for the first time, discloses to Elvira her share in the murder of the king, and as she goes on to relate how love was the cause of that foul deed, wishes to heaven, and heaven only knows why, that all her sex were present to hear her. In the course of a tedious narration of remorse, and horror and crime, she is interrupted by the entrance of Norceste. Him she at once beseeches to inquire into the secret cause of her dear son Hamlet's *chagrin*. Left alone, Norceste, in whom I recognised a shadow of the original Horatio, queries why his friend has not opened his heart to his mother. He concludes his cogitations by saying that strange suspicions are afloat at court, and that *there* a great secret is oftentimes no other than a great crime. As he is going out, Voltimond, captain of the guards, meets him, and begs him not to proceed, as the Prince, all trembling, and pale and wild, was hither rushing, pursued by some invisible vengeance. A sound is heard, a crash, a scream, and Hamlet dashes in, all madly exclaiming:—

'Fuis, spectre épouvantable,
Porte au fond des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable.'

He was dressed in black. His coat,—a sort of frock,—was trimmed throughout with fur, and about his waist circled, three or four times, a large silken cord. Ligier made a very good French Hamlet; but I am almost sure that the walls of the Théatre Français rang with serious applause of gestures, and attitudes, and tones

and expressions of visage, that at Covent Garden would have excited nothing but roars of laughter. 'Do you not see it?' continues Hamlet. 'It flies above my head; it clasps my very feet; je me meurs.' You see no ghost; you hear no ghost. You are startled by no sepulchral voice come up to earth from its dark prison-house. You see no form escaped from sulphurous flames for a brief space, till the matins be near. The poor ghost, alas, may not tell his own tale. But at the solicitation of Norceste, Hamlet tells it for him,—that is, Hamlet relates to Norceste what his father's spirit related to *him*. Thus we get at the matter, though in a sort of second-hand way. How tame, and lifeless and flat was this, in comparison with the solemn vigor of a similar narration in the original! I felt myself some of the *chagrin* which seemed to bear down Hamlet. I felt that the soul of the English bard was not in the scene before me. It was all Frenchified. The house, however, listened breathlessly. The scene was not without its pathos, and I must not fail to add that here and there among the spectators, I discovered a white handkerchief. Happy they! They had their own standards of judging and of enjoying. The work of art before them was in conformity therewith, and they were deeply impressed. I am not finding fault. Their standards on this subject are different, totally different, from those of an Englishman or an American. It is impossible, while those different standards are recognised, that we should all be similarly impressed by the same

work of dramatic art. The second act closes with a resolution by Hamlet and Norceste to take, as the ghost to the former had suggested, the urn holding his father's ashes from its humble resting place.

To make assurance doubly sure of what the *spectre épouvantable* had related as to the guilt of the royal sinners, Hamlet desires Norceste to narrate in their presence, how an English king was recently poignarded at London, and how the misery under which England now groans was caused by ambition, lust and adultery. He himself will, in the mean time, stand by, and watch the effect of said narration. This scene takes places in the next act. Nothing surely was ever more curiously managed than this. Claudius, Gertrude, Hamlet, and Norceste are on the stage. The latter has just stated the fact of the English king's death. Hamlet asks, in a somewhat significant tone, and with a knowing French shrug:—

'Mais, qui soupçonne-t-on de cet énorme crime?
Norceste. Un mortal honoré de la publique estime.
Hamlet. Enfin, qui nomme-t-on?
Norceste. Un prince de son sang,
Qu'après lui la naissance appellait à son rang.
Gertrude. Vous a-t-on informé qu'il eut quelque complice?
Norceste. Oui * * * *
Hamlet. La reine peut être?
Gertrude. O ciel! par quel indice
A-t-on pu decouvrir?
Norceste. Je l'ignore.
Gertrude. En secret
Quel motif donne-t-on d'un aussi grand forfait?
Norceste. L'amour du diadème, une flamme adultere.
Il n'est point troublé. [*bas à Hamlet.*]
Hamlet. (*bas à Norceste.*) Non, mais regarde ma mère.'

During all this dialogue, Hamlet looks most intensely and dagger-like into the king's features. But the king's features do not blench for an instant. The queen only seems a little touched. The king coolly says, 'Let England alone with her griefs, and mourning and crime;' and he concludes with a cut which, reflecting that the piece first appeared in 1769, may well be called cut à la Française.

'L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut fèconde.'

It is at the close of this third act that we get the first glimpse of Ophelia; not the Ophelia of Shakspeare—that loveliest of the poet's dreams—so gentle, so timid, so spiritual, so true; the being that even in the intellectual Hamlet, enkindled a love which that of forty thousand brothers could not equal. We see an Ophelia, daughter, not of Polonius but of Claudius, with a strong voice and a muscular arm; one who even tries to produce some stage effect by her energetic attitudes. Moreover she sometimes blusters and talks big; now discoursing like a superannuated crone, then like a lusty matron, and very seldom like a trembling virgin in the early bloom and spring-time of her love. Ophelia never goes mad. Indeed, how *could* such a healthy, muscular, matron-like damsel ever go mad for love? She never goes mad, and so I miss one of the most exquisite scenes that ever appeared on any stage. The Ophelia of this play has not a single one of those features which enchants you in the original. It is unspiritualized, it is unsouled.

All of the angelical which shines out in Shakspeare's creation has vanished, and you are presented with a strange compound, ordinary, unimpressive, unsatisfactory. You turn your back upon such a desecration, and yet you ought hardly so to do; for, remember that you are witnessing an English tragedy, so modified as to harmonize with French ideas of propriety and to gratify the French taste.

In the fourth act, which is likewise the last, Hamlet appears, *seul*. He is a little mortified to find that his king-trap did not spring better.

> 'Quoi! ce vil Claudius a donc eu la constance,
> De voir son propre crime avec indifférence!'

Still he is inclined to give credence to the testimony of the ghost. Then he goes into something like that famous soliloquy, wherein Hamlet weighs the goods and ills of life. Here and there you catch glimpses of Shakspeare's thought; but they are only glimpses. 'In what,' he asks, 'shall my cast-down soul take refuge?'

> 'Mourons. Que craindre encor quand on a cessé d'être?
> La mort * * * c'est le sommeil * * * c'est un reveil peut-être.
> *Peut-etre* * * * Ah c'est ce mot qui glance épouvanté
> L'homme à bord du cercueil par le doute arreté.

This is not so very bad, and Ligier, whose countenance was thin and pale, whose eye glared wildly, and whose tout-ensemble had therein much of the haggard and the suicidal, embodied it well. The soliloquy terminates with 'mais, je vois Ophelia.'

Ophelia enters. An interview somewhat protracted, ensues—an interview in which Hamlet avers to the damsel his wish to part with life. Ophelia, like an adroit counsellor, sums up with energy the motives, both public and private, which should prevent him from taking any deadly steps, concluding thus—'these are thy duties; now die if thou darest.'

'Ce sont la tes devoirs ; meurs après, si tu l'oses.'

While they are thus discoursing, the queen enters and questions Hamlet about his sadness; his brow still gloomy and severe, his eye fixed ever on the earth. Just then his father's spirit rises, and a scene follows whose dramatic effect was most electrical. The applause of *bravos* and hands together smote, was deafening. Claudius soon enters. Hamlet eyes him savagely, and threatening revenge, takes his leave. The king being in a few moments left alone, is rejoined by Polonius. Now follows a consultation. What shall the king do, who has with him the nobility and the soldiers, to defeat the hostile movements of Hamlet, on whose side is ranged the devotion of the people? The old trick is resorted to. A counsel is to be summoned. He is to be formally presented with the crown, which, with seeming reluctance, he is to accept. This matter arranged, they depart, and in comes Hamlet with Norceste, bearing the cinerary urn. Says Norceste—

'La voila donc, seigneur, cette urne redoutable,
Qui contient d'un héros la cendre déplorable.'

The urn was a good large urn; it required both arms of Norceste to embrace and carry it, and had it not been for the sable veil flung around it, you might, without bad taste, have mistaken it for a well-charged Pompeian wine-flask. Norceste warmly advises his friend to act with speedy energy for the attainment of his rightful throne. Hamlet says, 'No, I live only to revenge my father.' Norceste retiring, Ophelia enters. In the ensuing scene, all the masculine hardihood of Ophelia's character breaks forth. She almost *commands* Hamlet, out of love for her, to stifle his hostility against her father, who, she was assured, wished him well. Hamlet says no, and remains inexorable. The nymph Ophelia at once fills her eyes and gestures with the greatest possible quantity of indignation, and having, among other things, exclaimed, 'Va, tigre impitoyable,' rushes from the stage. Hamlet, now left alone, communes with the sacred urn. He conjures it under the address, 'O, poudre des tombeaux,' to strengthen him for the terrible feat soon to be performed. He swears that the barbarian Claudius shall not enjoy the fruits of his crime. He moreover adds, that when his revenge is wrought, he has nothing more for which to live. 'Mais, que vois-je?' It is his mother. The next scene is a sort of substitute for that in the original, where Hamlet wrings his parent's heart, holding up to her eyes the counterfeit presentment of two brothers. He desires her, if she be innocent of her husband's death, to swear it upon the urn;

'Prenez cette urne, et jurez-moi sur elle.'

She tries to place her hand upon it,—she hesitates,—she tries again, and again she fails. At length, falling back senseless into a chair, she exclaims—

'Je ne puis plus souffrir un objet si funeste.'

Elvira now rushes in, all frantic, announcing that Claudius is storming the palace, that Norceste defends the gates, but that he will not be long able to resist. 'Let the monster come,' shouts Hamlet, and at that moment, to his mental eye the spectre once more appears. This re-appearance was quite unnecessary. Hamlet's courage was sufficiently screwed up to the sticking point. But at the sight, he again quaked in all his limbs, his countenance grew pale, his bosom heaved, and a tremendous burst of applause announced that he had touched the heart of the Frenchmen. Now crowds in a vast variety of action. Among other things, Hamlet dashes out, and soon returns, proclaiming that vengeance is satisfied, for his father's poisoner has found a death at the portals of the palace. He generously pardons all whom cunning had seduced over to hostile ranks.

Now comes the last scene of the fourth act, and with it the lame and impotent conclusion of the whole drama. Norceste informs Hamlet that the people's voice is loud for his presence. Hamlet, not noticing this, asks his mother if his father's ghost is at length revenged. The mother answers in the negative. She herself was a partner in the crime. Her life must

atone therefor. [*Elle se tue*]. Hamlet, quite forgetting his former deadly resolutions, concludes to survive. My mother has done well to die; I will do better, I will live. He winds up the piece with this sentiment;

> 'Mais je suis homme et roi, reservé pour souffrir,
> Je saurai vivre encore. Je fais plus que mourir.'

What becomes of the fair Ophelia? Heaven only knows. She was lost sight of some time ago. You may without much French impropriety, imagine her subsequently wedded to Hamlet. Her amorous propensities and muscular constitution warrant such a matrimonial result; and though it be not quite so poetical as sinking amidst swan-like melodies beneath the melancholy waves, yet may it be quite as well for the continuance of Hamlet's blood in the line of future Danish kings.

'Well, what do you think of Shakspeare in Paris?' said I to an English gentleman as the curtain fell. 'Abominable, wretched, wretched; I have hardly been able to sit it out.' I understood his feelings. He could not endure so universal a revolution. He could not patiently bear to see Shakspeare thus stripped of all his attributes. He would have been right in saying, that for France, the greatest poet of all time has never for one moment existed.

The peculiarities and omissions which struck me, were very numerous. The curtain does not fall from the beginning to the end of the performance. There

is no shifting of scenes. Every visible and audible thing takes place in the same apartment of the palace. The unity of *place* is thus preserved, and in a strictness that well might have brought an approving smile into the visage of Aristotle himself. I may however here note down, that the Unities no longer hold a general sovereignty over the French stage. New pieces are continually brought out, violating them without remorse; and here before me lies a drama by Madame Ancelot, which Mademoiselle Mars has just made extremely popular, whose very title,—The Three Epochs,—indicates that it is based upon the total neglect of the unity of *time*.

Then again no ghost is seen or heard, save by Hamlet. There are no players, no Laertes, no Osric, no Rosencrantz or Guildenstern; and, alas! no gravedigger. The drama is not indeed performed, the part of Hamlet left out *by particular desire;* but it *is* performed with an omission of all those scenes wherein Hamlet's character might shine most strikingly forth. Not only are important personages and portions of plot thus recklessly omitted, the characters retained have little or nothing of the stamp impressed upon them by Shakspeare's hand. They seemed to me to be as nearly alike as possible. They had no strong salient points. They were, moreover, as mechanical as any of the automata manufactured by Corneille or Racine. One talked rhyme for a while, and having concluded, or rather having run down, another who happened to be wound up, touched his vocal spring, and forthwith

the organs began to play on nearly the same key, and in almost the same artificial strain. Hamlet himself is quite another person here from what he is on the other side of the channel. He seemed to me decidedly a flat. There is hardly a bas-relief in his whole character. He has not even the wretched merit of hypocrisy. You see through him at once. The king saw through his badly-managed stratagem, and did not betray himself. To me, as doubtless to all others, the charm of Hamlet lies much in the mournful mystery that enfolds him. But the French Hamlet has no mystery. He is as bare and broad as the common day. Moreover, in the Hamlet of Shakspeare, there are a thousand apparent contradictions, apparent only; for to him who knows the secret impulses which guide and govern his moral frame, they are all harmonious. But the Hamlet I have just seen has neither seeming nor real contradictions. He is as regular as clockwork. There are no counter and cross-currents in the tides of his heart. He does not, as it were, double upon his courses. No. He keeps right on from the beginning to the end of the drama, the same commonplace, characterless young gentleman; seldom looking even melancholy, and never intellectual.

What an impressive catastrophe has Shakspeare given to the action of his characters! The guilty and the guiltless, the sensual and the pure, the lover and the loved, alike go down to darkness and to death. The king and queen know no more melancholy destiny than that which overmasters Hamlet, and closes

for ever around the fair Ophelia. You are perhaps saddened at this; but you would not have it otherwise for the world. What a pitiful exit has Duçis substituted for the gratification of French taste! Ophelia is not made way with at all. The King *is said* to have been killed. The Queen shuffles herself very unnecessarily out of existence, and Hamlet concludes to live on, until Nature shall see fit to despatch him herself. The end is perhaps worthy the beginning and the middle. It is all ordinary and characterless; without signification and without aim; and truly may you say, if Shakspeare be known to the French only through such translations as this by Duçis, he is not known to the French at all. To them is he now, as probably he will ever be, a closely-sealed volume.

The pieces which closed the evening's representation were, *L'École des Femmes*, and *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*. These fine productions of Moliere were most admirably performed, and most enthusiastically applauded. I perceived at once that here the French were completely at home. Here was French character embodied in French forms, French voices and French gestures. Moliere at London would doubtless make as sorry a figure as does Shakspeare at Paris. His felicities of thought are so intermingled, so intermarried with his felicities of language, that you cannot peaceably divorce them. There was moreover about the performance a piquancy, a raciness that enchanted me. Each of the *artistes* seemed a star. What universal propriety, and ease, and self-posses-

sion! I shall not soon forget the ever-shifting expression of Mademoiselle Plessy, nor *thy* infinite variety of graceful gesticulation, Charles Mirecour.

The half-argumentative conversation in *La Critique de l'École des Femmes* was beyond all praise. There is nothing on the English stage that could approach it. The entire scene was to me a beau-ideal of genteel discourse and elegant manners. The graceful *abandon* of each performer was irresistible. I have seen nothing like it in any actor or actress of any other nation. If the French language be peculiarly fitted for conversation, the French are the peculiar people who know how to use it. By them is it intermingled with shrugs, and gestures; numberless movements of body, turns of the eye, plays of the features and varyings of the voice. In the representation I have just seen, it was but one among these half a dozen avenues of thought. The combination was extremely expressive, and I left my box, not only with a new and keener appreciation of the genius of Moliere, but likewise with a livelier feeling of the charms of French conversation upon the French stage.

X.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

THE Pont-du-Change conducted me across a branch of the Seine, into the little island known by the name of *Cité*. After a short walk, I found myself in a semi-circular space, before which arose an irregular and gloomy pile of antique buildings. In front thereof was a spacious court, enclosed partly by a richly-gilded and lofty iron railing. One side of the court was crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of shops and cafés, while upon the other I recognised, in a dark gothic edifice, the holy chapel of which I had recently read a description, and whose existence is ascribed to the piety of Saint Louis. Entering the court, I ascended, by a flight of many steps, through one of three portals surmounted by statues of Justice, Prudence, Abundance and Strength, into a large and dimly-lighted hall. It was a hall of the Palais de Justice. I was in the great centre of the administration of French law. I was where daily congregate the judges, the clients and the advocates of Paris.

The first object that particularly attracted my notice was a little red-visaged woman, located near the door in a sort of glass bureau, upon which were largely painted these words—'Lecture et abonnement

de journaux.' Around her were ranged some fifteen or twenty newspapers, among whose titles I recognised the following:—La Loi—Le Droit—Gazette des Tribunaux—Journal Général des Tribunaux. Every now and then a person would advance to the bureau, touch his hat, take a journal, walk off a few paces, read it intently for a few moments, then return it with a *sous*, receive the smile and the *mercie* of the dame, touch once more his hat, and profoundly bowing, walk away again. Nearly adjacent was a little room warmed by a central stove, and around whose sides ran a tier of benches. These were occupied by silent Frenchmen, the eyes of each fixed fiercely upon the loaned gazette before him, some of them in elegant apparel, and some in those shattered habiliments, which here as well as elsewhere reveal, alas! the patron and the victim of the law.

Walking onwards, my attention was next arrested by these words over the entrance to some small cabinets:—'Bosc; Costumier des Cours et Tribunaux.' Over these cabinets likewise presided a female. Their walls were hung about with black vestments, while upon their two or three shelves were ranged several small bandboxes. The mystery which at first surrounded them was soon dispelled. A gay-looking gentleman, with an immense bundle of manuscripts—not a green bag,—briskly advanced, and entering one of them, twitched off his coat and hat, thrust his arms into a *manteau*, which the damsel held wide-extended for their reception, suspended a white band beneath

his chin, clapped a black unrimmed *toque*, or cap, upon his head, and seizing again the huge mass of papers, rushed away. Two minutes had sufficed to work an extraordinary metamorphosis. He who had entered the wardrobe, a brilliant Parisian smacking of the Boulevard des Italiens, or the garden of the Tuileries, came out therefrom a costumed *avocat*, much resembling those funereal portraits we sometimes see of the judges of the Inquisition, or the antique doctors of the Sorbonne.

Following his steps, I soon stood upon the vestibule of a larger hall to which that, through which I had just passed, seemed but an avenue. It is called La Salle-des-Pas-perdus. When, centuries ago, the palace was the residence of the kings of France, this hall was the hall of royal banquets, of nuptial festivals and for the reception of ambassadors. At yonder extremity stood a huge block of marble,—the state dining-table,—to which were admitted none save those in whose veins ran the blood of emperors, or kings, princes, or peers, or peeresses of the realm. The hall is of ample dimensions, more than two hundred feet in length, and eighty or ninety broad. It is divided by arches into two collateral naves with vaulted ceilings. Here and there upon the walls were large posted bills, legal notices and adjudications, among which I particularly noticed some enormous sheets containing an epitome of the criminal business of the preceding month. First came the date of the trial,—then the tribunal,—then the name, age and residence of the culprit, then a

description of his person,—then his crime, afterwards his punishment,—and finally, a reference to the articles of the code by which he was tried and condemned. A long and melancholy list it was, of the aged and the young,—perpetrators of crimes, many of them too dark and damning to be named; such as legislation in its delicacy seldom provides against, and which may not often be found blackening other than the criminal annals of France.

The living scene before me was somewhat curious. This is the great Westminster Hall of Paris. It was thronged with moving multitudes of both sexes and of all ages. Here was the grisette in wooden shoes and neat night cap. There was the city dame in silks and plumes. Here were lounging country loons, and at their side was the mechanic, or the merchant, or the idle gentleman of the metropolis. Among them all was intermingled a suitable quantity of the police and the military. Some were here merely to promenade through the spacious hall; some to witness the criminal trials; some dragged hither by compulsory litigation; and some perhaps, like myself, to see another form of Paris life. Here and there in the miscellaneous company was an *avocat*, or an *avoué*. In black cap and sombre robe, and bearing a huge portefeuille, or a huger bundle of manuscripts, he walks up and down the space. Sometimes he has his hands behind him, and his eyes intent upon the marble floor, for he is cogitating out a case. Sometimes he moves about this way and that, with an inquiring expression which

seems to ask if you have any thing in the legal way to be transacted. Sometimes with his brother avocat, he is engaged in discussing the justice of a recent decision whereby he loses. The extraordinary gesture, the queer modulations of voice arrest your steps; and, impressed by the costume, and the language and the tones, you almost fancy yourself translated, for a moment, back among those imaginary professors of the law, who live to be ridiculed in the Plaideurs of Moliere.

In different quarters of the hall were some dozen *Écrivains*. An écrivain is a little dried up man—sometimes a woman—who holds himself ready to do any sort of writing. He is in great favor with the grisettes and all the common people. They seem to place unbounded confidence in whatever he says or does. There he sits behind his desk in a comfortable arm chair, itself flanked by two others for the convenience of his customers. His black woollen cap is stuck significantly upon his head; his nose is pinched within a pair of huge green glasses; and as he listens to a dame or damsel, stating in her diabolical patois what she wishes to have written down in a petition, his mouth and eyes take an expression of important gravity which is quite irresistible. Before him upon his desk are, among other things, a seal, a calendar, a snuff-box, a bunch of used-up pens, a roll of bread, whereof every now and then he takes a crumb, and a little volume whose title you perceive to be *Les Six Codes*. Having listened to a case, he hems

two or three times, adjusts his green glasses, takes snuff, looks for a moment into *Les Six Codes*, and finally takes pen and paper to commence operations. He can afford to be important and at his ease, for he is in great demand. His desk is almost always surrounded by half a dozen white caps, whose wearers, quite unacquainted with the law and the quill, are patiently waiting to entrust some little commission to his ability.

From the Salle-des-Pas-perdus you may pass immediately into nearly all the court rooms of the palace. Before leaving it, I paused for a moment to contemplate a statue of Malesherbes, the upright minister, the fearless defender of Louis XVI. On one side is a representation of Fidelity, under the form of a female attended by a dog, and on the other, stands a statue of grateful France. The work is interesting from certain associations, but as a specimen of art, will detain you for only a moment.

Leaving the hall by a dark avenue, over whose entrance is written *Sixième Chambre*, I was soon in one of the eight chambers into which the Tribunal de Premier Instance is divided. Before me, in black silk robes, and long white bands depending from beneath their chins, and velvet caps with a silver braid encircling each, were ranged in a semicircular row, five judges and one deputy judge. This and the seventh chamber are for misdemeanors; the six others take cognisance of civil matters. Of these tribunals, which correspond to the English courts of Common Pleas,

there are three hundred and sixty-one in France. They rank next above the courts of Judges of the Peace, of which there are nearly three thousand in the kingdom. In them seldom practise the *avocats*, but *avoués* whose number at Paris is one hundred and fifty.

Entering, I perceived three or four of the municipal guards of Paris, armed with swords and muskets, stationed at the door and in different parts of the court room. A trial was going on. A middle-sized one-eyed woman was on the prisoners' bench. She was accused of having in a wrathful moment seized one of her neighbors by the throat, of having then and there held firmly on, wrenching the same, and thereby working much discomfort unto said neighbor. 'Un témoin,' shouted the huissier. 'Jean Battiste,' exclaimed a man with a paper in his hand, at the other end of the room, at the same instant opening the door of the witnesses' apartment. The witness advanced. The president judge addressed him, and received answers as follows: 'Vôtre nom et prénom?' 'Jean Battiste.' 'Vôtre age?' 'Fifty years.' 'Vôtre profession?' 'Grocer.' 'Vôtre demeure?' 'Rue Clichy, No. 58.' 'Levez vôtre main. You swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?' 'Oui, monsieur,' replied the witness. 'Faites vôtre déclaration,' said the judge. This was all despatched with a rapidity and nonchalance which surprised me. I could not but recall and contrast with it the administering of an oath, which a month previously, I had witnessed in Scotland. There the

judge first lectured each witness on the nature, solemnity and responsibilities of an oath. Then, himself solemnly rising, and raising his right hand, he bade the witness do the same, and to repeat after him, —'I swear by Almighty God,' 'I swear by Almighty God,'—'as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,' 'as I shall answer at the great day of judgment,'—'to speak the truth,' 'to speak the truth,'—'the whole truth,' 'the whole truth,'—'and nothing but the truth,' 'and nothing but the truth,'—'as you shall be asked,' added the judge. The impressiveness of this form of service seemed to go beyond the witness to each one within the circumference of the judge's voice. It was as good as a Sunday sermon on the ninth commandment.

As soon as the French judge before me had said, 'faites vôtre déclaration,' the witness began. He was going on with vociferations, and multitudinous shrugs and inexplicable gestures, when he was interrupted by the prisoner screaming out in her highest key, 'Faux, faux, faux, faux.' The wrath of her lost optic was concentrated in, and flashing forth from, the single one which remained. 'Silence,' said the huissier,—'Chut,' said the president judge,—'Paix,' said a gend'armes, and then the deputy-judge interposed *his* speech, and two avoués interjected *their* voices, and the assembled spectators burst into a roar, and still the cry of the prisoner was audible above them all. Peace was at length restored, and the prisoner sat down with a threatening wag of the head at the witness, which

seemed to say, 'I'll fix ye when the trial is over.' Alas! the result was against her, and in a few moments she was conducted out, her arm locked affectionately within that of a gen-d'armes, while her head and tongue still wagged, as much to the annoyance of the court, as to the amusement of divers curious spectators that thronged the apartment.

From this chamber I walked into one of those of the *Cour Royale.* Of these courts there are twenty-seven in France. They are composed each of a president, of as many vice-presidents as they have chambers, and of counsellors or judges to the number of twenty-four, and sometimes greater. This at Paris is peculiar, and does not seem to lack machinery. It has a premier-president; five presidents; fifty-four judges; seven conseillers-auditeurs; one procureur-général-du-roi; four avocats-généraux; eleven deputy advocates; one registrar in chief; five subordinate registrars; fourteen huissiers or executive officers; one printer; nine physicians; five surgeons; three chemists; and three interpreters of foreign languages. To this court belong about eight hundred and forty *avocats*, and *avoués* to the number of sixty. It is divided into five chambers, three of which are civil, one is for appeals from sentences for misdemeanors, and one for indictments. This is likewise the court from which are selected the judges who compose what is called the Cour d'Assises,—a tribunal of merely criminal jurisdiction. The avocats who practise in this court are licenciés-en-droit; that is, they have studied three years in one of the

nine law faculties of France, after having graduated at one of the forty royal colleges in the kingdom. They must likewise have passed two examinations; one in the Roman law, and another in the civil and commercial code of France, and practice of the courts. The title of *avoué* is given to one who, having studied one year at a faculty or law school, has passed one examination in the civil code and in the procedure of the courts. He is appointed by the king, on the recommendation of the court in which he designs to practise. The avocats and avoués have each their societies for maintaining the discipline under which they perform their duties.

The judges of the chamber into which I now passed, were costumed black and mysteriously, like those of the inferior court I had just visited. The case before them was not uninteresting. Jean Jacques Pillot had, without proper authority, established a church *unitaire et réformatrice;* and had moreover, himself usurped the sacerdotal robe. For these offences, he had by an inferior tribunal been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. From that sentence he had appealed to the Cour Royale. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of the celebrated orator of the Chamber of Deputies, was his defender. The throng in the court room indicated that the case had awakened some popular interest. It seemed to be one involving liberty of conscience. The speech of the procureur-général was full of warmth, and here and there burst forth strains which, judging from their effect upon the audience, must have been

good specimens of French eloquence. For myself, I was not much impressed. So far as the French *language* is concerned, I can comprehend a French lawyer; but when I come to the strange modulations of his voice, and his multitudinous gesticulation, I confess myself rather at fault. These avenues of his thought are to me incomprehensible. I have never been accustomed to hear ideas expressed by such startling, and wide vocal transitions. I have never been accustomed to see that expression attended by such rolling of the eye, such contortions of the visage, such shaking of the fingers, such countless combinations of body and arms,—combinations which seem to me to have nothing to do with the idea coming at the same time from the mouth of the gesticulator. The language of a French advocate's fingers, and arms and body, was ever to me far more difficult to interpret than the language of his lips. The famous shake of Lord Burleigh's head conveyed an intelligible sentence. When however a French lawyer in uttering an indignant sentiment, fiercely tears his *toque* from his brow, and dashing it upon the table before him, instantly re-seizes, to place it once more upon his discrowned top, I am less fortunate than those around me, since a mode of expression which seriously impressed them, is no otherwise than laughable to me. This violence of delivery is not peculiar to the Bar; it pervades all French conversation. You shall see it likewise at the theatre. It will speak to you even from the pulpit. When I say that the speaker before me was fluent in the extreme, I only

say that he was a Frenchman. To me his volubility seemed next to marvellous. Words chased words from his lips with speed incredible. When he had concluded, Ferdinand Barrot arose, and with energy uttered a good deal of French law and much good common sense. I was somewhat amused, upon his citing the authority of a learned judge of the Cour de Cassation, to hear the president interrupt him with the remark that living judges were continually changing their opinions, beseeching him at the same time to cite the authority of those who were deceased, 'of whom,' said he, 'there is quite a sufficiency.' With him, the death of their author was indispensable to confer validity upon his opinions. The power to change them having ceased, their value was no longer a question. Barrot smiled at the judge's superstition or his waggery, and continued his well-digested argument. The way was wide open for him to make a large and moving speech on freedom of conscience. He did no such thing. He walked within the narrow sphere prescribed by the facts of his case. It was not until the very last moment that he grew vivid and eloquent, while congratulating the court and country on the re-awakening of a purer religion in France, and the gradual decline of infidelity, of the *école Voltairienne*, as he was pleased to call it. This was done in a style which apparently went through every man in the room. The movement was universal. He did not succeed, however, in getting reversed the sentence of the inferior tribunal. Sieur Jean Jacques Pillot had indeed a right to the

benefit of the fifth article of the charter which provides: 'Chacun professe sa religion avec une égale liberté, et obtient pour son culte une égale protection.' But he must enjoy that right in conformity with certain legislative enactments. Jean Jacques had not so done; a huissier waited upon him to prison.

From the Cour Royale I passed, threading many dark and labyrinthine passages, into the *Cour d'Assises*. The name had in it something of sadness. It is given to those tribunals, before which is arraigned the crime of France. It recalls incests, and parricides, and all dark deeds in a number and atrocity that have no parallel. Of these courts there are eighty-six in the kingdom. As already stated, they are organized out of the royal courts, three or four judges being selected therefrom to perform the duties. An attendance upon them will, to the philosophical observer, lay far more widely open than any other single agent can do, one of the moral aspects of France. At the time I entered, a man was on the prisoners' bench, accused of the murder of his wife. The witnesses were all questioned *by the judge*. Their examination was not in the presence of each other. One feature in this part of the proceedings I was pleased with. After each witness had made his declaration, the judge asked the prisoner if he had any thing to say respecting that testimony. Whereupon the accused, if he pleased, arose, and either contradicted, or confirmed, or explained it. The judge listened patiently, pointing out familiarly any contradic-

tions, and sometimes even argued the matter with the prisoner. I am sure, that in several instances explanations of the accused threw an illumination over passages, that otherwise would have remained dark and inexplicable. The testimony having been heard, the jury were, by the officer of the government and the prisoner's counsel, addressed. These are the only courts of the kingdom in which juries are known. Their number is twelve, of whom *seven* are sufficient to convict an offender. In this case their verdict was Guilty, '*mais*, avec des circonstances atténuantes.' Now, under this *mais* is contained a very important qualification. When a jury find an accused guilty, '*but* with extenuating circumstances,' the court has no right to deliver the culprit over to the penalty which the law has made a consequence of his act; they are bound to sentence him to some punishment less severe. How much less severe, lies within the discretion of the judge.

Leaving this tribunal, I returned to the Salle-des-Pas-perdus, and reading upon a door, over which was a winged figure in bass-relief of Justice with her scales, —'Cour de Cassation,' I entered, and found myself in a circular anteroom. Here my companion paused to give me a few words of information about the court I was about to visit. 'Its origin,' said he, 'goes no farther back than 1790. It is the highest tribunal in France. It is composed of a premier-president, three presidents, and forty-five judges, all appointed for life by the king. To it belong one procureur-général-du-

roi, six general advocates, a chief clerk and four deputies, eight bailiffs, three interpreters of foreign languages; and in it a college of sixty advocates has the exclusive right to practise.' 'Another instance,' interrupted I, 'of vast machinery in your judicial organization.' 'Yes,' replied he; 'our system, though simple to comprehend, demands for its service a large quantity of heads and hands. We have nearly four thousand judges, and about three thousand justices of the peace. The system, however, works pretty well. We find it far preferable to the *bailliages* and the *parlements* which existed previously to the great Revolution. Nor do we pay very high salaries. Our lowest officers,—justices of the peace,—receive twenty-four thousand francs per annum; and our highest,—the judges of the Cour de Cassation,—but fifteen thousand. The presidents receive each twenty thousand francs, and the premier-president, forty thousand. This court, as I was about to observe,' continued he, 'does not take cognizance *du fond des affaires*, but only of cases brought up from inferior jurisdictions, and involving informality, or some misapplication of the law. *Elle casse les jugements et arrêts.* It quashes or *breaks* judgments, and hence its name. It is divided into three chambers, called Sections of Requests, of Civil and of Criminal Cassation. When these chambers are assembled, they may, among other things, censure the judges of the royal courts, and even suspend them from their functions.'

I chanced to be now present at one of these general

and solemn sessions. The scene was to me not uninteresting. The room is spacious, and most richly gilded and carpeted. Over the chair occupied, when he presides, by the Minister of Justice, is a portrait large as life, of Louis Philippe. At the opposite end of the apartment are two seated statues of D'Aguesseau and L'Hôpital, names illustrious in the jurisprudence of France, and on the latter of whom I had very recently heard an admirable eulogy. This room is that in which were held the *parlements* of Paris from the time of St. Louis till the Revolution of Eighty-Nine. Before me, ranged around one half the large apartment, were forty-five judges. Each was clad in a black robe of silk, with a wide crimson sash encircling his breast, whose down-hanging extremities were adorned with golden tassels, and over all was thrown a large red mantle richly embroidered. Some in their velvet caps looked senatorial, some half-slumbered, and some occasionally exchanged whispers. I heard a faint monotonous voice. It came from an individual at the farther end of the room, almost concealed in folds of particolored ermine, with a *toque* encircled by two golden bands upon his head, and a large star, the badge of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, suspended from his left breast. He was flanked by three venerable men in similar costume. This was Count Portalis, peer of France, and premier-president of the Cour de Cassation. He was reading a report. When he had concluded, he descended into the open space, assembled around him one half the judges, asked their judg-

ment for or against the principles advocated in the report just read, and then called upon the remaining half for a similar purpose. This body, of which many were peers of the realm, and all of whom were eminent in the law, impressed me by their elevated bearing, and their amiable and intellectual expressions.

The court soon rose. Each section retired to its apartment. I remained with that of criminal cassation. An appeal of interest had been brought up to it. An avocat had, for exceptionable language, been by the Cour d'Assises, suspended from his functions for one year. The Cour de Cassation was now to decide upon the justice of that suspension. Mr. Scribe, his defender, having spoken one hour, concluded thus:—'I now close. A voice long dear to all the Bar will soon be heard. That voice has seldom failed. I sincerely hope and trust in God, that on this solemn occasion it will be triumphant.' A man aged about fifty arose. There was nothing striking in his features. His forehead was rather low, his eyes small and grayish, and his mouth was any thing but intellectual. This man, nevertheless, was the most profound, the most comprehensive, the most renowned lawyer in all France. It was Charles Dupin, procureur-general-du-roi before this tribunal, and president of the Chamber of Deputies. I heard Dupin for two hours. I compared his with the highest specimens of judicial oratory I had heard in my own country. He has not the finished, Corinthian, illuminated eloquence which characterized Wirt, nor yet the Doric massiveness which belongs to

the voice, and manner and thought of Webster. He has, however, something which doubtless subserves his ends far better than either,—an elastic and quick vivacity, a fire that seems momently to set his little eyes and countenance in a blaze, with a vigor and *verve* in his action which proclaim that there is power within. The man enchains your eye and thought. His voice, however, wants tone. Indeed, uttering a language having so much of the nasal twang about it as the French, I hardly perceive how it could have tone, as that word is understood with us. Those full, round, solemn notes; those rich swells, those impressive cadenzas, which are heard in good pronunciation of the English, I have seldom found in French speakers. Charles Dupin makes use of the same wide and squeaking transitions, that characterize all the Parisian lawyers whom I have heard. His gesticulation, too, is of the common kind. The fingers play their usual conspicuous part. Now and then he smote loudly his hands together; and several times he folded swiftly and spasmodically his arms, and as suddenly out-thrust them from their fold. The listening Frenchmen liked all this. The crowd to hear the great lawyer was immense. There were several 'prolonged sensations.' I observed an individual taking frequent notes, continually exclaiming 'parfaitement,' and bowing his head in assenting admiration to every sentence the speaker uttered; and a man at my elbow pronounced it all a 'most brilliant improvisation.' The speech being concluded, the court retired to the council chamber for

consultation. I departed to visit the Cour des Comptes, and the adjacent prison of the Conciergerie,—a prison sanctified in my imagination by the memory of Marie Antoinette, who passed from its dungeons to her scaffold. The day, however, was too far advanced, and I reserve these visits for some future occasion.

XI.

TAGLIONI.

'Like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.'

'It is a sweet valley that lies on the banks of the Danube, beneath the mountains of Ferenbach. The sun's light falls on flowers of all names and hues, garlanding it on every side. It is called the vale of roses, and in 1420 it became, with other possessions, the heritage of the young and handsome Baron de Willibald.'

Thus commences the story of the Fille du Danube, out of which is constructed the delightful ballet, wherein this evening, for the first time, I have seen Taglioni. The tale is of German origin, and has been illustrated by German poets. It goes on to tell how the elder brother of this Baron had been unfortunate in matrimony. His first wife died suddenly, within a month from the celebration of their nuptials; his second mysteriously disappeared eight days thereafter; and his third was a corpse within two hours from the moment that she passed, a laughing bride, into the Baron's arms. De Willibald was saddened at these disastrous recollections, but deeming the cause rather within the noble damsels whom his brother had taken to wife

than in his own family's blood, he henceforth swore eternal, though a secret, hate against all titled ladies, and resolved to seek a partner among the children of nature in the vale of roses. Now, in that vale was a damsel fairer than all its flowers, of parentage mysterious, who had one morning been found by old Irmengarde, kneeling upon the borders of the stream, among some forget-me-nots. Tradition relates a thousand things of her,—how beautiful she was, how gracefully she sported with the children of the valley, and how each morning she was seen standing upon the banks of the Danube, flinging flowers, as if in sacrifice, upon its waters.

Now it so chanced that young Rudolph, the Baron's squire, having one day seen Fleur-des-Champs—for such was the name given to this mysterious daughter of the Danube—fell desperately in love with her. His affection was returned. Happy hours succeeded ; and once, as they were slumbering among roses, the nymph to whom old father Danube had entrusted the care of his gentle offspring, came up from the waves with a band of Undines, and sprinkling profound sleep over their eyelids, put upon each of their fingers a ring, and, as German imagination has it, ' wedded the perfume of their breaths.'

The Baron de Willibald was in haste to choose a wife. So he sent a herald to summon into his presence all the noble ladies of that region, and likewise all worthy damsels who dwelt in the vale of roses. The noble ladies thronged in, striving their best to capti-

vate the handsome Baron; and soon arrived, in simple white robes and crowned with flowers, the children of the vale, among whom was the reluctant Fleur-des-Champs, distinguished only by a still simpler dress and a somewhat melancholy expression upon her countenance. Then follows a grand dance. The Baron looks on; is moved by the grace and naïveté of Fleur-des-Champs; offers her his hand, and what is more, a title. The damsel is in agony, and Rudolph raves. She however rejects the Baron's offer. The Baron is on his knees. Rudolph rushes madly between them. The Baron resolves on force. The damsel escapes, and standing on the balcony of the window, expresses her horror at a union with De Willibald, and her deep love for Rudolph; hurls a malediction against the former, and flinging to the latter the wreath of roses which adorned her forehead, leaps into the Danube far flowing beneath her feet. 'It is too late,' continues the German story-teller, 'to fly to her rescue. The cries of her companions,—the horrible joy of the court ladies,—the Baron's grief,—the despair of Rudolph, complete the heart-rending picture.'

Rudolph now goes mad. With eyes all haggard and locks dishevelled, he wanders alone on the river's banks. There wandering, a melancholy music falls upon his ears, the fairy group of Undines surrounds him, and distantly he catches a glimpse of his well-beloved, or, in German phraseology, 'of his beautiful future.' Alas! he is not permitted to touch her; and old Danube from his depths proclaims, that never more

will he resign his daughter to a world unworthy of her, and that whoever would take her for his bride, must seek her in the arms of her parent. She disappears. Rudolph is more distracted than ever. The Baron now arrives, and strives to console his favorite squire, but all in vain. Suddenly the Danube surges, the thunder growls, a mystery is accomplished, for the lover has passed into the deep watery realms of the father of the stream. There comes to him the nymph whom he had formerly seen in the vale of roses, and restores him to reason. He is soon surrounded by all the Undines veiled. His task is to divine which among them is Fleur-des-Champs. They are all of fairest forms and most graceful motions, and yet he soon detects the object of his search. They both of them now pray to be restored to the upper regions of the earth. Their prayer is granted. The Undines bear them up in a sea-shell to the surface of the stream. They are now in the world, and never more shall they be disunited. So ends the fairy tale.

The ideas above contained in language, I have just seen at the Grand French Opera in a far different vehicle,—in the vehicle of a ballet; in the language, voiceless to be sure, yet in the expressive language of attitudes, and motions, and gestures, shiftings of the eye, smiles of the lip, and frowns of the brow. 'How is a ballet composed?' said I to my companion, musing between the acts. 'Certainly it must be a difficult task. Its author must use those arms and bodies, features and legs, as his alphabet. They must

be his vowels, his consonants, his exclamation and his interrogation points. Is it not so? But how to combine them? That to me is a little mysterious. You perceive that it is complicated in the extreme, and yet there is not the slightest apparent irregularity. Here were several thousand different signs and gestures, and yet how gracefully and expressively have they been intermingled with each other. They have been so intermingled to express consecutive thoughts and events.' My companion replied, that to him it was all inexplicable dumb show; he cared for nothing but the motions of Taglioni. To me it seemed far otherwise, and its chief charm was in that I could read it as a volume of living poetry.

The curtain now once more arose. The scene was where the Baron had assembled around him, to choose therefrom a bride, the noble ladies and the damsels of the vale of roses. A very light and elegant form took a position in the centre of the stage to join the commencing music. The position was not unlike that which John of Bologna has given to his immortal Mercury. The strain begins, and with it are joined some motions that half enchant you. What majestic flings of the leg! you exclaim. How sweetly are the movements of the arms made to harmonize with those of the body! What graceful curves and bends of the neck and head! And now the form dots swiftly athwart the stage, on the extremest point of its great toes. And now it turns a pirouette that almost sets your brain a-reeling. You are ready to applaud to

the very echo. The dancer pauses and retires, for she has achieved her step. Why does not the house ring with acclamations? The dancer was *not* Taglioni. Madame Julia moves well, but she lacks that certain something, which is to Taglioni's style what genius is to art or poetry. Taglioni—who, by the way, is the Fleur-des-Champs of the tale—now appears. She seems a little subdued. You perceive, however, that her motions are easy and perfectly self-possessed. She leaps you twenty feet without any visible effort. Other dancers have an eternal smile on their visage, and their mouths ever half open to catch breath. Taglioni seldom smiles, and never unseals her lips. She performs her long, and graceful, and complicated feats without any apparent respiration. You are satisfied with this, and you lean tranquilly back in your comfortable Stalle d'Amphithéatre, extremely delighted that she who now charms you, does it without any labor, any toil, any difficulty. How simple seem all her motions! 'Any body could dance like that,' you almost exclaim; and yet the highest efforts of other dancers are mere accessories to Taglioni's achievements. She has something which they would give all the world to possess, something which she herself probably cannot account for, something apart, peculiar, mysterious. Why does Taglioni dance so well? Because she dances out herself. Nature has given her a peculiar frame,—a frame whose natural action fulfils all the conditions necessary to perfect grace. Taglioni knows this. She

very well knows that no foreign grace could be successfully engrafted upon her. Were she to imitate even some beau-ideal of grace which her own imagination might possibly create, she would perhaps fail. She has only to act out herself—or rather, not to speak it profanely, she has only to let nature act itself out *through* her. Her chief feature is *unconsciousness*, —the feature indeed which characterizes all highest efforts in every department of thought or action. Your eye is delighted in her movements, as in the natural circlings of a bird through the air, or the swayings of an osier in the wind. As she does every thing without toil, so she does every thing without knowledge. Were it not for the applause momently rained down upon her, I am satisfied that she herself would never know or feel that she moved with more than ordinary grace.

Madame Julia is *conscious* that she dances well. Her manner proclaims to you that she is thus conscious. She takes hardly a step which does not seem to say, 'was not *that* finely executed?' There are continual drafts made on your astonishment and admiration. Sometimes you pay them, and sometimes not. Taglioni leaves you at liberty to be charmed or to be indifferent. She never astonishes; nay more, she never surprises you. She only fills you with a tranquil charm and a delight. What use is it for her to whirl about, times without number, in a pirouette? What use is it for her to stand upon her left foot's great toe, with her right heel higher than her head? What use is it for

her to leap aloft, and snap her feet ten times together, ere they touch again the stage? Rightly she leaves these little tricks and clap-traps to inferior artists. She has another sphere. She knows enough not to o'erstep the modesty of that sphere. She is in the most artificial scene perhaps of all the world, and yet in every thing is she simple and unconscious as the simplest childhood. Not only does she *dance* well; all her pantomime is inimitable. A gentleman at my side pronounced her *walk* alone, to be worth a voyage across the Atlantic. It is certainly very fine, and her gesticulation is likewise marked by that indescribable beauty, which characterizes the more complicated pantomime of her dance. With what captivating naïveté did she not fill the character of Fleur-des-Champs! Her grace ran through the entire story like a golden thread, binding together its dream-like fancies, from the time she is first seen in her cradle of roses, to the concluding moment when in her shell she ascends to the world through the waters of old father Danube.

This ballet is I think, one of the most delightful works of art in its way, that I have seen. I did not regard it merely as a graceful exhibition of plastic muscle, rather as a living and breathing language, embodying a story not altogether unpoetical. It has certainly nothing of the *utile*. It is all of the *dulce*. It is all lightness, and beauty, and grace; charming away your hour of rest, and seemingly of the same unsubstantial stuff whereof dreams are made. Pronounce it ridiculous if you please. It is still a part of

the great system of means for accomplishing this necessary end,—the amusement of the Parisians. So far as it illustrates a taste of the time, you cannot, hard-reasoning Utilitarian as you are, daff it aside with absolute indifference. With respect to it, even your beloved question of 'What does all this *prove*?' may not be entirely in vain.

Friday night.—I have just come from seeing Taglioni in another ballet, entitled the Sylphide. This and the Fille-du-Danube are now the only pieces in which she performs. I was more charmed than on the former occasion. The beauty of simplicity is inexhaustible. Taglioni is the beau-ideal of simplicity. Taglioni can never tire. Nay, the more I see her, the more of newness and of charm does she reveal.

What is the Sylphide? A fantastic and fairy thing, whose scenes are laid in Scotland. The curtain rising, you see a young Lowland shepherd slumbering, and over him, as if in guardiance, hangs a sylph. This sylph is Taglioni. She is in white; a garland is on her head; she bears wings like those which painters have given to Psyche, and her position is that to which you have been familiarized by numberless engravings in the musical windows of Paris and London. She rises, moves her wings to cool the air which the youthful Scot breathes, awakens him by a kiss on the forehead, and while in a dreamy confusion, he pursues her moving like a phantom, she swiftly disappears up the chimney of the apartment. Now awaking his comrade Gurn, he asks him if he has seen that fairy

form. No; Gurn has only dreamed of Effie, who, by-the-by, likes the young Scot far better than him. Effie is indeed the promised bride of this young Scot. Preparations are soon made for their nuptials, in the midst of which comes in an old witch, Madge by name, who reading the palms of all the lads and virgins present, foretells, among other things, that Effie will be the wife, not of the young Scot, but of Gurn. The former is soon left alone. He is half in love with the sylph, or rather with a certain vision of his sleep, for such to him does Taglioni seem. Well, while he is musing, up rises a distant window, and the sylph appears therein. By mysterious means she sails down to where stands her beloved. She appears sad, for he is soon to marry Effie. Notwithstanding her sadness, he resolves to abide true to his Scottish bride. Taglioni now goes through some steps of surpassing grace to win him. It is all in vain. And yet if there be any thing which may worthily cheat a young man into forgetfulness, not only of his vows, but of all the past, it is the style of Taglioni. She now folds around her the cloak which Effie had accidentally left behind. This trick succeeds. The recreant Scot salutes the sylph's lips. Gurn happens to see this. He gives notice to Effie and her companions that the Scot is billing and cooing with an unknown damsel. They rush in. The sylph had swiftly seated herself in a large arm-chair, over which, for concealment, is thrown Effie's cloak. Gurn suddenly jerks up said cloak, but lo! the form has vanished.

Mighty is the machinery of the Académie Royale de Musique. It is complete diablerie. There is nothing like it in all the world.

I shall not detail the various events which take place ere the Scot finds himself, alas! quite disloyal to his first love, and led on, captivated by the sylph, far away into her own fairy realms. I think that never was stage scenery arranged, so as even in any remote degree, to equal that which these realms present. It is executed by French taste, out of abundant governmental funds; and its ambition is to outrival any thing of the kind in Europe. It is indeed unique and magnificent beyond all parallel. In the theatres of my own country, I had been taught to think it a pretty clever feat, if but *one* good-looking actress were made to soar, by the aid of ropes and wires, from the nether to the upper regions. But fancy to yourself an entire *score* of French nymphs, flying at the same moment through what seemed the heavens, near and far away, over meadows and among groves, while approaching on the earth from the distance, appears a band of some forty or fifty others, each in white, adorned with rose wreaths, and beating their Psyche wings, as, with Taglioni at their head, they advance and retire in every line of beauty and of grace. What a magnificent succession of *tableaux*, could their successive positions have been transferred to the canvass! Could only the lines written by Taglioni on the unretaining air, have been traced on paper, they would have formed a study for any sculptor or painter. All seems

enchantment. It is airy, and wavering, and noiseless as a dream. You hear not the fall of a single footstep. All is in motion, and all is in deep stillness. Surely there could be desired no more perfect realization of fairy land than this. The French do these things well. They understand exactly what will delight in this luxurious centre of all the world, where thousands on thousands congregate for no other mortal end than mere amusement. The ballet is a work of art. It must be executed on a grand scale, and with nicest delicacy in all its minutest details, that it may please the artificial tastes which have been created to enjoy it. It is so executed, and every night is it witnessed by thousands thronging the immense theatre to the very roof.

The part of the young Scot was performed by an Italian named Guerra. He dances with vigor and extreme legerity. His elastic springs surprise you. His pirouettes astonish. Therein lies his genius. He twirls about swiftly and painfully long. Indeed, the wags of the theatre declare that Guerra would pirouette until doomsday, did not the Police close the house each night at twelve. He however discloses a consciousness. He seems to know that he dances well. Like Madame Julia, his attitudes are continually saying, 'think of *that*.' It neutralizes half the effect of his fine motions.

But what is the denouement of the tale? the Scot is in fairy land. There, strange to say, the sylph plays the coquette. She delights him with her motions, but

she vanishes away whenever he attempts to approach her. In these scenes is Taglioni again inimitable. It is as a sylph that she should always be seen. It is only thus that all her grace and lightness can shine out. It seems to be a character necessary for the success of one who, though *upon* the earth, seems, so far as motion is concerned, to be so little *of* the earth. The coquetry of Taglioni the sylph, is the only amiable coquetry I have ever seen. It enabled her to reveal some new capacities of her finely moulded form. It was soon however to be subdued. The Scot having sought out and requested the above-mentioned Madge, to give him a charm whereby he might secure the sylph, receives a crimson scarf. This he found occasion dexterously to fling around her. Embraced within its folds, her wings fall from her shoulders, and she falls dead to the earth. With the loss of her liberty has passed away her life. The Scot, of course, is inconsolable. Her sister sylphs now cluster around the lifeless form, enshroud it in a transparent veil, and while with it they slowly ascend heavenwards by the mysterious propulsion of their wings, the curtain drops. Thus ends the Sylphide; and you retire from it to your solitary chamber, doubtful, perchance, whether what you have for the last hour witnessed, be some pleasant vision of your slumbers or a substantial reality.

XII.

THE PARISIAN PRESS IN JANUARY, 1837.

It is but three months since that I believed no people surpassed the English of London, in periodical reading. I was wrong. The Parisians leave them far, very far behind. The Parisians, it is true, have not a superior number of periodical publications, but their periodicals have certainly an equal variety with those of the English metropolis, and they seem to me to be far more eagerly and widely sought after. What interest in this community is not represented through the press? What intellectual want is not by it, in some degree or other, gratified? What party in religion, or politics, or literature; what profession, legal, medical, or scientific; what association for pleasure or for industry, does not find therein an adequate expression? The Doctrinaire,—friend of Louis Philippe and of his present ministry,—speaks through the Moniteur, the Journal des Debats, the Paix, and the Charte of 1830. The Legitimatist,—friend of the exiled dynasty, and consequently a foe to the last revolution with its accompaniments of Louis Philippe, all his ministers, and the charter,—finds his feelings reflected in the France, the Quotidienne, the Gazette de France, the Mode, and the

Chiarivari. The Opposition,—adherents to the charter and the king, but hostile to the policy under which that charter is now administered,—hear their sentiments echoed through the Temps, the Courrier Français, the Messager, Phalange, and the Nouvelle Minerve ; the Journal du Commerce, the Constitutionel, the Journal de Paris, the National of 1834, the Journal General de La France, and the Revue des deux Mondes. The Republicans, the Jeune Gens, foes alike of the old and new dynasties, see their hopes and opinions shadowed, faintly though they be, in the Journal du Peuple, the Siècle, and the Presse, the Bon Sens, and the Monde. The administration of justice is made known through six periodicals, at the head of which are the Gazette des Tribunaux, and the Journal Général des Tribunaux. Science reveals herself, weekly and monthly, through a like number of organs, among which may be found the Journal des Savans, the Institut, and the Echo du Monde Savant. The theatre has nine representatives, nearly every one of which is daily. Medicine has the Gazette des Hopitaux, the Gazette Medicale, and several reviews. There are four weekly periodicals,—the Magazin Universel, the Mosaïque, the Magazin Pittoresque, and the Museé des Familles,—whose object is to diffuse, and at a nearly equal price, the same kind of popular knowledge as that contained in the much-lauded Penny Magazine. Paris has six magazines, whose only business is with the colonial and maritime relations of France. Religion has four or five organs,

of which may be named the Revue Catholique, and the Archives du Christianisme. Agriculture has its Semeur, and Le Cultivateur. Music has her Menestrel, and her Gazette de Musique. Fashion has her Gazette des Salons, and three or four other vehicles. The Miscellaneous,—the *de certis rebus et quibusdam aliis*,—has under the heads of philosophical, literary, industrial, educational, scientific, and artistical, at least fifty periodicals appearing weekly and semi-weekly, monthly and semi-monthly. The markets have their semi-weekly Echo des Halles. The Cours Authentique gives you regularly the state of the funds. The Gratis contains the daily sale of all movables and immovables in the great city; and here before me lies the Palamede, Journal Général des Echecs, whose only object is to present monthly, the actual condition of the game of chess in the general world, and likewise of its chief amateurs who daily congregate at the Café de la Regence, and at No. 89, Rue Richelieu, Paris.

What a giant engine is this of the Parisian press! What heads does it not keep in perpetual cogitation! What multitudes of hands does it not continually employ! What vast and various wants does it not labor, each moment to satisfy! I see at work a thousand minds, of the aged and the young, of all complexions in politics, of many shades in religion; now in the sphere of art, now in that of literature and science, and now in that of government and social progress. I see these minds accumulating and combining facts,

deducing therefrom this and that result, developing thoughts and emotions, and clothing them in stirring words. I see them asking of the past, anxiously observing the present, and even striving to penetrate the future. I see them conversing in the salons, wrangling at the street's corner, discussing in the public gardens. I see them weighing and comparing, believing and doubting, fearing and hoping; now damning men and now measures; ferreting out motives; examining institutions, political, social, and industrial; testing the elements of individual and national progress; looking into any and every sphere of Parisian life; criticising authors, criticising dramas; with equal grace denouncing, now a minister and now an opera; at one moment applauding France as the home of all liberty and honor, and again reviling her as the unworthy heir of whatever was worthless and inglorious in the past. Why all this intellectual agitation? To feed the Parisian press. These are the various minds which, standing behind that press, do all its head-work. They are its intellectual purveyors. In this age they have a busy and a toilsome vocation. They are engaged to supply a press, up to which hurry each day some millions of hungry beings for their mental aliment. How could your Parisian live without such banqueting as this? He must have it at all hours, and in all situations. He sits and reads, he walks and reads, he talks and reads. Not for the world would he take his morning coffee and omelette, without a newspaper. Does he dine at a restaurant? The garçon

brings to him his potage à la julienne in one hand, and a journal du soir in the other. Thence retiring to the theatre, does he, like your Englishman, waste his time between the acts in leering about the house, and fingering a barren play bill? No. A half dozen voices are shouting through the boxes and the pit, 'Demandez l'Entr'acte'—'Voila le Courrier des Théatres, trois sous.' Paying the three sous, he seats himself quietly to read not merely a score of waggish *causeries*, and criticisms about the amusements of his great metropolis, but likewise scraps of the latest political, literary and artistical news. How heavily would drag the intervals without a gazette or an entr'acte! The newspaper is to him as indispensable, as are the actor and the play.

Walk through the Boulevards at any hour of the evening. Circled about this and that corner, shall you see lamps in half a dozen transparent stands, on whose outside you read the names of evening journals. In the midst of these lights is a woman. In her highest key she screams out, 'Journal des Tribunaux, Journal du Soir;' and she sells them, each and rapidly, for five sous. Now take a turn in the garden of the Palais-Royal. At either end are little isolated boutiques, shaped not unlike a Chinese pagoda. A dame is seated in the centre of each. She is almost barricadoed about, by journals old and new. She loans them out to this and that news-reader. He pays one sous for looking through a single paper; if he double the sum, he may read her entire collection. Twenty

gentlemen are lounging leisurely about the garden, the eyes of each fixed fast upon the sheet before him. The scene is renewed to you wandering through the gardens of the Tuileries. Thence direct your steps to the Quai Voltaire, and the Quai aux Fleurs. What quantities of reading matter, of the antique and of the new, are distributed here and there over the pavements! Fifty volumes on all subjects, and of all sizes, and each sold for ten sous, *prix fixe*. But you can go through hardly one of the great streets of Paris, without seeing half a dozen times, the words, *Salon de Lecture*. These salons are the great central resorts of Parisian news-readers. Pausing before one of them, you perceive its windows quite covered with the names of forty or fifty journals to be found within. You enter. It is filled. Every seat is occupied, and you are compelled to add another to the dozen standing readers. Paying three francs, you may frequent this salon for a month. Would you enjoy only a single sitting, you pay therefor three sous. Nothing can equal the silent, solemn eagerness with which intelligence is here devoured. But mark that ancient gentleman: he is just entering. How graceful is the bow which he inclines to yonder lady, seated behind her desk, in neat white cap and sleek kid gloves, the gently presiding divinity of the salon. He takes off his coat and hat, hanging them each upon a peg in the vicinity of the chair, which a departing gentleman happens to leave vacant for him. He takes out his spectacles, wipes them slowly, and having placed a snuff-box at his right

hand, begins the first column of the Quotidienne. He is an *habitué* of this salon. He will sit you yonder for four hours together, poring over periodicals and taking snuff. He perused three gazettes while at his breakfast; he proposes to enjoy several evening journals at his dinner, and at the theatre he will regale himself upon the Corsair and the little Gazette de Paris. This gentleman is the type of thousands. There are other classes. There are those who read periodicals because they have nothing else to do; others because they would know the state of the age in general, and of Paris in particular; and others because they rejoice to be in the fashion. But this gentleman reads mostly because it is his *habit*. From some motive or other, however, all read the journals. The time has gone by when the Parisians might be called peculiarly a talking people; they have become a community of readers; and their reading too goes beyond the periodicals. There are, at this moment, *ten* public libraries open in Paris. These libraries are each day thronged.

This Press is indeed mighty in revealing the opinions, the tastes, the feelings, the interests of the age. It is still mightier in shaping those sentiments and interests. Of them, it is at the same time an effect and a cause. Its power is what it should be. It has great causes to advance, great destinies to influence. It is the press of one of the two vast European centres. Each day, it heaves a new intellectual wave upon the mind of France. By it, is that mind surged

about whithersoever it please. What shall we believe in politics, in philosophy, in literature? Thousands of these unsubstantial men ask this question, and these thousands are willing to be governed by answers from the press. The Parisian Press builds up, and it pulls down. It builds up systems, and beliefs, and dynasties, and it pulls them down. Journalism is the King of Kings—Louis Philippe merely reigns; Journalism governs. The French have not passed out from their old character. Now, as in the days of Rousseau, and Voltaire, and Condillac, and Diderot, *writings* work strange miracles upon their opinions and their conduct. But a month since, two youthful lovers in the southern parts of the kingdom, poetically destroyed themselves, leaving a written declaration that they had so done to realize the happy fate of a hero and a heroine of whom they had lately read. The monster Fieschi deposed, 'quand il-y-avait un peu solides dans un journal, Pepin me les montrait.' Alibaud had studied too deeply for himself the works of Camille Desmoulins; and Meunier, the last assailant of the life of Louis Philippe, yesterday declared that he imbibed a strong hatred of the Orleans family, from having much read Anquetil's History of France.

A movement in Paris has been a necessary prologue to movements in all the great cities and villages of the kingdom. Paris alone achieves revolutions now. Her press is adequate to such results. The *Departmental* Press can count but three hundred and fifty-one journals. To this number have they increased since the

commencement of 1835, at which time there were but two hundred and ninety-nine. Paris, with its one million of inhabitants, has nearly half as many periodicals as have the Departments, with their thirty-two millions. The metropolis is the centre of bold thinkers and of strong writers. It is the centre of great political and literary action, and here centres the powerful agitation of the press,—an agitation whose results are not confined within these narrow walls, but which branch out and penetrate into the farthest borders of the realm.

Liberty now reigns in France, say thousands. Is the French Press free? you may ask. May it publish whatever it please, checked only by the fear of judicial prosecution? The question is an interesting one. By the Press, I mean the knowledge and the opinions it reveals, which in such revelation becomes the clearest, loudest, most emphatic exponent of the progress of the age. The Constitutional Charter, in its article seventh, says:—'Les Français ont le droit de publier, et de faire imprimer leurs opinions en se conformant aux lois. La censure ne pourra jamais etre retablie.' Under this article, the law provides that any one, arrived at age and enjoying civil rights, may establish a press. This establishment, however, is usually made by an association with a capital of from five to seven hundred thousand francs. If the journal is to deal in politics, the company are bound to deposite with the government a *cautionnement*, or security, to the amount of one hundred thousand francs. The Charte, as we have seen, says that Frenchmen may publish their opinions

en se conformant aux lois. What now is the surface of the circle upon which French law permits the French Press to move; or rather, what is the circumference of that circle? Is it small, or is it comprehensive? An answer to these questions must furnish a picture of the condition, authorized by law, of this Press, so far at least as its *liberty* is concerned. That circumference is small. The laws prescribing it are vaguely framed, and difficult are they of interpretation. Almost every week witnesses a transgression of it. Five days ago,—I write upon the 11th January, 1837,—the Siècle, the Temps, the Courrier Français; and on Monday last, the France, the Quotidienne, the Gazette de France; and on the Tuesday following, the Mode, appeared before the Cour d'Assises to answer for having thus transgressed. The laws of the 9th September, 1835, are those which have most fearfully narrowed the freedom of the French Press. The two great ends which those laws contemplate—I take the words from the *Charte of* 1830, a governmental organ—are first, 'de detruire, ou du moins, de réduire au silence la presse anti-dynastique,' (the legitimatist press); and secondly, 'd'enfermer la presse dynastique, (the opposition) dans les limites du droit du discussion. What are some of these laws? Whoever 'soit par des écrits, des imprimés, des dessins, des gravures, des placards, &c., &c., &c.' attacks the principle on which the government of 1830 is established; or refers to the king the blame and responsibility of the acts of government; or attributes the rights of the throne of

France to any other than Louis Philippe and his posterity; or publicly avows his adhesion to a republican, or any other government incompatible with the charter of 1830; or expresses any threat respecting the constitutional monarchy, or any hope or wish favorable to the fallen dynasty; or attacks the constitutional authority of the king, or the inviolability of his person; or assails any members of the royal family, the rights and authority of the chambers, or the established religion:—whoever commits any of these offences, shall be punished with imprisonment from one month to five years, and with a fine of from three hundred to six thousand francs. These are some of the famous laws of September. Through them may be beheld the present spirit of French legislation on the Press. They stand forth, another living witness to the old truth, that possessors of political power, too often forgetting the principles which elevated them, will shake tyranny with a cordial hand, if thereby they may sit surer in their seats. It was an assault upon the Press which wrought the last revolution. For that assault, the Bourbons pine away in exile at Prague, and Charles X. moulders in an obscure tomb at Goritz. The tendency of recent legislation is to renew the scenes of 1830. There are, moreover, other restrictive laws—laws of 1819 and 1822—laws whose spirit is severe, and whose language like that of those recently enacted, is comprehensive and most vague. What is the publication which shall constitute an offence? 'You shall not assail the inviolability of Louis Philippe,' says

the law. And what is an assault upon that inviolability? The journalist is in perpetual doubt. 'You shall not make *remount* to the king, the responsibilities of governmental acts.' What shall constitute an offence under such a prohibition? Last week the Siècle was *seized* by order of the minister. In commenting upon that seizure, the Journal des Debats, a governmental paper too, says, 'We have attentively read the article alluded to, and cannot possibly discover a reason for the proceedings of the minister.' What was that reason? Count Persil imagined that therein he beheld an attempt to prove that the responsibility of certain recent public acts rested, not on the shoulders of his ministers, but on Louis Philippe. His life was hence endangered. Judgment *by default*, however, was against the Siècle. Its gerant was condemned in a fine of two thousand francs, and to an imprisonment for two months. But let us suppose the journal acquitted. It is triumphant. Still the government has had the benefit of the *seizure*. It has harassed the Siècle. It has interrupted its free course into the hands of its subscribers. It has prevented its feared sentiments from working their feared results. A *seizure*, as it is called, is no small vexation. It is made by a commissary of the police. Into his hands is placed, on a complaint to a Juge d'Instruction, by a procureur-du-roi—the complaint itself being made on the suggestion of the minister of justice—*a warrant*, signed by said judge, ordering him to go at once to the office of the journal containing any excep-

tionable matter, to the post-office, and to what other place soever it may be necessary, and there to seize upon all the copies of said journal, and to convey them to the registry of the tribunal. The objectionable ideas are thus arrested ere they have passed into the cities and villages of the departments, or have even contaminated the salons of the metropolis. The censorship is abolished, says the Charter. Alas, its *form* only is abolished. Its spirit, its vigor, its terrible power, still survive. These seizures are extremely frequent. The La France has just been seized for representing the laws of September as ineffectual. The Messager and the Journal de Paris were lately seized. And why? *No reason was assigned.* The act was denounced as insufferable tyranny. A suspected person had then been dragged to prison without an information of his crime. Such things, you will say, are damning proofs of rottenness in the state.

The object of these seizures is twofold;—to harass the party whose organ is thus seized, and to prevent from passing, through this channel, into the minds of the French people, ideas which may jeopardize the government of 1830. Behold one of the means for preserving firm the foundations of the throne! To keep in subjection the political passions of France, her political mouth is half muzzled. The legitimate consequences of this policy begin to be revealed. The wrathful heart, particularly of a Frenchman, will out. If it may not speak through the press, it will through the dagger and the pistol.

I have said that these seizures are extremely frequent. I have said that on Saturday last the gerant, or manager, of the Siècle was condemned in a fine and imprisonment. On that same day was likewise the Courrier Français brought before the same tribunal, for the similar offence, of referring to the king the blame and responsibility of government, and also for pronouncing the Laws of September a violation of the Charter. Philippe Dupin, brother of the celebrated lawyer and statesman, was its defender. The interest awakened was general and intense. Thousands thronged the halls and passages of the Palais de Justice; and most noble personages, among whom was Lord Lyndhurst, were seen within the bar. After many hours of eloquent attack and defence, the jury acquitted the Courrier Français. Said blunt Lord Lyndhurst, 'You understand little the nature of a representative government to arraign a journal for passages like those in the Courrier.' Said the *Paix*,—that stern organ of doctrine and of ministers,—'A jury of *improvisated* men are capable of deciding only *material* questions. They are little fit to judge on the high and refined matters of government and of law. Their verdict does not disappoint us.' You, my philosophical reader, will doubtless add, that mournful is the pass to which that country has come, whose government assails the press and denounces the jury.

But the Courrier Français does not furnish the most recent instance in illustration of my remark. On Monday last, only two days after the above-mentioned

acquittal, the Gazette de France, the Quotidienne, and the La France, were summoned before the same Cour d'Assises. They had each published an objectionable letter from Goritz. This letter contained an attack upon the rights which Louis Philippe holds from the French nation; an attack upon the established order of succession to the French throne; and evidence of adhesion to that exiled family which has no longer any rights belonging to that throne. They were all found guilty. The gerant of the first-named journal was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine of three thousand francs. Baron Verteuil de Feuillas, gerant of the La France, notwithstanding the powerful defence of Berryer, one of the five great orators of the Chamber of Deputies, was condemned to pay a fine of fifteen hundred francs, and at this moment is in prison to fulfil the three months' sentence pronounced against him. The gerant of the Quotidienne was similarly condemned. But there is still another recent instance. On Tuesday, the day immediately subsequent to that whereon were pronounced the above sentences, the La Mode, of which Count Nugent is gerant, was arraigned and condemned. It had published an apology for acts which a certain law had forbidden as crimes, and had likewise assailed the Royal Family. To sustain the first charge, the journal was shown to have spoken thus in irony—'Providence wishes that the true servants of the old monarchy, should expiate in chains their loyalty and their devotion.' The second charge was substantiated by

adducing a piece of waggery entitled, 'Congratulations of the expiring year 1836, to her successor 1837.' 'Don't forget,' says the old crone, 'don't forget, my dear 1837, when you go to the Tuileries, to present a baton-d'angélique to Madame Adelaide, a sugar-candy mosque and a chocolate chaufrette to the Duke of Nemours, a pretty paper boat to M. de Joinville, and a sweet preserved orange to Mademoiselle Orleans.' The waggery of the La Mode was not relished, and its gerant was condemned to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and to an imprisonment of one month. A fearful accumulation of condemnations is this, and all within so brief a space! They have not, indeed, produced a revolution; but be assured that in the remembering heart of the nation, are they treasured up for some sad crisis in the future. One feature with respect to them, I here note down. It illustrates the time. When the Siècle and the Courrier Français were tried, the court-room was crowded, the Palais de Justice was all alive with Parisians. The excitement was universal, and now is each day's press abounding with wrathy comments on those trials. When, however, the Quotidienne, La France, La Mode, and the Gazette de France were arraigned, the bar was nearly empty; the Salle-des-pas-perdus was still; no party passions rushed fiercely over to the Isle de la cité, and the sentences pronounced against the culprits were almost echoed back from the vacant walls. This is the explanation. The two first-named journals are with the Age. The four last-named journals are for

the dynasty and opinions that have passed away. Were all these latter to be submerged at once beneath the tide of ministerial indignation, the Age would still go on. But had the Courrier Français been condemned, the Age—I am of course speaking only of France—the Age would have felt the blow. Its feelings, its opinions, its principles would have been wounded; nay more, its progress might for a moment have been checked. Well then may the Parisian press, as it has done and is doing, rejoice in triumph at this acquittal. It is one happy sign of the present time, one encouraging guaranty for the future.

The above extracted Laws of September, 1835, and these instances of practice under them, may give you some notion of the freedom of the French press. Compare this freedom with that in Austria, and Germany, in Spain, in England, and the United States. To what place in the scale is it entitled? In far less bondage than that of the three former countries, this press is far less free than that of the two latter. In the most tranquil times, it would be frequently overstepping the lines traced around it by the law. But in this era, this very year, in this city, when and where political passions are up almost to the revolutionary point, hardly a day can pass without witnessing some greater or less transgression. What is to be done? is the frequently started question. Remove all restrictions, say some. Let thought be perfectly emancipated and free. Let the untrammeled heart speak forth through untrammeled language. Vain imagination and worse

than madness! As if while checks are imposed on all things else, one only agent should be exempt,—and that an agent which, though not girt with a single sword, nor bearing a single bayonet, nor pointing a single cannon, is yet more wide and mighty in its action than all these powers put together. The wise question is, *How great* should be restriction upon the French press? Are the Laws of September sufficient, or should enactments less or more severe be made? The question is one of much moment. On its answer will depend much of the happiness of France, much of her progress onward to her mysterious and unknown destinies.

The Revolution of 1830 is said to have vastly increased the number of readers. A political curiosity has been awakened in minds that until lately had half slumbered. The press has new political wants to provide for. Since 1830, have arisen the Journal Général de la France, the Presse, the Siècle, the Monde, the Charte of 1830, the Revue du Peuple, and the Figaro. Among these, you find what is called the *young* press as contradistinguished from the *old;* the press of the *Jeunes Gens;* of the emphatically democratic spirits of the metropolis, of the gentry who stalk sublimely in sugar-loafed hats, dark down-hanging locks, and enormous eyes, horribly glowering. This is the press which assumes to be the peculiar conservator of political liberty. To secure its immediate success, a diminished price was resolved on. The fourteen great daily periodicals of Paris were fur-

nished at the rate of eighty francs per annum. Some of these were even more expensive to the departments. The Echo de France and the Temps, for instance, were eighty francs for Paris, and one hundred for the departments. The Presse and the Siècle appear daily for forty francs per annum. Herein arise questions a little interesting to subscribers. If the forty franc press can be successfully sustained, how enormous is the extortion of those journals whose subscription price is twice as great. The fact seems to be this;—an eighty franc press makes a fair profit; a forty franc press is a losing concern. Take two different sets of calculations. Here is the Europe, a journal of monarchical and popular interests, proposing to establish itself on a support of forty francs per annum. Like most of the French periodicals, it is the property of a company. The capital is seven hundred and fifty thousand francs; the price of its shares is five hundred francs each, and its existence will terminate in thirty years. The Marquis de Jouffroy is to be its editor in chief, and the Viscount Charles de Pina, its responsible gerant. Ten thousand subscribers are to be upon its list. The cost of the journal for so numerous a list—including every item, even to the stamp duty, which for each journal ranges between three and five sous, according to the size of it—will be five hundred and twenty-three thousand francs per annum. Its profits, from subscription alone, including the increased charge upon the copies furnished to the departments, will amount to four hundred and fifty-six thousand francs. Here remain,

you perceive, sixty-seven thousand francs. How will this loss be covered? The answer is, *by the advertisements*, which are reckoned upon to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum, and which will not only cover that loss, but yield, over and above, a clear profit of one hundred and eighty-three thousand francs, or more than twenty-four per cent on the original capital. It is then to the *advertisements*, which by the way, are inserted at the rate of thirty sous per line, that these gentlemen look for the profitable investment of their money. It is the source indeed upon which rely, not only the forty franc journals, but all the journals of the metropolis. And from this state of things it results that every additional subscriber is a positive injury to the treasury of the company, inasmuch as each copy costs six or seven francs more than each subscriber pays. The above calculation, like all those which I have seen by the forty franc press, seems to be combined out of most exaggerated elements. The product of the advertisements, for instance, is from an estimate unquestionably too large, particularly since there are eight periodicals in Paris whose only business is to publish *annonces*, at from five to ten sous the line. An eighty franc journal, when lately interrogated on this subject declared, that with a support of five thousand subscribers, it lost five francs on each copy, and that this loss was covered by its advertisements, whose value was seventy-five thousand francs per annum. How then, you ask, can the new forty franc press sustain itself?

That press itself only knows. There are, doubtless, mysterious agents here at work,—agents who long to see their opinions propagated, and who are nothing loath to contribute moneys therefor. This however is true, the cheap and republican press has a wide circulation, and exerts among certain classes an influence which the monarchical party would gladly counteract, and therefore is it about sending the Europe into the field.

These commencing enterprises to cheapen the means of knowledge, may be hailed as happy omens for France. And yet perhaps you may imagine that much is hazarded in this remark. You may say that hardly yet are the minds which those low-priced papers reach, prepared for the doctrines which they contain. This, alas! may be too true. And yet methinks that through those enterprises I can perceive a spirit of much promise; a spirit whose future action shall be for the general good of the kingdom; a spirit which shall have some generous sympathy, not with a few thousands, but with many millions; a spirit which shall pass from the first and second classes, to better inform the *third* (a class, by the way, quite unlike that *Tiers État*, about whom Sieyes sent forth his famous pamphlet), and to illuminate even the *fourth;* a spirit which shall ere long burst away from the narrow thraldom of politics, and ascending into spheres less passionate and more useful, disseminate therefrom those truths of practical, material and industrial philosophy, whose application alone can thoroughly develope the great

mass of half inactive energy now in France. The general mind wants light not on the subject of politics, but on this practical theme—the best mode of using the industry, and of working out the *material* happiness of the nation. It is among the duties of the press to furnish this light, and on such terms that *all*, the lowest as well as those less low, the poorest as well as those less poor, may enjoy its influence. Cheap, and at the same time practically useful periodicals, are a sort of phenomena in France. Hence very general ignorance of those new and widely extended agents of industry, so well understood in Great Britain and the United States. What do twenty-eight millions of the people of the departments know of railroads, and canals, and those thousand engines for physical developement, with which your every American is nearly as familiar as with household words? Absolutely nothing. Into their own and their predecessor's ears, has been daily dinged for centuries nothing but *glory;* glory in the shape of conquests, and columns, and triumphal arches. Hitherto they have been roused into action only by the sound of a drum, the sight of a flag, or the strains of a patriotic song. The time however is coming, if it have not already arrived, when other words and other objects are to be dear to them. They are entering, at this advanced stage of their existence, among ideas, which in the American Republic are the fortunate possession of its infancy; ideas whose application will confer happiness of a more substantial character upon the general people, and which, it is piously

hoped, the press, the disenthralled and much enlightened press of France, will hasten to popularize.

The daily press, thus costly as it is, seems to be so from a sort of necessity, since it has in its employ the highest abilities in politics and literature. Journalism here is an equally important and successful path to influence and public station, as is the bar in the United States. Thiers was called from his editor's desk in the office of the Journal des Debats, to preside over the destinies of France; and Guizot has been as much distinguished for his newspaper articles, as for his History of the English Revolution, or even for his Essays on French History. Thus is the daily press, the leading press. Few are the weekly papers, and fewer are the monthly magazines; and as for the *Review*, Paris cannot produce one periodical, to which an Englishman or an American would for an instant think of giving that name. The REVUE DES DEUX MONDES is the largest and most expensive, demanding from you as it does, fifty-six francs per annum. It ranks highest. It is that through which Mignet, Victor Cousin, and other distinguished literary or political men make, now and then, communications to the world. But large as it is, each number of the New York Knickerbocker contains more than its entire semi-monthly quantity of matter. Then come the Revue de Paris, La France Littéraire, and the Journal du Nord. They are still smaller, and have to do with none other than literary topics. The Edinburgh Review commenced for England and America, a new era in periodical publication. Its

great example did not extend across the channel. France is still the land of merely newspapers and magazines.

One feature characterizing a large portion of this periodical press, I wish for a moment to advert to. The anonymous does not prevail therein,—*the anonymous*, that shield behind which too often may be couched assuming mediocrity, party rancor, personal resentment, and all dishonorable motives. I will not, as perhaps might be done, attribute this feature to the same cause which many are pleased to think has created the vast preponderance of letters and memoirs in French literature, viz. ;—French vanity. I will not too closely scrutinize the cause. I look only at the fact. Very generally do I find that these periodical writers, both male and female, send forth their names in company with their articles, to the world. Before me lies the last number of the Revue des Deux Mondes. I see therein a very powerful and severe attack upon the right of M. Guizot to his recent admission into the Académie Française. At the conclusion of that article, I am happy to find the name of Gustave Planches. The politics of M. Planches are diametrically opposed to those of M. Guizot. I get at the true value of his criticism, through the light shed over it by this knowledge. A recent number of the Journal des Debats, contained a favorable notice of a new work on the History of Normandy. I read that notice with pleasant confidence, for its signature advised me that it came from a qualified pen, from the pen of a pro-

fessor of history at the Sorbonne. A very entertaining and graphic sketch of the fashions, and of certain salons in Paris, lately appeared in the Revue de Paris. The name appended to it was of a fashionable lady, who is habitually moving in those salons. Operas, and dramas, and authors are daily criticised. The criticism has the endorsement of a friend or foe. Tales, and essays, and poetical scraps are constantly arresting your eye; they do more, they arrest your thought, for you perceive them to be from the genius of Paul de Kock, of Lamartine, or of Madame Amable Tastu. Is this as it should be? I doubt not, my undisguising reader, you will unhesitatingly answer, *Yes*. You know very well that there are twenty reasons *against* the anonymous in literature and in politics, where there is one *for* it. You are aware that a million of readers have an interest in knowing the name, and capacities, and motives of one who assumes to guide and instruct them, while but the author alone can have an interest in cloaking himself in darkness. There may be exceptions. It may be well to have a Junius, now and then holding up a mirror to iniquity and corruption, from his impenetrable 'Stat nominis umbra.' It may even be well to have some works of romantic fiction, like Waverly and its successors, surrounded for a time by the charm of an unknown and invisible source. But should not these exceptions be few? Should not the rule and general practice be otherwise? Should not an author's name be usually revealed? Would not such revelation be more com-

patible with good morals, than is the system of the anonymous? In the wide department of criticism would its influence be chiefly felt,—a department in which, under the anonymous, vast abilities are frequently impelled into action by, to say no worse, most questionable motives. Why has periodical writing been in this respect so generally excepted from the other vehicles of thought? Neither the musical composer, nor the painter, nor the sculptor sends forth his works to be appreciated, without his name. Entertaining the views which I do upon this subject, I cannot but think that herein is the French periodical press far before the English and the American. I see therein, moreover, another illustration of the boldness and self-possession of French character. The smallest offspring of genius or taste in France, bears its parent's name upon its forehead without fear, and what is more, without *mauvaise honte*.

I have said that wide and general is the representation of this community by the press. I have said that every interest has its appropriate organ, revealing and maintaining it, feebly or with strength.* The largest

* As a specimen of what some of these periodicals *promise*, I transcribe the following from the prospectus of the *La Monde*. Do you not behold therein a moustached Frenchman, conscious that he belongs to the *grande nation?*

'The *Monde* shall be an arena open to all ideas; a kind of intellectual congress, where all the people shall have their advocate, and even their representative. To study conscientiously the institutions, the manners, and the literature of *all* nations,

subject of the Parisian press is, *politics*. Then comes the—*theatre*. Are you surprised to find such the character of its second great absorbing topic? Be assured 'tis most veritable. I speak from my own experience thereupon, for the brief time within which I have resolved to confine my observations. Every day's reading has added to my proofs. Indeed, it was but a few hours since, that in glancing my eye through the Charte of 1830, the Journal des Debats, the Quotidienne, the National of 1834, the Courrier Français, and the Monde, I found more than one third, aye, *one third* of the columns of these gravest of the Parisian journals covered with articles under these titles—Tartuffe; Vaudeville; Opera; La Fontaine et Moliere; Théâtre de la Porteé St. Martin; Mademoiselle Mars; &c. &c. There exists no parallel to these and similar instances that might be named, in the press of any other nation in the world; not even the German. After politics and the theatres, may be placed, law, literature, science, and art. Next come the commercial, agricultural, and industrial interests; and last of all must be named morality and religion. Feeble indeed is their note, and seldom

to substitue an enlightened *cosmopolitisme* for that exclusive *nationalisme* which retards the flight of every idea of general progress; in other words, to hasten the developement of the intellectual and material powers of society, in directing their action towards the same end of civilization; such is the *symbole politique* of the editors of the *Monde*. It has correspondence with Egypt, St. Petersburg, the United States, &c. &c. &c.'

heard amidst the hoarse surrounding brawl. Read for one month, as they are regularly published, all the periodicals of Paris; then gather into one recollection all which they contain upon these two subjects, you will be surprised to find how little burdened is your memory. The theatres have *nine* periodicals almost exclusively devoted to their single cause; and, as I have just said, you can hardly find a journal in all Paris that does not, each day, treat more or less of actors, actresses, dancers, singers, operas and vaudevilles. The Revue Catholique, Université, Archives du Christianisme, Revue Religieuse et Edifiante, and two or three more inferior publications, are all which religion has to maintain her interests. Now and then indeed, the Echo de la Jeune France, the Univers, and four or five other periodicals, grant a scanty column to a religious communication. What is less, some of the great daily journals announce with their titles, that they defend the monarchical and *religious* interests of Europe. Vain annunciations, backed by no language, no action, and followed by no results. But read these religious periodicals. What do they contain? Clear and eloquent revelations of human duty? Appeals to whatsoever is generous, and noble, and immortal in the heart? Words of consolation and instruction, teaching men how to live, and that still sterner duty, how to die? Hardly a sentence upon these themes. Filled are they with cold and ice-bound essays on intangible generalities, or acrimonious criticism of the Abbé Lamennais' new book

on the 'Affairs of Rome,' or barren notices of the most barren facts in the religious history of time. There is no periodical in Paris, no, nor in all France, corresponding to the Recorder, the Christian Examiner, and to twenty other zealous publications on religious topics, which memory may readily recall as flourishing within the limits of a single state of the American Union. And yet all religions are tolerated in France.

And now I seem to hear the question, 'pray, why is this extraordinary dearth whereof you have just spoken, and that too in a country which daily claims to be the most civilized of modern nations?' I remark first, that nations as well as individuals are wont to place themselves, ay, and to be placed by others, very high in the scale of civilization merely, though sanctified by not one jot of religion, nor even of morality: and secondly, I say that nothing less than a picture of the moral condition of Paris, and the kingdom whereof it is the metropolis, could furnish a satisfactory answer to the query proposed. With that picture before you, you would doubtless say, 'to be sure a zealous moral and religious press is *needed* in France, but nobody *wants* it.' There is no *want* in the heart of the Parisians for moral and religious ideas from their press, as there is for political and literary ideas, and for news and discussions about the theatre. This remark implies a rather deplorable state of society; and yet however deplorable you may imagine such state to be, I can hardly doubt that on exami-

nation you would find facts pertinent enough, and in sufficient numbers, to make your imagination a substantial verity. The non-existence of a moral and religious press in Paris, is both a cause and an effect. It is one cause of the absence of the want just alluded to, and likewise is it an effect of such absence.

With me, you will deem it matter of serious regret, that so worthy an agent as that whereof I have just been speaking, can get no foothold in Paris. Amidst the warring opinions, the countless tastes, the pleasures ceaseless and tumultuous, of this all-absorbing centre of European life, there is but one voice to which the universal ear is attentive, one teacher by which the universal heart is willing to be instructed. That voice, that teacher, is the press. But that press pours out ten thousand sentiments on politics, for every single thought it utters on religion. It gives fifty columns to the theatre and the opera, while it grudges a brief paragraph to the cause of good morals.

If there ever was a time when the Parisian press demanded at its helm not only a fearless and intelligent, but likewise a righteous spirit, surely that time is the present. Prosers as well as poets have been pleased to call this the transition age for France. She is neither in the darkness nor yet in the day, but moving in a twilight, not we trust of the evening, but of the morn. Crepuscular shadows are shooting athwart her zenith and her horizon. Through them stalk drearily and faintly the spirits of the time,

responding not to the mournful question, 'Whither are we tending?'

'De quel nom te nommer, heure troublé où nous sommes?
Tous les fronts sont baignés de livides sueurs;
Dans les hauteurs du ciel et dans le cœur des hommes,
Les ténèbres partout se mêlent aux lueurs.

Croyances, passions, désespoir, espérances,
Rien n'est dans le grand jour, et rien n'est dans la nuit.'

VICTOR HUGO.

Under these half-lighted heavens, men grope about for footholds for their faith in philosophy, literature, in progress and in government. To lead them aright should be one constant endeavor of the press. And well may that press tremble, and half shrink from contemplating the responsible tasks that lie before it. And righteous indeed must be its aims, and firmly fixed must be its good principles, if it would walk erect and with authority, through these unquiet and contradictory times. France is indeed not now in a revolution; she is not in the cataract and mad plunge of waters; but still darkly and mournfully flows on her destiny, with many a bubble here and there to recall the late disturbance of its stream. 'We live in the midst of ominous events,' shouted but a few days since, the stern legitimist voice of Berryer in the Chamber of Deputies. His words still ring in my ear. I look around me from this centre of the destinies of France. I see its king just saved from the pistol of another assassin;—I see him delivering his opening speech to the assembled Chambers, while at

his left hand sits his queen, sobbing and in tears;—I see in those chambers countenances all anxious, and I hear whispers spreading from ear to ear the rumor, that but a few moments since the peace of all France was periled in the peril of the monarch:—I see the national guards excluded from the Tuileries on the occasion of the felicitations of the opening year;—I see numerous literary associations forbidden, by fear, their usual privilege of personally congratulating the royal family on the same occasion;—I see each day five, or ten, or twenty arrests of the citizens of Paris, from suspicion of political conspiracy;—I see these citizens arraigned before the tribunals, or lingering in the prisons;—I see a military insurrection attempted in Alsatia under the name of Napoleon, by one in whose veins runs the blood of the Emperor;—I see the courts of France crowded each day with trials of men, and women, and children, for crimes of the most atrocious character;—I see the sabbath day universally desecrated, and the obligations of morality whistled to the winds;—I see the trial by jury assailed by the confidential journal of the government;—I see the liberty of the press attacked, the organs of public opinion arraigned day after day before the tribunals of the country, their managers oppressed by enormous fines, and doomed to ignominious imprisonments;—I see France saddened by late reverses in the field of battle;—I see her public mind fiercely divided and in doubt, on the momentous subject of the Spanish revolution, and down upon her I see frowning the jealousy,

the hatred, the ambition of the absolute powers of the North. I see these things, and note them as types of the time. Are they likewise prophetic types of the future? In the midst of them, difficult and responsible indeed must be the action of that organ which presumes so largely to lead, to guide, and to govern. Whoever wishes well to a great people, striving to be still greater and happier, must wish well to that organ. Shall that nation realize in the future, the hopes it loves to entertain in the present? Will that press, walking hand in hand with that nation, be faithful to its high and solemn duties? Time, thou alone canst reveal the answer.

XIII.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

SHAKSPEARE is by the Germans called the *Many-sided*. The same term might very suitably be applied to the French. And of all their many sides, that is the broadest for bearing on which their large system of amusements has been created. And in this system one of the most active and universal agents is Music. At the present time its vehicles are the instruments and voices at the Italian Opera, at the Académie Royale de Musique, at the Opéra Comique, at private soirées, and the instruments at Jullien's and Musard's concert-rooms. These are the great vehicles of the musical genius of the time;—the press, through which are revealed the thoughts of Rossini, of Myerbeer, of Bellini though gone, of Auber, Donizetti, Halevy, Herold, Adam, and a score of others.

At the *Italian Opera*, we have this winter heard the Otello, the Cenerentola, Il Barbiere di Seviglia, and La Gazza Ladra of Rossini;—the Puritani, Pirata, Somnambula, and the Norma of Bellini;—the Matrimonio Segreto of Cimarosa;—the Anna Bolena of Donizetti;—the Prova of Gnecco, and the Malek Adel of Costa, a debutant. At the *Académie Royale*,

we have had the Guillaume Tell, Compte d'Ory, Tentation, and the Möise of Rossini;—the Robert le Diable and Huguenots of Myerbeer;—the Philtre, Muette de Portici, Dieu et Bayadere, and the Serment of Auber;—the Sylphide and Fille du Danube of Adam;—the Don Juan of Mozart, and the Juive of Halevy. At the *Opéra Comique* have been performed the Acteon, Cheval de Bronze, and the Ambassadrice of Auber;—the Postillon de Longumeau and Chalet of Adam;—the Mauvais Œil of Mademoiselle Puget;—the Éclair of Halevy;—the Prés-aux-Clercs of Herold;—the Dame Blanche and Juan de Paris of Boildieu;—and the Luther de Vienne of Monpou. At some fifty private concerts, and at those of Jullien and Musard given on *every* evening, have been heard fragments of all the great masters, numerous overtures, and now and then a new waltz or quadrille fresh from the musical mint of Jullien or of Musard. At these two last-named unexpensive resorts, the pieces performed in the great and costly opera houses, are in parcels reproduced and popularized.

I have now, as it were, mapped briefly out *what* has been this winter done, in the way of musical exhibition, at Paris. *How* has this been done? What is the character of the vehicles? At the Italian Opera are the voices of Rubini, and Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff; and among the females, of Grisi, Albertazzi, and Taccani. The chorus generally numbers forty, and the orchestra is composed of fifty or sixty instruments, subordinate to the voices. Sup-

pose that this evening we visit the Italians. The interior of their house hardly corresponds with the magnitude of the exterior. It is however well constructed, and well conducted too, for its peculiar purposes. You observe how silently open and shut the numerous doors. Your ear never hears the fall of a single footstep. The floors are richly and thickly carpeted. The woman who looks at your *coupon*, informs you almost in a whisper, as she noiselessly unlocks a door, that your seat is on the fifth bank. Entering, you take possession of your No. 96, in the Stalles d'Orchestre. The ornaments of the interior are simple and appropriate. Here and there are harps and lutes pictured, and upon the ceiling you read the names of many renowned composers. All things remind you of a temple to Euterpe. You are where ears gather, emphatically *to hear*. And then the company,—how very superb! Ladies in plumed opera-hats, and bucks devouring them through immense lorgnettes. This is, indeed, the essentially *fashionable* opera house. If one would see Paris commercial, let him go to the Bourse; or Paris political, to the Chamber of Deputies; or Paris legal, to the Palace of Justice; but Paris fashionable may chiefly be seen, within these walls, three times each week. At your right hand is one of its elegant *habitués*. He is a model in his way. Mark that profusion of curls. How deeply dark are the moustaches and whiskers! His neck is in white cravat. His coat-collar spreads away over his shoulders. Tightly laced is the velvet vest. And

then those pantaloons!—so closely do they embrace his nether extremities, they but seem a superadded cuticle,—and about his boots are they clasped in that ingenious, compact, and truly French style, which precludes all possibility of taking off the one without the other. From his bosom projects a delicate ruffle, in breadth one inch. His wrists are with ruffles likewise ornamented. He places his thin opera-hat beneath his arm. And now for the first time snapping asunder the thread that holds together those unworn kids of marble whiteness, he draws them on, and raises his large double ivory-mounted opera-glass, to survey the scene which the uplifted curtain has just revealed. This gentleman dines at the Cercle des Etrangers, and lives upon the music of the Italian Opera. His map of Paris is merely the little strip between his Club-house and the Rue Favart. Here is the melodious sphere of his future, his present, his past. His thoughts, and emotions, and enjoyments are here concentered. He accompanies the opera, when in May it departs for London, and returns with it to its winter campaign in Paris. He has little admiration for else than the tones of Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini, and Lablache. At this time he seems rather to affect the Lablache. Having last week heard that his favorite had disappeared in an apoplectic fit, he ordered servants to pack up for Italy. Without Lablache, the Italian Opera would to him be nothing; and without the Italian Opera, Paris would be still less.

The curtain has arisen. The Puritani of Bellini, a chef-d'œuvre of the departed mæstro, is the work of art now to be represented. It enlists the talents of the whole company. One of the finest musical compositions of the age, embodied by its finest voices! Of Bellini's nine works, only four are much performed. The other five are unimpressive. Of those the Puritani is his last, and by many is deemed his best. Like all his pieces, it is peculiar;—unlike Rossini's, or Donizetti's; unlike the music of the great German and the French masters. It is to him as peculiar, as is his poetry to an original poet, or his paintings to an original artist. It is filled, however, with melodies that one could call none other than Italian: strains of passionate and tender melancholy, which we are irresistibly led, and which we love, to associate with the land of Bellini's birth. Sadness not severe, but gentle and romantic, was a prominent feature in Bellini's character, so far as that character may be judged by revelations of it in his operas;—and where does that feature more frequently and more impressively appear than in the Puritani, to which we are now listening? It is here that I first listen to the voice of Grisi. I place her below Malibran. Her voice wants the wide, the marvellous range, which characterized that of the latter. Moreover, she lacks her grand dramatic powers. Had Malibran never been gifted with her miracle of a voice, she might have been renowned as an actress merely. A single glance of her eye, a single combination of her features, conveyed whole sentences of

thought. Grisi has a beautiful Italian face, a deep black eye, which languishes better than any I have seen out of Venice, a strong arm, and a body distantly approaching to the embonpoint. She manages her eye well at times, and likewise her gesticulation. She makes love admirably, and likewise does she make a most melodious and heart-melting scold. But she lacks in clear, spiritual, dramatic power. There is, moreover, *this* in Grisi's manner,—when she is giving the thought of Bellini, complicated and beyond all parallel, difficult as it often is in the notes of Puritani, her countenance goes through a most unpleasant, nay, a most painful variety of expressions. These are evidences of her *effort* to give truly and effectively that thought. With Malibran it was not so. The effort exacted by her vocal organs never interfered with her features. Those features were always left at liberty to aid in giving the sentiment which her tones might be expressing. As in the complicated dance of Taglioni, all is delightful ease; even so was it in the wonderful song of Malibran. It is no disparagement of Grisi, to place her just below such a miracle as Malibran. That she may in so many respects be compared with her, is evidence that she belongs to the extraordinary; and now that the former has passed away, she may with propriety claim to possess the most remarkable female voice in the world.

It would be difficult to express the delight with which this evening, in executing a certain song, she filled the thronged house. An instant before she commenced,

there was a general hiss. A hiss is among the highest compliments that to a singer can here be paid. It was a hiss of silence into all tongues, and of preparation into all ears. The silence that ensued was as of the dead. The song was commenced. What full, flowing richness,—what floods of melody! What lightning-like transitions from deep bass up to the most distant, shrill and vanishing note! What tremendous shakes, like the swiftest and longest, ever wrought by Nicholson upon the flute! And then with what wondrous accuracy, in one unbroken effort, she dashed through the entire diapason of her voice, from the highest note, down—down—through flats and sharps, to the very lowest. 'Brava, brava, bravissima,' murmured a thousand lips. White kids smote together. Gentlemen stood up, and waved snowy handkerchiefs. Ladies applauded with loud enthusiasm. Wreaths and bouquets strewed the stage. Cries of 'bis, bis,' were reiterated on every side, and the song was re-sung. This is enthusiasm at the Italian Opera. While the air was in process of execution, the stillness was complete. Not one single note however delicate, failed in its end of descending through the ear, far into the hearer's heart. Not until that air was closed, did bars and bolts seem to fly asunder, and enthusiasm to burst forth. They do these things well in France. It is hardly so, however, when an orator harangues the Chamber of Deputies. What with talking, and walking, and shuffling of papers, and murmurs from the extreme right, and approbation from the

extreme left, and begging to silence by the President's bell, the poor orator's discourse of speech seems half in vain. When pleasure is the object, the French have most admirable systems, which most admirably do they apply. When however business, and mere comfort and benefit are the ends, of their systems for accomplishing them, the same remark cannot with truth be made.

The voice of Rubini is as wonderful as that of Grisi. It is believed to have realized the beau-ideal of tenors. It came from Bergamo, much renowned as *la cittá degli tenori*. Out of his voice, Rubini is little or nothing. He has a blue eye, a large round face, enormous whiskers and an awkward gait. As a dramatic performer, you pronounce him, after some observation, a mere stick. But in his vocal organs, he is one of the great prodigies of the time,—and of them is he completest master. The ease and facility with which he brings them all into appropriate action, are indeed marvellous. This evening, on several occasions, he seemed to treat his voice as something apart from himself, some wondrous instrument, with whose strings or stops he was perfectly familiar, and which he delighted to use like some plaything, as does Paganini his violin. He is conscious that it has powers vast and unfailing, and therefore does he dash ahead with a freedom and fearlessness that I have never heard, except perhaps in Malibran. There is nothing in its way more gratifying to a novice, than the supreme self-possession with which Rubini advances to the front of

the stage, and surveys the most profoundly fastidious musical critics of all Europe, ere he commences one of his magnificent arias. He probably knows, that as before there could be a Longinus there must be a Homer, so before there could be such critics as themselves, there must be such a Rubini as himself. It is from him, and such as him, that they derive their principles of criticism.

Rubini has a wide barytone and a still wider falsetto, and the power with which his voice plays in these two spheres, is quite incomprehensible. Moreover, the beauty with which it glides from one up into the other is beyond all description. And then he pours forth his treasures, not only boldly and beautifully, but abundantly. Sometimes his voice is like a bugle, sometimes like a clarinet; now like a trombone, and then again like a harp. It has likewise tones which no human instrument, nor no human voice ever possessed. What are those tones? Altogether indescribable, and I doubt not as much a mystery to Rubini himself, as to his astounded auditors. The most extraordinary exhibition of these peculiar tones, was last week made in a new opera by Costa. Until his appearance in this opera, Rubini was supposed to have developed and revealed *all* his vocal powers. Every thing which his voice *could* do, it was believed to *have* done. Each night witnessed only a fine reproduction of former tones. Now, in this new opera, there is a song whose execution by Rubini has disclosed capacities in his voice, of which he himself was totally unaware. That

song, moreover, has saved the poor opera from damnation. I shall not soon forget the almost frantic burst of applause, with which it was for the first time received. The house did not, as usual, wait until the artist had entirely concluded. It was hurried out of its wonted decorum by surprise. The passion expressed is revenge. And while there was hardly a spark of that passion in Rubini's face, or attitude, or gesticulation, his voice seemed actually to glare and flame with it. The tones were of the wildest, fiercest, most hyena-like savageness. And the impression they produced, not revealed in mere hand-clapping and wreath-flinging, came forth in a burst and shout of amazement. An Italian, at my side, declared that such notes were never heard before in Europe. That song, as I said, saved the opera. Hundreds now wait with indifferent patience to hear it, and having so heard, instantly quit the house. I cannot call it pleasing,—only marvellous. Being marvellous, it takes with a Parisian audience. Rubini's voice is not only peculiar in the mere strangeness of its tones, but likewise in their tenderness. I know not where to look for an image that may express though faintly, the surpassing beauty, and delicacy, and pathos of some of his cadenzas. They oftentimes half vanish, and die away into those imaginary melodies only heard by lovers and poets, themselves half-dreaming in midnight solitudes. Just as some of these beautiful efforts close, a long-drawn breath may be heard escaping from many a spell-relieved listener.

But here is Lablache. The Italian company,—the

finest in the world,—has no place unfilled. It has every vocal as well as instrumental tone which it desires. What is the place held therein by Lablache? He is the bass-singer, and in his sphere, he is unrivalled, as Rubini or Grisi in theirs. In the first place, Lablache has the loudest voice for song in Europe. Place him between an orchestra of fifty instruments, and a chorus of fifty voices, all in their strongest action, and the tones of his larynx will be audible above them all. In the second place, his voice has great richness, great expressiveness, great compass. Lablache is a mighty man, in that enormous chest and stomach of his. His lungs must be of broadest and most tough material. The ease with which he rolls forth his strong, organ tones, is perfectly refreshing. You hear a grand effect, and you see an adequate cause. Lablache is, moreover, a very good actor. In what is called the *opera buffa*, he is universally esteemed a beau-ideal. In all his voice and all his manner, preside a masculine vigor and robustness, which make him a general favorite. He is one of the very few whom these critics deign to applaud, on his first entrance each evening to perform his part. Lablache, like Rubini, seldom or never returns applause with body-bending.

Tamburini is the counter-tenor of the company. His voice rings like a silver-trumpet. It has not the wide compass of Rubini's or Lablache's, but in its sphere is admirable. It makes no astounding efforts. It goes on alone, or in company with the others,

clearly, vigorously, elastically. Were his vocal organs anatomically examined, I doubt not they would surprise by their hale, healthy muscular springiness. And Tamburini has feeling too, feeling momently revealed through those organs. In pathetic and tender expression, I have sometimes thought him equal to Rubini.

Ivanhoff,—small as he is, and serf as he was,—brought up with him to Paris in 1830, from the distant Russian province of Chernigoff, one of the most magnificent sopranos I have ever heard out of the Sistine Chapel. He secures a fair quantity of applause, and in quartetts and quintetts, his shrill notes are remarkably effective.

Of Albertazzi and Taccani, I now say nothing, nor of the admirable male and female chorus, nor moreover of the orchestra. How harmoniously their tones chimed in, each with the other, to reveal the poetry of Bellini as embodied in his Puritani, I cannot well express in words. They seemed to be all drilled into complete perfection. Each voice and instrument had its sphere, and in that sphere was unexceptionable. I heard not a single false note from the beginning to the end of the performance. If every department of French action could but enlist the care, and labor, and skill bestowed upon these tones which perish soon as created, this society would swiftly move on to its ultimate destinies. I can recall no like example of so numerous and powerful agents brought into so efficient execution of a single end. And well might Bellini

rejoice, not only in such vehicles of his thought, but likewise in such refined and appreciating ears. He has not conceived in vain. His best inspirations are best expressed before the best judges. He is not unlike a fine poet, impressing an assembly alive to poetry through a noble language.

The music of Paris, is the music of Europe and of the time. It is not uninteresting to know, though imperfectly, what that music is, how it is here performed and here received. I see therein some illustration of the taste and character of the age.

XIV.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

'Wast ever in court, shepherd?

'No, truly.'

'Then thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. For, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is *damnation*.' As You Like It.

'This is something of a bore, this business of Presentation,' said I to myself as, fagged out, I sunk into my arm-chair, and tried to undo the tightly-buttoned coat collar, which for two hours had half strangled me. The ceremony, however, is over. 'Twas no great things after all. And to enjoy it here at the palace of the citizen king, requires nothing in you extremely *recherché*. It is not a rare honor wherefor silly men may put plumes into their hats. It is as easy as lying. If you are an American, only send in your name to your country's minister, and afterwards put your legs into a pair of cream-colored pantaloons; your body into a single-breasted coat, whose collar and cuffs are golden-laced; your head into a chapeau-bras; your waist into a belt wherefrom hangs a sword; your hands into white kids; and your entire self, thus decorated, into a procession of your thirty-eight countrymen, who, at eight o'clock on the evening of the 23d

of January, 1837, are ascending the grand staircase of the Tuileries into the Hall of the Marshals.

Ranged all in a row, you see moving towards you a pear-faced man, in the anomaly of wig intensely *black*, and of whiskers intensely *white*. Pray, do you feel any misgiving now that is approaching you the form wherein reside the destinies of France, nay more, as some say, the destinies of all Europe? You have seen three kings, one emperor, one archduke, forty-seven dukes and earls, and counts and barons without number, and moreover the pope. Louis Philippe speaks the best English in the world, and with simplicity he asks the gentleman next you, 'Pray how long since your family moved from France to New Orleans?' For yourself, you may *ask* of Royalty no questions; merely so hold your chapeau that It may see thereon the gold prescribed by etiquette.

But here comes the Queen. Two daughters are near her. One you pronounce lovely, and both of them are mirrors wherein all the noble daughters of France might make their toilette. They each completely embody your image of the *Princess*, whether derived in your early reading from the Arabian fancy, or calmly dreamed out in moments of reverie and idealizing. 'Did you have a pleasant passage across the Atlantic?'—'Is Paris as gay as you expected to find it?'—'Are not the Americans great travellers?' These are the little queries, you hear or answer, as these quantities of royal blood stream gently by you. And now, many are the graceful, and many are the

manly bearings and expressions, momently arresting your eye. But of all grace and of all manhood, what more perfect embodyment can there be, than in yonder tall form? It is the Duke of Orleans. What clear and intelligent beauty in his countenance! How completely finished is his manner! With what lofty ease does he receive and return courtesies! And as each instant, he takes the elegant position to make the graceful bend, you hear his approximated spurs go *click*, sweetly as the minute tick of your repeater. Young Seigneur, thou art not only heir to the highest destinies in Europe, thou art likewise the handsomest and most graceful gentleman therein. Shall I go on describing the scene,—the representatives of every civilized nation, in appropriate habiliments? Shall I try to picture down in black ink, upon this white paper-sheet, the gorgeous, many-colored, many-motioned picture now in my memory, thither transferred from the magnificent hall of the marshals? A great labor truly, and how shall it be begun.

But here is the invitation, for securing which a Presentation is of value. It comes in an enclosure five inches square, and is thus worded:—

Palais des Tuileries, le 20 *Janvier*, 1837.

L'Aide-de-Camp de service prês du Roi et Mme. la Mise de Dolomieu, Dame d'honneur de la Reine, ont l'honneur de prévenir Monsieur —— qu'il est invité au Bal qui aura lieu au Palais des Tuileries le Mercredi 25 Janvier à 8 heures.

Les hommes seront en uniforme,
ou en habit habillé.

* * * *

Thursday morning, 4 *o'clock.*

Just from the Ball. There can be no objection to the style of this fête. 'Never was there more magnificence even under the empire,' declared a gray-headed general in buckskins. 'Superbe, magnifique,' said a member of the Chamber of Deputies, himself one of the only three, in black pantaloons and coat. 'Really this is capital, very nice,' murmured an English duchess, from whose forehead stood out a huge pearl. 'Bella, bellissima,' and the words were from the lips of an Italian beauty. 'Schön, schön,' guttered forth a German Baron, in broad chest, and forehead; and I doubt not that many Russians ejaculated their admiration in terminations of 'off,' and many Poles in quadrasyllables ending with 't-s-k-i.' I heard an American say, that it was to be sure very fine, but that the enormous expenditure it implied, did not altogether correspond with his ideas of political economy. To me does it all seem confused, and glorious and indescribable, as forty midsummer dreams, each confounded with the other. How shall I word it? Where shall I begin? What shall be my principle of classification? Shall I first take the plumes, and then the eyes? Or going by nations, shall I first characterize the Russians, then the Spaniards, Turks, and so on? Really here is a comprehensive and most unmanageable theme. I now recall nothing distinctly. The elements are somewhat in my memory. There are diamonds, and silks, and costliest furs, and stars and orders; elegant men in glorious moustaches, and

beautiful women half fainting in the waltz; sweet music, Turks in turbans, dukes, mirrors, countesses, and blazing chandeliers, red-coated servants, ministers of all cabinets, golden scarfs, and plumes, and magnificent bouquets; earls, and marquises and barons and barons' wives, and marshals and marshals' portraits; in short, confusedly do I recall the spectacle of four thousand men and women, noblemen and noblewomen, in their most polished manners and most gorgeous dress, assembled for five hours at the Palace of the most magnificent Court in Europe.

There were some persons and scenes which I shall not soon altogether forget. There was Scotch Lord Gordon in costume,—cap made piquant by an eagle's feather,—on his right side a richly enamelled powder-horn, the gift of James II. to an ancestor, and on his left a bold claymore, while his plaid was clasped upon the shoulder by a *cairn gorm*, big as a giant's fist. But the crowning glory of Lord Gordon was, his *legs;* legs intensely Scotch, thoroughly developed in their minutest fibres, and naked, ay, *naked* up—up—I *may* not say how far. Those legs were the most extraordinary specimens of aristocratical *sansculottism* I had lately seen. And they were the wonder of hundreds in that great company. Tough German baronesses paused to quiz them, up and down, through their little golden-mounted eye-glasses. Not a duchess, not a countess, not a marchioness, not even a *lady* in the rooms, but had stared at, admired and sighed over those handsome, hard, those oaken-knotted prongs

from the Grampians. There was one damsel whose deportment with respect to them, I carefully noticed. She was the very youthful daughter of a Polish general, who had fallen in the field. I noticed her once and twice, for the marvellous whiteness of her skin, and even a third time, for the marvellous blackness of her hair and eyes. Looking here and there, she happened to see this Scotch nobleman's legs. At first she actually *started*. Then she timidly surveyed them, seemingly to ask, '*are* those uncovered?' and finally, assured of the fact, she turned away, and up to her lip mounted a curl of supremest scorn and disgust, which the pencil perhaps might portray, but certainly never could the pen.

But who is that, that lady yonder, leaning upon the arm of the old dowager, duenna, or whatever you may call her? '*That*, sir,' said my companion, 'is the Countess Guiccioli.' Aha, the Countess Guiccioli, is it? Imagine a slender form bended gently as an osier, with eyes black and of unfathomable brightness, their lids lashed lengthily, and their brows like arches of ebon, with hair in the hue of raven's plumes wreathed about an alabaster neck, with a sweetly chiseled mouth, and a melancholy smile, with a hand small and of that consummate delicacy which always captivated Byron, and which is often deemed a type of sensitiveness,—imagine ten times *more* than all this, and you have something like *my* Countess Guiccioli, such as I had dreamed the *friend* of the Poet ought to be, and an image of whom I had fancied to have one

evening seen at the Florian, in Venice. Alas! there was a wide chasm between my fancy and the reality. The Countess before me, in her substantial flesh and bone, was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word, 'dumpy.' She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye; for hers was of a light blue, and as for the hair, it was auburn, horridly approaching to red: for Byron's sake, you may call it Sicambrian yellow. Her form was short, and thickish; and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive. I must say however that her shoulders were magnificent, and likewise the domains thereto adjacent;—fairy islets heaved from a fairy sea. I recalled what Byron had written about her voice. To that voice is the world indebted for the 'Prophecy of Dante.' 'Thou spakest:'—and the result was the just named poem.

> 'But only in the sunny South,
> Such sounds are uttered and such charms displayed,
> So sweet a language from so sweet a mouth,
> Ah, to what effort would they not persuade?

I heard some of these sounds. They were tinkled forth very musically to be sure. I recognised a little *patois;* but it was so sweetly spoken, that I preferred it to the language in its purity. 'La cale, la cale,' was pleasanter to the ear, than ever before had sounded 'la quále, la quále.' Said my companion, 'I wish you could see one of her portraits. It is a rare composition. She is represented as a Magdalene weeping over the skull of Byron.' 'In which,' said a gentle-

man near by, 'you may discover *all* of the Magdalene *except*—her repentance.' I half remembered a passage in one of the poet's letters, running somewhat thus :—'To-night as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over Don Juan, she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first Canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her "nothing,—but your husband is coming." As I said this in Italian with some emphasis, she started up in a fright and said, "O, my God, *is* he coming?" thinking it was her own, who either was, or ought to have been at the theatre, —you may suppose we laughed when we found out the mistake,' &c. &c.

Gently elbowing our way through masses of nobility, from dukes and grand dukes downwards, we arrived at the Hall of the Throne. Here were the players. There were several tables. Around one of them I observed four turbaned Turks. Intently were their eyes upon the cards before them, and behind the chair of each stood an elegantly liveried sable attendant. Nothing enchanted me more than the serious, philosophical, imperturbable gravity that presided over the visages of these representatives of the Sublime Porte. What a contrast to the smiling, joyous scene about them,—a sort of dreary double-bass in the midst of fifes and flutes. I was charmed by the sovereign indifference to all around, with which they ceaselessly conducted on their games from the beginning to the end, and still again from the beginning to the end. They spoke not—smiled not. They did nothing but

play at cards. Now and then indeed, would one of them turn slowly up his head, while his great eyes rolled over the glorious beauty crowded thickly on every side, unrecognising, unrecognised, and suggesting the thought that his presence here was as much an intrusion into the Palace of Louis Philippe, as Turkey on this side the Bosphorus is an intrusion into Europe. Having, as I said, rolled his eyes over the fair faces and forms, he settled them slowly down again upon the game before him. Where, think you, were his thoughts then? Perchance for a moment home, among certain harems in Constantinople.

Walking through different halls hung in brocade of richest crimson, and in purple velvet; dazzled by the blaze of a hundred chandeliers; listening to sweetest music; watching their motions in the dance of the fairest and the proudest daughters in Europe;—such in part may be the agreeable employ of a stranger at a ball of the Citizen King at the Tuileries. All is for the ear and the eye. You have nothing to do but look and listen. To converse in such a scene as this,—ridiculous! You may hardly chat. This is a show, a sight, a lion, and *as* such should be enjoyed; and knowing indeed is that traveller who does not pronounce it the grandest lion he has seen in any European wandering.

'Here, sir,' said my kind cicerone, 'on this little lady is the costliest treasury of diamonds in all the halls. It is the Duchess of Ferrara.' I turned my eye towards the person designated. How is it possi-

ble for uncolored, unshining words to image the brilliancy of this living Ormus and Ind? Emerald, chalcedony, sapphire, jasper, topaz, sardonyx, chrysolite, beryl, chrysoprasus, jacinth, amethyst,—their names are legion! And yet there was a good deal of simplicity about the Duchess. Her forehead was most chastely crowned. Fancy the moon in her youngest crescent. Circling her outer edge are seventeen bright stars, each brighter than Venus when presiding at the dawn. Now place this your fancy upon a lovely brow, overjutting the loveliest eyes;—you have an image of *part* of the head-dress of the Duchess of Ferrara.

'And yonder,' said a friend, 'is the Duchess of Sutherland. She is almost as heavily laden with precious burdens as is the Duchess of Ferrara.' I was delighted with this last scene. It was one of old England's noble daughters, in noble beauty, and in the choicest ornaments of her aristocratical wealth. I imagined that here was some rivalship. I fancied that I beheld the sombre North pitted against laughing Italy. I do not doubt, Madam, that all is real in those jewels of yours. There is nothing there like *paste*. But do all you can, fair Duchess of Sutherland, you lack two diamonds in your face, to match those living brilliants, so finely enchased beneath the brows of the Duchess of Ferrara. But why do I dwell upon these single exhibitions of diamond wealth, when every moment on every side, they gleam and blaze, as if a shower thereof had been recklessly poured forth from some Golconda in the heavens.

The Duchess of Sutherland reminds me how admirably was England's beauty represented this night. I cannot say the English ladies are the most beautiful in the world; but I do say, that from their waist upwards, in all the multitudinous phenomena of bust, and neck, and head, they may vie with the best specimens I have seen in Europe. As to their feet and so forth, let that silence be preserved which becomes a man of gallantry. I saw a remarkably fine specimen this evening. What chastely chiseled features! What clear and marble-like transparency of complexion,—not pale, for faintly might you see the crimson of her fresh life! How gracefully poised was the neck,—that ivory temple seen in the imagination of Solomon! And then her breast and shoulders rounded freely and boldly, revealing every where most graceful waves and undulations, and of so firm and health-giving a capacity, that even the roses thereabouts attached by the mystery of French milliners, seemed to take root and life from within! But I regret to add that the damsel walked badly. Her feet wanted the delicate frame, and lacked in those perfect archways on which so much of grace depends. Moreover her ankles were enormously bony. Some one says, be extremely anxious about your pantaloons as far as the knee, then let them shift for themselves. One might fairly suspect that the English ladies had an analogous theory with respect to their persons, as far as the waist.

The crowd had, after midnight, degenerated into a

jam, and the warmth of the rooms into an absolute heat. I ascended into the little balcony which runs around the Hall of the Marshals, and looking bird-like down for a moment, on the living and ever-shifting mosaic below, walked out into the cool night air, to survey another scene from the well-known Terrace. An impressive change it was;—from such a jam and heat of nobility, and diamonds, Turks, waltzing, and chandeliers, into this isolated spot, wherefrom was to be seen the broad arch of the sky, with many unpretending ornaments of its own jewelry, and where I should inevitably have fallen into reflections about the brevity of kings and fêtes, and the long continuance of the stars, had not some one observed that the banquet was announced.

There could not reasonably be desired a more glorious spectacle than that of the Hall of Diana, wherein were now seated six hundred of the proudest dames, and most beautiful damsels of the time; surely no inconsiderable link uniting the pride and beauty of the past, with that pride and beauty which are to come. Around the room were ranged the noblemen and the gentlemen, and in their gorgeous dresses am I wrong in likening the scene to a vast picture of silver in a golden frame. Swiftly and noiselessly move round those tall servants in crimson livery. The services of solid silver, and sometimes, far better, of solid gold, shine in their kidly-gloved hands. How respectable, and even venerable do they often look in those gray hairs! That old veteran with the champaign glass,

how admirably does he perform his duty! Well-timed are all his movements. He seems to anticipate many wishes. He can read in those countenances, what those hearts desire. He has carefully studied human nature in *one* of its phases,—*when hungry*. He knows very well that the wish for a slice of *paté de foie gras*, is very different from a wish for a goblet of Johannisberg, and he seems to read that difference in your expressive face. At every change, he brings with your silver plate a clean napkin, and have a care, or like yonder lady, you may count seven napkins in your lap, at the same moment. But hark, the music rises. It is from a band. You have now only to get nectar and ambrosia, and here will you have no unworthy image of a chosen banquet of all the choicest goddesses. In your dreamings and imaginations, there is nothing to bring you back to things earthly, save perchance the voices of certain German Barons behind you, grating in their native dialect.

To persons sitting far away in silent nooks and solitary chambers, there perchance reading but vague descriptions, these things may hardly seem to be, as they truly are. And yet, if in early years, you have had your imagination quickened by the Arabian or other tales, it is a pleasant thing to know, though not from actual eye-sight, at least from the poor spectacles of others, that the most brilliant conceivings of the most brilliant fancy may be and are, even in these prosaic days, quite thoroughly and successfully reduced to practice. This royal banquet, I do confess, has

furnished a realization of all the brilliancy, and all the beauty, and all the charm, and all the princely magnificence, whereof, in the matter of banqueting, I have, in any time past, ever read or even dreamed. Eating and drinking become a most graceful employ, and henceforth will it be rather difficult to sympathize with that thought which regards a beautiful lady doing one or the other, as an unpoetical sight.

Loud and quickly-successive are the explosions—the rejoicings—of cork-relieved champaign. Multitudinous wave the plumes of banqueters. Deliciously swells up the music, not hostile to digestion. The glancing of jewels mingles with the gleam of silver tankards. Louis Philippe, in yonder uniform of a Colonel of the National Guards, dignifies the scene. The Duke of Orleans, clad as Lieutenant-General thereof, gives to it the charm of his presence. The little Duke d'Aumale, now for the first time mounting the epaulette of a sub-lieutenant of light infantry, smiles back the smile of Mademoiselle de Werther. The Queen,—that excellent matronly specimen of the Royal woman,—how royally, in that costume of superbest velvet, does she perform the duties of her sphere! Madame Adelaide, though not very fair to the eye, is nevertheless, in those courtly manners, very fair to your imagination. And those young Princesses who are yonder conversing, the one with Count d'Appony, and the other with Colonel Lemercier of the National Guards,—whose temples are each adorned with a crimson rose, from whose centre shine

forth four diamonds,—who embody every feature of what two sister princesses ought to be; Heaven permit that their days be never darkened by clouds gathered, and still gathering about the destinies of their House.

After the banquet, dancing was resumed. Mark yonder little whirlpools of the waltz. Do you observe those two ladies eddying gracefully with those two gentlemen? Ah, one has paused. You see her breast heaving amidst roses, exactly in harmony with the undulations of her plume. How very young is the gentleman, whose hand has just abandoned her waist! And now has the other paused. They stand side by side. There is a sort of resemblance. Be not surprised, for they are mother and daughter; and the parent looks youthful and gay as the offspring. She waltzes in the same set, and with a more youthful partner. That, sir, is one of the pleasing features of French society. Married women and mothers are not doomed here to solitary vegetation against wall-sides. In society, are they flattered with attentions like those which the unmarried and their daughters receive, and from the same gentlemen too. Marriage here is not a bourne beyond which youthful gallantry refuses to pass. When a French lady weds, she hardly sacrifices to the affection of one, the admiration of a thousand. She is still admired, still talked to at soirées, still waltzed with at balls, still listened to as she sings. A strange social retrograde indeed, if matrimony were here to become, what it too generally is, in a country

that might be named, an abysm, wherein are swallowed up half the accomplishments of youth; a state wherein the woman's chief ambition is to be domestic, in other words, *to breed*,—an ambition, by the way, in which she takes a necessary refuge from the neglect too often inflicted upon her whenever she appears in society. The French woman is but an amplification of the French girl. She is dressed as formerly, by the consummate taste of Victorine. She smiles with the sweetness of her youth. Her dress is critically scrutinized, her smile is properly appreciated, and that she has not outlived the elasticity of early limbs, or the civilities which, twenty years ago, she first received, may to a certain extent be inferred from these four very advanced ladies, here waltzing with these four very unadvanced gentlemen. One of them moreover you perceive has gray hairs,—not exactly from age, rather from constitution. She monthly patronized the *épilatoire*, until they grew too numerously. Did she then begin to falsify herself with purchased locks? By no means. The sable-silvered are treated with as much decorum, as were the raven-hued. They are curled as gracefully, and arranged as significantly. With her, gray hairs are not only honorable but fashionable, and he must be unpardonably morose, who could pronounce her in that tiara of frosted towers, a gray-headed old woman. Many and many have been my occasions in Paris for admiring instances like this before me.

But as to the matter of civility to the sex, I wish to

add, that so far as my observation has extended, France in 1837, may not with safety be generally looked up to as a model therein. With all the polite attentions bestowed upon the old and the young in certain high circles, there are moreover general indifferences and even rudenesses towards them, which I certainly never expected to find,—at least in Paris. Nay more, I will say that in my various lookings about in this great capital, I have seen more extraordinary instances of ungentlemanly deportment towards females, than in any other city in Europe. At private soireés, gentlemen of course will be polite to ladies, if not from natural impulse, at least, from regard for the individual in whose salon they have accepted the invitation to pass a few hours. Out of those salons, among strangers, there are no motives to politeness, but the natural impulse and regard for public opinion. It is in the last named sphere that thousands on thousands of the Parisians lack ;—on the public promenades, at the theatres, at the concerts, at the shows, at the cafés, at all the public assemblages of the two sexes. I shall not now state the numerous instances upon which rests my opinion. A humble illustration, however, might be taken from Musard's famous Concert Rooms. I do not now speak of the starers there. I do not speak of the bucks locked arm in arm, who, in their lounging about the rooms, actually stop short, before this and that lady, staring them out of countenance, merely to see whether they are pretty or not. Staring is too universal an impudence in

Paris. And yet, staring may not here be quite so impolite. In a city of so many thousand strange and odd faces, the staring system is, to say the truth, a very agreeable one for many parties. And in a city, where so much time and talent are expended on equipage, and dress and gait, were there no intense lookers, that time and talent would in a measure be wasted. Now you may feel that staring is a sort of impudence, yet do you rejoice therein, for while stared at, wherever you may be, from head to foot, you yourself have the permission to stare back, whereby in this city of cities, do you often make the acquaintance of the queerest visages, the most astonishing gaits, the sublimest attitudes, the most marvellous costumes, and the most extraordinary equipages that can in all the world be seen. But to the manners in Musard's rooms. They will hold two thousand persons. Three fourths of the auditors may sit. One fourth must stand. Now, were the three fourths sitting, men, and the one fourth standing, women, not fifty of those men would rise to give seats to fifty of those women. This is my inference from a thousand little instances of men comfortably sitting, and of women painfully standing, which in the last four months, I have witnessed in those fashionable resorts.

If one were to go about, seeking causes for this absence of civility to females, he might perhaps find one in the general unchastity of French women, tending to diminish that feeling of chivalrous respect towards the sex, which is inborn in the hearts of men ;

—another, in the fact of thousands on thousands of females, who here acting out of woman's legitimate sphere, thus tend to degrade the sex, and consequently the consideration in which they might otherwise be held. The aristocratical legitimatist finds another cause in the *bourgeoisie*-tendencies of the times, tendencies quite destroying out of the Frenchman's character all the politeness which once was a prominent feature therein. That the French are less polite than formerly, not only to French women, but likewise to French men, and to strangers, is a well understood fact. That the Parisians of 1837 even, are less polite than were the Parisians of 1827, is also a fact, asserted by the competent, who have closely studied them at these different periods. The legitimatist tells you, that not only are democratic tendencies and neglect of civilities, contemporaneous in France; they likewise stand to each other in the relation of cause to effect. On this assertion I shall now remark nothing. Louis Philippe is a Citizen King, and the tendencies of French politics are more and more to republican and democratic ideas. The etiquette of the old Royal Court has, in a great measure, disappeared, and there is a general indifference to those graceful forms of courtesy,—wherefrom you infer the courteous heart,—which, scouted out of society by the Grand Revolution, came partially back with the Empire and the Restoration, to be again half banished by the Revolution of 1830. They hardly abide in the aristocratical precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain. Its legitimatist

noblemen and noblewomen however, still profess to cherish the courteous forms and spirit of the old regime. They live uncontaminated by the *bourgeoisie* of the kingdom. They enter not the abode of Louis Philippe. They hardly condescend to know of his royal fêtes, and haply in the coming autumn, they may carelessly ask among themselves, 'Pray, *did* Louis Philippe have a ball at the Tuileries last winter.'

But while I am thus cogitating, the queen has retired. It is the signal for a general *abandon* and breaking up. The dance and the music cease. The halls are vacant. The lights are out. The fête of the Citizen King, is among the things of the past. It has joined the long catalogue of chapters in the history of the Tuileries.

XV.

THE PARISIAN CAFÉS.

The traveller may search Europe over, and he will find nothing to correspond throughout, with the Estaminets, the Restaurants, and the Cafés of Paris. The general distinctions between them are these. An estaminet is a place where tobacco is smoked, various sorts of beverages are drunk, and generally cards and billiards played. A restaurant is one, where breakfasts and dinners are eaten. A café is another, where breakfasts are taken, dominos played, and where coffee, ices, and all refreshing drinks may, at any hour, be enjoyed.

In Paris there are more than four hundred Cafés. Of these, the most ancient is the Café Procope, and may still be seen in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was established by an Italian, named Zoppa. Opposite to it, once stood the Comédie Française. This theatre gave place to the studio of Gros, the famous painter. That studio vanished, and now a paper magazine is on its site. The Café Procope still survives. It has, however, somewhat changed in the character of its public. Formerly the resort of Rousseau, Freron, Voltaire, and the epigrammatic Piron, it is now chiefly patronized by students at law, medi-

cine, and literature. There do they assemble in their lofty, sugar-loafed hats, republican locks hanging over their shoulders, unwashed beards, and negligent attire, to chat with the dame-du-comptoir, joke about the Pandects, and play at dominos. For this last sport, they seem to have a perfect passion. The custom is, to play for breakfasts. The losers then play among themselves, and it is not unusual for him who at ten o'clock entered, and merely called for his *petit pain*, and *café au lait*, to retire at the hour of four, having first deposited some fifty francs with the divinity of the place, or at least obtained from her a *tick* for that small sum. This is the genuine public of the Café Procope. Sometimes, however, shall you there see authors and artists, as Gustave Planche, Gigoux the young painter, Henri Fournier, Eugene Renduel, and others, but no dramatists. The theatre has abandoned St. Germain-des-Prés. The other noted Cafés on this side the Seine are, the Voltaire, the Moliere, and lastly the Desmares, an aristocratical resort, where often congregate silent and stern deputies from the *extreme droit*.

But if you would see the Parisian Cafés in all their peculiarities and magnificence, come over the Seine into the vicinity of the Palais Royal, or walk along the Boulevards. There is a Café, peculiar, though not very magnificent, in a little dark street near the Halle au blé. I mean the Café Touchard. At a certain season of the year, do here assemble all the provincial actors and actresses, who, coming up to this

wide theatre of human exhibition, desire to engage their professional abilities for the winter. It is then a sort of *foire aux comédiens*. The directors of operas and theatres, in huge white cravats folded consequentially about their chins and mouths, here meet and converse with them, in significant and majestic mode. They scan them up and down, listen attentively to their pronunciation, read over their recommendations, and if the adventurer be a female, scrutinize carefully her teeth, gait and smile. If in these last three items she be unexceptionable, you will see her, a fortnight hence, at the Variétés. If she have a strong arm, a stentorian voice, and can look the termagant, the director of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin is sealing an engagement with her. If she have a spiritual face, and a polished lady-like bearing, she stands the chance for a place among the third and fourth rate artists at the Théâtre Français.

In the Place du Palais Royal, is the Café de la Régence. It is the great resort of chess-players. Formerly, it was much frequented by Jean Jacques, and other distinguished men. Here was likewise the scene of Philidor's triumphs. The garçon, if you ask, will show you the very spot, where that world-renowned player was wont to sit, and marshal kings and bishops, and knights. Enter the Café at midday. There are some fifteen or twenty matches playing. What universal silence! What intent expressions! The automaton of Maelzel himself, could not look more gravely, or ponderingly. Observe that venerable man

in the corner, his bald head protected by a black day-cap. His face reposes between his two hands, resting on his elbows. There does not seem to be much significance in his gaze upon the board before him. Indeed he is a picture of abstraction. He has actually forgotten with whom he is playing. In vain the garçon reminds him of the *bavaroise* he ordered. Before his fleshly eye is that small battle ground, with those stationary armies. But in his mental vision these ranks are all in motion. And now those pawns have been swept from the field. That knight is in possession of yonder castle. The queen dashing to the right and to the left, has cried havoc; and those fearless old bishops with a single pawn have checked, and then checkmated the king. His design now springs into the hand of the player, and quick as a flash, it is embodied in his move. There are still good players at the Café de la Régence, but its grand players have passed away, and with many a once-famed, but now deserted favorite in Paris, may it exclaim in the words of Charles V. at his convent,—'Ah, mes beaux jours, où êtes vous?'

At one end of the Palais Royal, is the Café des Aveugles et du Sauvage. It is subterranean. You descend too, in more senses than one, when you visit it. Its name is derived from the fact that its orchestra is composed of half a dozen blind men, thither every evening led from the Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts, to accompany with their instruments, a man costumed like a savage, while, rolling horribly his eyes, and still

horribly grinning, he plays the battle of Wagram, on a *drum*. This is evidently a low resort. Nothing is demanded for admission, but when in, you are expected to take something; and on settling up, you find your coffee costing twenty sous, instead of eight. The scene of youths, and even old men with arms in loving proximity to certain necks, may not be strictly evangelical, but yet you who wish to study every phase of Parisian life, will hardly pass under the Arch of the Columns, without for a few moments dropping in to see the blind musicians, and hear the battle of Wagram.

In the Place de la Bourse, and right behind the Exchange, is the little Café du Report. It is the Exchange for women. From the grand Bourse are they excluded, by a decree of the Tribunal of Commerce. Their passion for speculation, however, is not to be thus quenched. They gamble away fortunes, sipping *orgeat* in the Café du Report. Mademoiselle Mars has furnished one sad chapter in the history of that little room. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon. Let us walk into it. Pretending to read the Cours Authentique, you may hear this conversation:—'Tiens, bonjour, ma'me Fricard, comment que ça vous va?' 'Pas trop bien, ma'me Chaffarou. Mes Espagnols me donnent bien du tintouin. Vingt-et-un et demie, moi, qu' avais acheté à trente-trois! It appears that Don Gomes has gone into the Asturias. The rascal, he has ruined me.' 'C'est bien fait, ma'me Fricard, pourquoi que vous n'avez pas des ducats. J'ai revendu à bénifice, maintenant je vais acheter de l'Haiti, c'est fini.

Je ne prends plus de *cinq*,—vous ne savez, ma chere, on va le rembourser le *cinq*, on donnera du *trois*.' 'Le rembourser! quelle horreur! ma'me Chaffarou. Comme si l'on ne ferait pas mieux de rembourser les assignats. J'en ai encore pour six cent mille francs, dans mon secrétaire. V'la bien les Gouvernments.' A third woman now rushes in, all business-like. 'Don't you know, ladies, Don Carlos has just gained a battle over the *Christinos*, has killed thirty thousand men and taken one cannon. Telegraphic despatch,—the Cortes are a-going into just nothing at all.' 'What a simple thing you are, Madame Potard, for an old midwife,' interrupts the Chaffarou. 'Don't you see it's all a *trick*. Gardez vos coupons. Il-y-aura hausse fin courant,—le report ira bien—Demandez plutôt à Monsieur Auguste.' M. Auguste, a sort of *Courtier de marrons* of the place, has just come in. 'Que voulez vous, mesdames, des *differés*, ou des *perpétuelles*;—des *Belges*, ou des *Romains*. Il-y-a long temps que nous n'avons rien fait ensemble. Oserai-je vous offrir un petit verre de Kerch?' 'Oh, c'est trop fort, Monsieur Auguste, du *doux* s'il vous plait.' 'Garçon, says Auguste, 'trois verres d'huile de rose.'—Madame Potard changing her mind, shouts out, 'Garçon, décidément, j'aimerais mieux du cognac.' There would be much amusing in this, were it not for the disastrous impoverishments, to which such chat is often but the prologue.

A few steps from the Café du Report bring you to where *was*, until lately, the Café Mozart, for a short time

one of the most magnificent and frequented in all Paris. It had the great disadvantage of being in the second story. No Frenchman wishes to ascend stairs in search of coffee. It had, however, this advantage ;—its dame-du-comptoir was a heroine. It was Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, who so gracefully bowed to every gentleman, as he entered or left the room. While she presided, that Café was in high glory. Thousands on thousands flocked thither, first, to look at her ; secondly, to talk with her ; and thirdly, to enjoy moka in her presence. Nina sustained her fame with noble self-possession. A little circumstance, however, quite beyond her control, required an absence of *nine* days, into what we should call *the country*. Alas ! she never returned ; and the Café Mozart, with its mirrors and music, joined the Past.

Every theatre has in its vicinity a Café. At these Cafés, and likewise those of the Boulevard du Temple, principally congregate the actors, the actresses, and the dramatic authors of the time. You may see them most frequently, between ten and twelve at night. There do they gather, some to discuss the performances, and some to estimate the applause of the evening. Those who have received the latter, call importantly for Kirch, or eau-de-vie. Those who have not, merely sip sugared-water, and vent their disappointment in repetitions of '*quel public !—sacré.*' The authors sometimes mingle with them, and sometimes sit apart. There sitting, they ruminate and combine. That gentleman, with eye resting on vacancy, and

who but rarely tastes his cool *sorbet*, is conceiving out a dramatic plot. You perceive that he has now called for a *bavaroise*. He sips it gently. Be assured he has advanced to intrigues and tenderest colloquies. Has he at length taken to *Café noir*? 'T is no small proof that his plot is growing thick and romantic; that he wants the inspiration of its aroma, and the images which its strength and hues may perchance call up. Has he finally become restless, and demanded a *carafe of cognac*? You are safe in the remark, that he is at last dealing with the darker passions, that he is composing for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, and that a catastrophe of revenge and blood is on the eve of developement. The dame-du-comptoir notices nothing of all this. She little dreams, that before one week elapses, she may be applauding or damning the very work of art, whose elements have just now been half derived out of dispensations from her own unconscious hand.

The literary patronage of Cafés is not always their only one. Many are distinguished for their political publics. The Café Valois, and the Café de Foy, have been renowned resorts for men of the Restoration, as the Café Lemblin has been frequented peculiarly by the Liberals. But it must be acknowledged, that these distinctions are not now very strongly kept up. Legitimatists, Doctrinaires, and Republicans, the dynastiques and the anti-dynastiques, may find themselves, on any evening, glowering at each other from different tables of the same Café. Merchants and

stock-jobbers numerously meet, between twelve and two, before Tortoni's. And at evening, as you drop therein to melt an ice, you will frequently observe individuals conversing in a style, conclusive to any but the superficial, that their theme is ducats. Decidedly, one of the first steps in Parisian business, is to strut daily up and down before Tortoni's. If you would have the earliest intelligence from any part of the earth, go to Tortoni's. Moreover, if you would enjoy chocolate and ices, such as no other parts of the earth can equal, go likewise to Tortoni's. Tortoni's ices are as far beyond all other ices, as Taglioni's dancing is beyond all other dancing. Taking your seat, the garçon presents you a little carte, in whose two columns, under the words 'Crême' and 'Fruits,' you read, among other things, Citron, Vanille, Framboise. You select a Framboise. In a few moments, the garçon deposites before you a silver plate whereon stands a goblet holding a spoon, a glass-bottle miraculously half-filled with frozen water, a little basket of wafer cake, and the Framboise, ascending cone-like, six inches above the glass which sustains it. Different persons have different modes of taking an ice. At Tortoni's, I know of no one in particular, preferable to any other. If you be not advanced, however, it may perhaps be well to secure such a position that, while each gelid morceau is vanishing away upon the palate, your eye may rest upon one of the fairest dames-du-comptoir near the Boulevards. Tortoni's ices, moreover, should be taken with extreme slow-

ness, and with little or no conversation. Nothing should be permitted to interfere with the legitimate delight, which these delicious combinations are intended to create. For a Framboise, you pay one franc, likewise leaving two sous on the table for the garçon. Nothing can surpass the brilliancy, and beauty and vivacity of a scene around Tortoni's, on a pleasant summer's evening.

Of the magnificent Cafés, there are eight or ten, between which I know not how to choose. At the Café de Foy one hears never the clatter of dominos; the game is there forbidden. At the Café du Caveau and the Café d'Orleans, may be enjoyed the finest moka in the metropolis. At the Café of the Opera Comique, you drink it from cups of greatest magnitude and weight. At the Café Vivienne, it is placed before you on tables of the most beautiful white marble. At the Café des Variétés, it is served up in the midst of oriental splendor, and also at Veron's. Suppose we walk into Veron's. Instantly you pronounce it more richly ornamented than any other mere Café, in Paris. The gilding of various parts is in a gorgeous profusion, that recalls whatever you may have read of the golden house of Nero. The ceiling and walls are wrought here and there into the most lovely frescoes of birds, and flowers; fawns, nymphs, graces and images in all fantastic forms. Four immense and gilded chandeliers hang from the ceiling. A tall candelabre rises in the centre of the room, and two beautiful lamps stand on the comptoir. These lights illu-

minating these colors and this gilding, make the scene brilliant beyond all description. And then the mirrors, so located as to double and redouble, nay, twenty times to reflect what has been described. Here is not merely *one* Café Veron to dazzle and enchant, but a *score* of them. There is not a Café, nor hardly any thing else in Paris, which is not abundantly supplied with looking-glasses. The French of Louis Philippe, can no more live without them, than could the French of Louis XIV. They are indeed not now, as formerly, carried about by ladies as they promenade the streets. But walking through any street, or any passage, you may, if so please, pause at every moment to adjust your locks in a mirror. There are mirrors in every street; mirrors walling the rooms of every dwelling-house; mirrors multiplying every boutique. There are mirrors in the Diligences, and mirrors in the Omnibuses. There is for them no place too high, nor none too low. They line the Hall of Diana in the Tuileries, and reflect the boot-black half-a-dozen times, as he polishes your nether-self, beneath the sign of 'On cire les bottes.' Paris itself is one of the largest cities of Europe, but Paris in all its mirrors, is twenty times larger than the largest city in the world. 'It cometh often to pass,' says Bacon, 'that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover small.' If I were now on those themes, I might detect in their mirrors, not merely ungenerous evidences of their vanity, but one vast school wherein the polished manners of the French have been educated. But here comes the *café noir*.

Coffee is to the Frenchman, what tea is to the Englishman, beer to the German, eau-de-vie to the Russian, opium to the Turk, chocolate to the Spaniard, and, I dare not say what, to the American. Men, women and children, of all grades and professions, drink coffee in Paris. In the morning it is served up under the aromatic name of *café au lait*. In the evening, it is universally taken as *café noir*. After one of Vefour's magnificent repasts, it enters your stomach in the character of a *settler*. It leaves you volatile, nimble and quick; and over it might be justly poured those pleasant compliments which Falstaff bestowed on Sherris sack. The garçon at your call for a *demi-tasse*, has placed before you a snowy cup and saucer, three lumps of sugar, and a *petit verre*. He ventured the *petit verre*, inferring from your red English face that you liked *liqueur*. Another garçon now appears. In his right hand is a huge silver pot covered, and in his left another, of the same material, uncovered. The former contains coffee, the latter cream. You reject cream, and thereupon the garçon outpours of the former in strange abundance, until your cup, ay, and saucer too, actually overflow. There is hardly space for the three lumps; and yet you must contrive somehow to insert them, or that café *noir*,—*black* it may indeed be called,—will in its concentrated strength, be quite unmanageable. But when thus sweetly tempered, it becomes the finest beverage in the whole world. It agreeably affects several senses. Its liquid pleases all the gustatory nerves;

its savor ascends to rejoice the olfactory, and even your eye is delighted with those dark, transparent and sparkling hues, through which perpetually shines your silver spoon. You pronounce French coffee, the only coffee. In a few moments, its miracles begin to be wrought. You feel spiritual, and amiable and conversational. Delille's fine lines rush into your memory :—

> 'Et je crois du génie éprouvant le reveil,
> Boire dans chaque goutte, un rayon du soleil.'

You almost express aloud your gratitude to the garçon. In his sphere, he seems to you a beau-ideal. His hair is polished into ebon. His face has a balmy expression that enchants you. His cravat is of intensest white. His shirt-bosom is equally elegant. His round-a-bout is neat and significant. Upon his left arm hangs a clean napkin, and his lower extremities are quite wrapped about in a snowy apron. His stockings are white, and he glides about in noiseless pumps. At your slightest intimation, he is at your elbow. He is a physiognomist of the quickest perception. He now marks the entrance of yonder aged gentleman with a cane. Calmly he moves for a *demi-tasse*. That aged gentleman is an *habitué*. He glances his eye at the title of half-a-dozen Gazettes, and having found that which he desired, lays it aside carefully upon his table. Having divested himself of gloves and hat, he sits down to *café noir*, and the gazette. That man patronizes only Veron's. He is not its *habitué* of ten or twenty years, but of forty. It has changed proprietors

five times; but even as Mademoiselle Mars, has performed under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution, and is still fresh, and true to her vocation, so has this *habitué* survived those five proprietory regimes, still continuing true to Veron's. With several others, he has now got to be considered a part of the establishment, and when it exchanges hands, its inventory is made out somewhat thus:—

12 marble tables	400 francs.
24 stools, nearly new	125 "
7 *habitués*, nearly used up, but capable of enduring, say, five years	600 "

That individual has no physical or moral type out of Paris.

Tapping your cup with a five franc piece, the garçon approaches, and taking the coin advances with it towards the dame-du-comptoir, saying at the same time, 'huit—cent.' The dame-du-comptoir—

And where out of France, will you find a dame-du-comptoir? The English sometimes call her by the blowsy name of barmaid. But there is a wide ocean rolling between that graceful, elegantly dressed, and universally recognising divinity, and her to whom the English apply that abominable name,—a name reeking with exhalations from mugs, and beer bottles, and stable-boys. This lady sits stately behind her *comptoir*. Two large silver vases stand in front of her, filled with spoons. At her right hand are several elegant decanters, and at her left a score of silver cups, lumped up with sugar.

There is moreover a little bell within reach, to summon the garçon, and wide open before her are the treasury boxes of the Café. Her business is to superintend the garçons, and receive moneys. Her influence is, by her graceful presence, to refine the whole scene.

You may remark that such public vocation is out of woman's sphere. I can hardly coincide with you. I must say, however, that since some European travel, my ideas with regard to what *is* woman's legitimate sphere, have become somewhat confounded. I ask myself,—shall I take the circle drawn, in the United States, around her rights and duties, as a standard, and condemn every instance wherein I see her moving out of that limit? Or must its radius be doubled, and made to describe a circumference, embracing a circle four times as large? This latter might constitute the European standard. I must say that for America, I prefer the standard which there I have been accustomed to contemplate. I consider it more in harmony with woman's moral, and intellectual, and physical nature, and I venture the thought, that in this, her more truly legitimate sphere, her character is to take an expansion, and she herself is destined to exert an influence more wide, more ennobling, more beautiful than yet the world has ever seen.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her,

in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible. If there be one feature, in his social institutions, more than any other, worthy the exultation of an American, it is, not merely the reverential estimation in which the sex is held, but the peculiarly appropriate sphere in which that sex generally moves. And if there be one subject, as I believe there is, in which the old world might take a valuable lesson from the new, it is this.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe, needs not the meagre evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich, a woman does the work of printer's devil. In Vienna, I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay with a dog, and once with even a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little waggon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France, Italy, and even England, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the public routes. In England it is well known, that her position is, generally speaking, less degrading

than on the Continent. And yet in England, how often do you find her duties and vocations confounded, and mingled up with those of the stronger sex! How often do you find her trudging through life in the midst of offices and associations, that never should be linked with woman's name! That name may be read on public coach-sides with those of men, as partner in the establishment. Martha Pitts is only one of five thousand, who keep post horses and post chaises, in the kingdom; and in one of the last public signs whereon my eyes rested, before leaving the shores of England for the Continent, was linked the fairest name with the foulest vocation;—'Alice Dove, licensed to retail spirituous liquors.' Of course, I do not speak of the titled and the very wealthy; but of the untitled and the unwealthy. I am not criticising the few thousands, but surveying the many millions. My eye is not on the little summit of a pyramid, but upon its broad base and large centre.

In France, females do vastly more degrading, and out-of-door work, than in England; and in Paris, they are as public and as common as its mirrors. A woman harnesses up Diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots, as you rest them on her little stand at the Pont-Neuf. At the theatres, it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business-offices, it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a Chantier for a load of wood? you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publicly to the south of

France? you receive your right to a place in the Coupée, from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed hardly a department, in which she does not seem to be *chief manager*. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see her superintending every where;—in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the estaminets, in the Cafés;—selling tobacco in the thronged Tabacs; tending *cabinets inodores* on the Boulevard Montmartre; loaning newspapers in the Palais Royal, and writing out accounts in the Rue de la Paix;—and when, alas, her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris, under these pregnant words;—'À la Maternité. Madame Messager,—sage-femme, 9 jours, l'accouchment compris. 50 francs et au dessus.'

One might infer, from most of these instances, that woman had changed occupations with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned, this is the fact. But I know not, if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris, are each day and evening, presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French; since many a green-one, and many a knowing-one, is beguiled into jewelry and kid gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higgle

about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the Consulate and the Empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in Cafés are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, allied so little personal beauty. I hardly know an example that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Café Corazza, might be justly charged, in traveller's phrase, with 'having seen nothing.'

Returning from this episode, I go on to say that as soon as the garçon cries 'huit—cent,' and deposits the coin before her, the dame-du-comptoir abstracts *eight* sous from the *hundred*. The garçon, returning your change, invariably looks forward to a small *pour-boire* for himself. If you leave *one* sous, he merely inclines his head. If you leave *two*, he adds to the inclination a '*mercie*.' Finally, if you generously abandon *three*, he not only bows profoundly, whispering mercie, but respectfully opens the door to you departing. Departing, you will always look at the lady and raise your hat. The quiet self-possession with which she responds to your civility, informs you that she has bowed to half the coffee drinkers of Europe.

Having taken our *demi-tasse*, suppose that to vary the scene, we visit an estaminet. Guided by the

words: 'Estaminet, 4 billiards, on joue la'—for 'poule,' you see the figure of a *chicken*,—let us ascend these stairs behind the Italian Opera. At their top a door is opened; what is the prospect? Dimly through dense tobacco-clouds are seen groups of smokers and drinkers chatting at their stands,—billiard tables and men in shirt-sleeves flourishing *queues*, garçons gliding here and there, some with bundles of pipes, some with bottles of Strasburgh beer, and some with eau-de-vie. In the corner you discover a white-capped dame-du-comptoir, looming up through the fog, her left flanked by pipes of every length, and her right by jugs and bottles without number. A garçon,—alas, not the clean and polished beau-ideal of the Café Veron,—advances and looks into your face with so emphatic an expression, that you are constrained to call for a cigar and a petit-verre. Observing more closely, you now perceive in one wall of the room, a large case half filled with ordinary pipes, and in another, still another case with pipes of rarest make from the rarest material, the veritable *écume-de-mer*. Among the thirty or forty persons here assembled, there is a great deal of motion and a great deal of talk, and before a half hour has passed, you recognise four or five different languages. In the midst of the variety, there is one thing common,—smoke is rolling from every mouth. Here are five gentlemen, of whom two are in uniform of the National Guards. They have called for cards. A little green square, with cards, is placed upon the marble table before them. They sip coffee, smoke ordinary pipes, and

play at vingt-et-un. They are Frenchmen. Yonder dark individual, in those warlike moustaches, which extend and twine about his ears, and who smokes that delicate lady's finger, as in folded arms, he seriously observes the players, is a Spaniard. You observe the old gentleman sitting near him. Upon his table is a large bottle of Strasburg. His right hand half embraces a goblet of the beverage, his left is around the huge bowl of his pipe, and, as with half-closed eyes he puffs those careless volumes from his mouth, you cannot mistake the German. The players at one of the billiard tables, you discover from their language, to be Italians. Those at the other are Frenchmen, and he with the short pipe is Eugine, the finest player in Paris.

That Eugine does nothing but play billiards. He is autocrat of the *queue*. Professor of his art, he will tell you that he has just come from giving lessons to the Marquis of A. or the Baron B. For such as take any interest in this elegant game, the play of Eugine is a source of much delight. Indeed parties and engagements are frequently made, for the express purpose of witnessing his style. He plays the French game of three balls, counting *carams*, and *doubled-pocketings*. Mark his elegant and easy position. With what graceful freedom does he manage his queue, and as its elastic point salutes the ball, the sound is half musical! How complicated are his combinations, and with what swiftness are they conceived! He has unquestionably a genius for the game;—some natural

capacities that way, to himself mysterious, and for which he claims no praise. You deem those balls in an uncountable position. Eugine hardly surveys the table. Swiftly his thought passes out through his queue into the *white;* the white takes the *red*, and cushioning, spins for an instant, and then starts off into a miraculous curve towards the left, tapping gently the *blue*. The red has been doubled into the middle pocket. There is, from every observer, an exclamation of delight. Eugine notices it not. What to them was mystery, is to him the simplest intellectual combination. He has moreover left the balls in the best possible position. He almost always leaves them so. Hence, when he gets the run, he is a very dangerous competitor. With him, the question is, not so much how he shall count, as how, after counting, he shall leave the balls. Nothing, I know of in its way, is more charming than to watch the various developements of Eugine's design. There is not a single direction of the balls, whereof, previous to his stroke, Eugine is not aware. Of course, Eugine never *scratches*. Those providential interferences which aimless players call far-seeing of their own, are not within his scope. The idea of *being in luck* is an abstraction whereof he never dreams. Fortune is never *for* him, nor against him. *Pocketing himself* would be a phenomenon. He never makes a *miss-queue*. There is, moreover, no *kissing* in his play. His strokes are firm and gentle, and graceful, and full of thought. His *spread* is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen,

and his *straight-hazards* are, beyond all expression, marvellous. The style of Eugine is as far beyond all other styles, as the style of Paganini is beyond all other styles. Not that Eugine never misses. But Eugine's *miss* is finer than the *count* of any other player; and as Boswell preferred the being *cut* by Johnson, to a heartiest recognition by any other Englishman, so might you more plume yourself on a miss like that of Eugine, than on the best count of the best individual who is yonder playing with him. Until this evening, I had had no just conception of how intensely intellectual is the genuine game of billiards. Until now, I had been accustomed to derive my pleasure therein, chiefly from the sight of polished balls noiselessly coursing over a plain of green, or darting off in angles of mathematical regularity:—from listening to the sharp quick click of their hit, or the tinkle of bells announcing them pocketed;—and more than all, from that extremely agreeable nervous sensation along the arm, which attends the contact of queue with ball. I now felt that I was all wrong, and that this game, like chess, was to be appreciated in proportion as it embodied thought, and that random shots in the one, should be held in the same degradation as random moves in the other.

But what's here? Music has arisen. Through the thick smoke-clouds, we dimly see two figures, male and female. They have each a violin. Let us drop them each a sous, and so conclude our ramblings and cogitations among the Cafés and estaminets of Paris.

XVI.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRES.

WALKING up the Passage Choiseul, your eye may be caught by a tricolored flag, suspended over the entrance to a lateral avenue, and upon which you may read :—'Compte, Théâtre des jeunes Elèves.' Nearly under the flag is a little office, wherein you see a miniature theatre, upon whose portal are the following lines :—

> 'Par des mœurs, le bon gout, modestment il brille,
> Et sans danger, la mère y conduira sa fille.'

If you utter the words 'un stalle d'orchestre,' a woman will present you a ticket, for which you pay three francs. Passing into the avenue, and thence up two or three flights of stairs, you soon may find yourself in a theatre, containing five hundred persons. It is one of those theatres peculiar to Paris, on whose stage perform only children between the ages of six and sixteen years. There is a similar one in the Passage of the Opera, and at this time, Castelli has a troop of forty playing at the royal theatre of the Odeon. You perceive the house to be rather miscellaneous. Here are sober gentlemen in gray hairs, and middle-aged men with the red ribbon, and young bucks in long

curls. There is, however, a vast numerical superiority of dames in grisette caps, and of children prattling, as they clap their hands and enjoy sugar-candy. The truly legitimate public of this theatre is composed of women—nurses or mothers—and of boys and girls. They throng the house from the pit to the gallery. This establishment was commenced in 1812, and is now under the superintendence of Monsieur Compte, who writes himself down 'Physicien du Roi,' and who enjoys an European reputation as the most skilful juggler of the time.

Three loud knocks are now heard. The company, expressing its satisfaction in 'Ah, ah, enfin, enfin,' settles itself down to quiet. The eight or ten instruments of the orchestra strike up, and the little curtain ascends. Before you are many stage-dressed children, one of whom represents Louis XIV. and another Madame de Maintenon, and they begin the vaudeville. The vaudeville now prevails, not only at this, but at nearly every Parisian theatre. It is a sort of comedy intermingled with songs. The music of the song is generally a stolen fragment from some favorite opera of the time. Like many other works of art, it requires an educated, or rather an artificial, taste to enjoy it. To me it appeared at first particularly absurd. The song seemed to have no relation, or a very ridiculous one, to the plot and characters of the piece. It is often introduced as a sort of winding up of a scene. When, for instance, two personages in wrath, have frowned and scolded at each other for a reasonable

time, their indignation ascends into its climax by suddenly darting into some song, fierce indeed, and wherein each perhaps accompanies the other. A love-scene is concluded by a song. Grief waxes high, and vents itself in a song. Hope, fear, despair, any of the passions, having *talked* themselves out, dash into a song. The song of the vaudeville seems to be the outlet of feelings, for which mere natural speech is inadequate. The piece itself is generally of the most unsubstantial stuff. It is one of the most trivial of the forms of comedy. French genius is more prolific therein than in any thing else dramatic. In November last, twenty-one new vaudevilles were brought out at the Parisian theatres.

It is hardly worth while to give an outline of the first-performed piece. It engaged the talents of about twenty children, most of whom were under twelve years of age. It was historical, and embodying as it did, in those little bodies and piping voices, some personages and events of a grand French epoch, seemed, to say the least of it, extremely queer. The performances, however, were in general very excellent. The gesticulation was abundant and pertinent. The singing was worthy much praise. The self-possession of each actor and actress was complete. The parts were committed perfectly, and they were distinctly enunciated. The little rogues frowned at the right place, laughed at the right place, took snuff when it was proper, made love as they ought to have done; and frowning, or laughing, or snuff-taking, or love-

making, they were clapped by as small a set of hands, and bravoed by as infantile a set of voices, as can well be imagined in a theatrical public. As the drama was a new one, there arose, at the final dropping of the curtain, a loud call for the author. The curtain re-ascended, and one of the actors, about eight years of age, advanced to the front of the stage, and with a bow and air which the polished Duke of Choiseul himself, in his courtliest mood, might not in vain have copied, announced :—'Messieurs, (never '*Dames et* Messieurs,') la pièce que nous avons eu l'honneur à vous présenter ce soir, est de Messieurs Dandin, Brazier et Melesville ;'—and having again bowed, he retired. 'Est-il fini, maman ?' asked a little urchin, sucking an orange behind me. 'Oui, mon petit cœur,' replied the mother—'C'est joli ça, n'est-ce-pas ?' 'C'est trop court ;' responded the incipient critic.

And now was heard the voice of a boy, screaming out, in its highest key, the 'Entr' Acte,' with masses of candy, sugar-plums, oranges, and cake crowding the basket before him. The juvenile purchasers discussed its contents and the merits of the last performance, until the curtain arose for the next vaudeville. Its plot was simply this. Two children purloining from an old servant the key to an apartment of the house, entered it, and in their mischief broke a costly vase. The father, suspecting the *servant*, discharged him, notwithstanding his denial. The servant had suspicions of the children, and assuming the character of

a showman, by a representation on the principle of a famous one in Hamlet, brought home the fault so forcibly to the children, before whom with others, he was giving an exhibition, that they fell upon their knees, and confessing their fault, asked their father's forgiveness. The piece was intermingled with many wholesome remarks on truth-telling and duty-performing. Its morality was unexceptionable, and addressed itself to a very attentive audience. It was not unlike one of Miss Edgeworth's simple moral tales dramatized for youth. The parts of the children performed by little Desir and his sister Henriette, were among the most interesting pieces of acting that I have lately seen.

But if you would enjoy fine acting by children, walk over to Castelli's youthful troop, now performing in the large royal theatre of the Odeon. You will there have not merely comedy and tragedy, but the pantomime and the ballet. The English made a great cry about *one* Master Burke; but here may you see twenty Master Burkes, and, moreover, twenty Mistress Burkes. I shall not soon forget the impressions produced, night after night, upon large audiences by Monsieur Felix, aged eight years, and Mademoiselle Celestine aged ten, the one convulsing them with laughter, the other filling them with tears. Nor were they alone in their dramatic power. Numerous other parts were each filled with a peculiar grace, and ease, and naturalness, as if the little artists had been to the manner born. The pantomime was extraordinary,—

not a word spoken, the rogues conducting on a very intricate plot to its end, by infinite gesticulation. Nothing could better verify the saying, that the French are born actors. The dance was extremely fine. It was performed by sixteen girls not yet in their teens. And beautiful children they were too; for whatever may be said of the ugliness of the old French, the young French are generally handsome. Moreover they were *rouged* by nature. They appeared dressed in the wholesale nudity of the Grand Opera dancers; they pirouetted with equal freedom; they tripped upon their toes; they looked archly or languishingly; they waved their graceful rose-wreaths; they were themselves adorned throughout with flowers, and in this and that position, resembled more a living bouquet bound up and then negligently scattered, than any thing else I can recall. Their combinations were, many of them, very original. In the last which I remember, they radiated or flashed swiftly out, each hold of another's hand, from a little knot of a centre, to a wide circumference. Fancy a bud wide bursting, in the twinkling of an eye, to the full dimensions of a rose, and you have an image of this beautiful combination. Mademoiselle Charlotte, by her lightness and grace, renewed the applause of Taglioni. The compliment was acknowledged by a courtesy and backward walk, in the approved style of the Grand Opera.

In the Passage de l'Opéra is the Gymnase Enfantin. It is as much below Monsieur Compte's Theatre, as

Castelli's troop is above it. Here also do you see youthful performers and youthful applauders. That no theatrical taste, however young, may go ungratified at Paris, has been established in the third story of the Palais Royal the Théâtre Séraphin. Its performers are not children, but *ombres chinoises*, puppets, automata of great size, and every now and then, a very sagacious dog appears upon the stage, and helps to carry on the drama, much to the delight of fifty or sixty nurses, and infants just from the breast. These last constitute the public of the Théâtre Séraphin. Step in there any evening, between the hours of seven and ten, and you shall see scores of Parisian infants taking their first lessons in dramatic taste.

Why does the theatre so largely flourish in France? Chiefly, of course, because therein the French do see themselves. But may not the above sketch help to furnish a satisfactory answer? These little establishments may be quite unworthy of notice, except as illustrations of French character. As such, I dwell upon them. In them I discover manufactories of theatrical taste. I see each week thousands and thousands of children, brought within the charms of music and stage scenery, and under the influence of dramatic action easily to be comprehended. I see them wrought upon by these agents, at the most susceptible period of their lives. I see their manners, habits, feelings and character, taking a permanent bend from these early impressions. But while these juvenile institutions are fruitful nurseries of theatrical taste, they are likewise

nurseries of theatrical talent. Here are beginning to be educated the dancers, the singers, the actors and actresses, who will hereafter be successful, or damned at some one or other of the twenty-one grand theatres or operas of Paris. That many of them, like Felix and Celestine, will never reach those goals, is unquestionably true. Their capacities will ere then be exhausted. For all theatrical purposes, they will, in five or ten years, be fifty or sixty years of age. Of a vast majority, however, such will not be the fate, and in due time may they advance, and aid in supplying the large demand for, and consumption of, theatrical abilities in Paris. Then may they at last enjoy an adequate compensation for their labors. Nothing is better understood than that the managers of these establishments luxuriate upon their profits, while the poorly paid children, generally the offspring of poor parents, are very poorly fed, poorly clad, and poorly sheltered.

But these establishments are not merely schools of theatrical artists, and of those artists' patrons. They are institutions wherein are taken some earliest lessons in self-possession, in love of conversation and gesture, in the subject of *manner*, and in love of music. And here, too, are first begotten the love of pleasure, and the disposition to be pleased, a passion for parade, and love of applause, and love of the artificial. And here, moreover, are taken some first lessons in *ennui*. In many of these features, a French youth is as much developed at ten years of age, as is an American at

eighteen. I may here say, however, that the latter has the better of the former in the practical and the useful.

The wide and momentous question, now daily asked by quiet and by troubled spirits is—what are to be the fortunes of France? The answers are various; their name is legion, and they are necessarily conjectural. In looking around for some, I have asked what are the influences operating upon her children and her youth? The man and woman are, in the main, but results of impressions in early life. Describe the character of a mother who has instructed her offspring, and easily may be given the character of that offspring developed into manhood. I see France, the mother, teaching her children. I see a large system, intellectual, religious, physical, moral and social, devised to bear on her youthful offspring. I see, moreover, influences that should not be within that system. In the establishments above sketched, I recognise some of these exceptionable influences. That they are altogether reprehensible, I do not say. That they help to create that self-possession which is the basis of all good breeding, and which sheds so fine a charm through the lowest and highest department of French intercourse, I have no doubt. Give the child self-possession, and he bequeaths it to the youth, from whom, inevitably, it is inherited by the man. The French children possess this trait in a remarkable degree. They go much into public scenes. They visit often these theatres. They are taught to behave without

gaucherie. They see their equals self-possessed and bold upon the stage. They imitate. The stage is here, indeed, a school of manners for the young.

Am I unphilosophical in tracing the Frenchman's love of conversation and gesture, in part, up to similar influences of early life? There may be such a thing, as one person having a natural tendency to converse and gesticulate more frequently than another. That such tendency should be innate in a whole nation, I can hardly believe. I attribute this feature of the French, so widely distinguishing them from, the English for instance, to early education. Get, indeed, such a habit once into a people, and it is hard to get it out. It is called national. It is not therefore innate. The parent's ever-present and all-powerful example, unconsciously creates it in the children. Moreover, place these children each night as auditors and spectators in a theatre; let them hear these juvenile actors and actresses conversing rapidly for hours; let them see their abundant gesticulation; and upon their own-selves, by the imitative faculty, easily may be engrafted corresponding features. They cannot describe to their friend the spectacle of the evening, without adopting them. There are some traits of individual and national character whose causes lie deep. There are others which are the result of a thousand little circumstances, in their combination powerful, singly considered, but feeble. May not the trait just spoken of be included within the latter class? Hand in hand with much conversation and much ges-

ticulation, is the wish to excel therein, and that wish in successful action, works out what men call *manner*, a word whose definition, found in no dictionary, may be distinctly read only in the social department of a polished French lady, or French gentleman.

That the love of mere pleasure for pleasure's own sake, so emphatically French, is among the legitimate offspring of these theatres, I believe to be true; and likewise here is partly created their peculiar disposition to be pleased. In the subject of politics and government, they are perpetually finding fault. In matters of pleasure, they continually find delight. There is nothing, however insignificant, whereat they do not smile. Caricatures, wit on the stage, waggery in the streets, trivialities which an Englishman would let pass in silence and perhaps contempt, the Frenchman laughs at and intensely enjoys. He is disposed to laugh, for the tendencies of his youth were gay, and his first smile was at the marionettes of the Séraphin. That the French are not now so gay as formerly, is unquestionably true. And their gaiety has diminished, too, while the means for exciting it have been increased. But that diminution is the result of mighty counteracting agents. Within the last half century, a grand social and political revolution has emancipated masses. It has set them to thinking. With much thought, has it given much seriousness. It has opened to ambition a thousand new passages from the arena of frivolity and mere pleasure;—passages that, however sombre, still conduct to light. If in the last fifty years have

been added to this metropolis, fifty grand central sources of pleasure, there have likewise been added fifty thousand topics of serious thought. I am near the truth in saying, that the French are a *little less* gay, and *far more* serious, than before 1789.

The love of music, so universal among the Parisians, is inspired into the children by the orchestra of their theatres—not of simple music, but music extremely artificial. And here too, I see generated much of that love of all the artificial, which strongly prevails among the French. The theatre here flourishing, is throughout a work of art. The pieces on the boards are artificial to an extraordinary degree, and require an artificial taste thoroughly to appreciate them. The children study combinations far from the simple. They look at very artificial dresses, very artificial scenery; and soon upon their eyes and hearts must pall, what in its mere simplicity, would to other children be enchanting. So far as the actors are concerned, there can be nothing more unnaturalizing than their assumption, their *feigning*, of emotions which at the time, are unreal to their breasts. There was something in this, extremely unpleasant to me at first. I saw before me, children without the artlessness of childhood—children pretending to love, pretending to hate, counterfeiting hope and then despair. I saw them embodying virtues whereof they had little conception, and vices which only taint maturer years. And, identifying their feelings with those of the exhibitors, I saw hundreds of spectators as youthful as them-

selves. Certainly there could be nothing devised, more fitted to use up in young hearts their feeling for the pure, the simple, and the true, than such theatrical representations.

That they tend to generate a love of parade and passion for pleasure, I have hardly any doubt. The processions, the decorations, the military and courtly shows upon yonder small stage—what are they but pictures in little, of real scenes upon a broader stage, for delighting in which, those young spectators are gradually and insensibly educating themselves? And now those rounds of approbation showered down on Master Charles, for the kingly style in which, as Louis XIV., he proclaims, 'I am the state,' and on little Caroline, for the resistless manner wherewith she solicits a royal favor for a friend—be assured they have started or strengthened many a desire for mere applause, in some hundred of those ambitious listeners. Among these feelings does vanity take root; and when you tell me the French are the vainest people of the earth, I answer, they *ought* to be so. The causes tending so to make them, are numerous indeed, and too powerful to be withstood. Vanity still, as of old, achieves laughable wonders in France, and peoples many a strange scene. Often it sends a corpse to the Morgue, and now and then an accused to the Cour d' Assises. When Oursel and Fontelle were, last week, asked by the judge, why they sent anonymous letters to the Prefect of the Police, falsely implicating themselves of conspiracy against the king, the latter an-

swered, it was done merely that they might be apprehended, and enjoy the eclat of a trial before the Chamber of Peers. Fontelle had made out his pompous defence *in rhyme*, and concluded one of the most ridiculous scenes I have ever witnessed in a court of justice, with these words:—'When actors do any thing well upon the stage, they are applauded. We have not talents for the theatre. But here we are objects of universal attention. We have got something of our end. Ha, ha, ha!'—and Oursel joined the laugh, and Fontelle and Oursel walked triumphantly out of the court-room. I am not now going to accumulate evidences of the peculiarly wide, and strong existence of this feeling among the French. I suggest one of its causes.

That these establishments, while they produce love of pleasure and disposition to be pleased, are likewise secret, and hardly traceable sources of that *ennui*, which heavily bears on Parisian society, I firmly believe. In them, life is half exhausted long before life's most pleasurable springs have begun to flow. An old age of cards may be worthy addition to a youth of follies; but a manhood and age of satiety, disgust and ennui, are natural results of an infancy and youth of high artificial excitement. A desire for enjoyment may be strong, where the capacities for enjoying are half used up. In Paris there is a wide hankering for pleasure, where pleasure may never come. They who early fling away, or waste their patrimony of health and spirits, may well look for-

ward to that destiny which awaits all moral and physical spendthrifts. Paris, the gayest metropolis of the world, is likewise the saddest. The city which hears the loudest laughter, likewise witnesses the greatest number of suicides. If vanity sends its thousands into courts and public spheres, mere weariness of life sends its hundreds to the Morgue. Last September was for Paris, one of the gayest months of 1836. In that same month, in that same city, from many motives, but chiefly ennui, there were *sixty-six* suicides. What other city of Europe, or the world, has a public showroom for its unknown dead? And who would imagine, as at evening he walks through the brilliant arcades of the Palais Royal, amidst its ever-restless, laughing, multitudes, that he was moving amidst masses of vice and unhappiness, to which no other scene can furnish a parallel! What Paris is to the world, the Palais Royal is to Paris. Here is centred the brilliancy, the vivacious life of the great metropolis, and likewise here in secret chambers, are first cradles of its crime, its wretchedness, its despair. 'Do you observe,' said my companion, as this evening we walked along the Boulevards, 'do you observe that mansion so brilliantly illuminated? It looks happy enough. I know its inmates. They are tame men and women, who long ago used up life. They go on vegetating now. They are as gloomy and *triste*, as any thing you may see among the fallen aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. They are but the type of thousands.'

The traits of character and conduct which I have in

part traced up, not fancifully I hope, to these little centres of juvenile resort, are themselves, indeed, the effects of a hundred causes. The broad tide of French feeling, emotion, thought, and opinion, as it flows in 1837, is made up of multitudinous tributary streams, whereof some have been running for ages, and some have commenced within the last fifty years; whereof some take their rise in depths, and some upon the surface. I have sourced up only one of these streams to its fountain.

I have not yet spoken of the moral character of the dramas performed at these theatres. The tendencies above remarked upon, belong to them, whatever be the moral character of their representations. I am happy now to say, that so far as my observation has extended, this character is not very exceptionable. It may with truth be said, that at all the great Parisian theatres, the passions put into action in the tragedies are generally of the fiercest description, while the comedies and vaudevilles are either based upon, or involve, a seduction. For the former, the horrors of the grand revolution have prepared Parisian audiences. The latter are faithful transcripts of present Parisian life. Into the children's theatres, like pieces seldom go. Their dramas are light, unsubstantial; seldom are they immoral. The taint of the general spirit has not fouled them. In the midst of surrounding impurity, they generally remain pure. In this respect, I doubt not their tendency is good. And if all influences now working upon French society, as it passes from child-

hood into youth, and from youth to manhood, were so modified as to harmonize with the morality of these little plays, the social aspect of things would here be soon much changed.

In my observations upon these establishments, I trust I may not be charged with having given undue importance to insignificant matters. I look at them only as a single wheel in a vast system of social and moral influences. They are peculiar to this metropolis. The United States have them not. In no other part of Europe will you find any thing like them. For an explanation of what is peculiar in French character or society, its peculiar institutions must be questioned. My reader, who knows what great ends are wrought by small means;—who sees in the youth of a nation the image of its manhood;—who feels how often are life-decisive the impressions upon the young;—and who would judge of their future by some tendencies of their present, will hardly deem the hour wasted, which is given to the Children's Theatres of Paris.

XVII.

THE TOMBS AT ST. DENIS.

'Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.'

SHIRLEY.

A LEAGUE'S walk from the Barrière, between two rows of trees, brought me within sight of the ancient towers of the church of St. Denis. This church is, in one respect, the Westminster Abbey of France;—it is the burial-place of her Royal Dead.

It is among the oldest buildings in the kingdom. Parts of it trace their origin to the time, when Christianity was first introduced into France. In the year 240, St. Denis came hither from Rome to preach the Gospel. He suffered martyrdom by decapitation. The legend says that no sooner was his head cut off, than St. Denis arose, and seizing upon the detached portion, conveyed it with exceeding gravity, more than a league, to the site of the present church, while angels chanted round him, 'Gloria tibi, Domine.' Arrived here, he deposited his head at his feet, and yielded up the ghost. A Roman lady, named Catulla, erected a tomb over his body in 315. This tomb was soon after enclosed within a chapel. In 496, St.

Genevieve re-established this chapel on a larger scale. In 580, king Chilperic there buried his young son Dagobert. This was the *first* royal inhumation at the church of St. Denis. The chapel was, in 629, enlarged and embellished by king Dagobert; and the adjacent abbey of monks, belonging to the order of St. Benoit, was enriched. At different periods was the chapel reconstructed and improved, until it took its present form in 1373.

The first object which caught my eye on entering, was a part of the stone tomb of old king Dagobert, in a wall on the left. Remounting, as it does, more than a thousand years, I looked upon it with much interest. It is in the form of a gothic chapel, and is carved out into bass-reliefs. These bass-reliefs are quite curious. They represent the dream of a certain Sicilian hermit. In the lowest section, you see Dagobert dying, while St. Denis exhorts him. There also do you see a boat, wherein stands Dagobert's soul, while devils, of unutterable hideousness, torment it. In the next section above, the soul of the poor king is still seen as before, surrounded by demons, but lo! St. Denis and St. Martin are approaching upon the waves to rescue him. Still higher up, you see the king raised by saints towards heaven in a sheet, and finally, in the highest compartment of all, are St. Denis and St. Martin kneeling, as they pray Abraham to receive Dagobert's soul into his bosom. Leaving this specimen of old art and superstition, I walked to a similar object upon the opposite side of the church.

This was another part of the same tomb, broken at the time of the revolution, and here was the reclining form in stone, some thousand years old, of Nanthildis, Dagobert's queen.

I now walked up the nave, towards the choir. The church arose in the graceful gothic style, with windows of here and there antique and modern stained glass. I was not particularly impressed by its architecture. Its interior looked cheerless and used up; and I thought I could still see marks of its sackings in the days of Ninety-Three. A tomb upon the right caught my attention. It was the tomb of Francis the First, and Claude his queen. A magnificent tomb it was, of white marble, surrounded by sixteen beautiful Ionic columns, ten or twelve feet high. These columns support an entablature, or rather roof, whereon are five kneeling forms, large as life, of Francis and Claude, with their children. Beneath this marble roof, upon a cenotaph, lie the statues, side by side, of the king and queen. In the face of the former, I recognised, though in death, that chivalrous expression so illustrative of his character.

On the opposite side of the church, are two tombs of nearly equal splendor. The first is of Louis XII. and Anne his wife. It is some twelve feet high, ten long, and perhaps eight in breadth. It is surrounded by small seated figures in marble, of the twelve Apostles. Many of these are exquisitely wrought, but not one escaped the vandalism of the Revolution. This is fractured in an arm, that in a foot, and another lacks

a portion of garment. The adjacent mausoleum is of Henry II., and Catherine de Medici, his queen. On the entablature of both these tombs, are kneeling statues in their court dress, of those who once slept in the cenotaphs beneath, and on those cenotaphs are their half draperied forms, reclining in marble. These are among the richest tombs I have seen. They have nothing approximating them at Paris, except perhaps that of the Countess Demidoff in Père La Chaise.

As I walked into the transept, a guide, with a bundle of keys in one hand, and a cane in the other, approached. '*This*,' said he, 'is the entrance to the Royal Vault;' and he struck his cane down upon a large marble slab beneath my feet. The hollow reverberations seemed to sound through all the arches of the vaulted ceiling. Beneath, are the bodies of Louis XVIII., the Duke of Berry, and all that could be found of the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. None but princes, dead or alive, may enter here. It was last visited by Louis Philippe and the King of Naples. Napoleon intended it for an imperial sepulchre, and a son of Louis Bonaparte was here interred. At the Restoration, however, his body was taken up, and deposited in the adjacent burying-ground of the village of St. Denis. Louis XVI. and his queen, as may be recollected, were, immediately after their execution, buried in the common cemetery of the old Madeleine church at Paris. There they rested twenty years. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. ordered a search for their remains. What of them could be

found, was transported to this vault, and a beautiful expiatory chapel, surrounded by cypresses, now stands upon the spot of their original interment.

The guide now showed me about the church. He pointed out the windows, whereon were painted the heads of all who had ever ruled in France, among which I quickly recognised Napoleon's and Louis Philippe's. He particularly desired me to notice the high altar, one of the richest in the kingdom, and which was made for the occasion of the marriage of Bonaparte to Maria Louisa. He showed a monumental column to the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, upon whose summit stood an urn. The heart it once contained, disappeared in the ravages of Ninety-Three. Having indicated for admiration, this and that specimen in the architecture, my guide approached a grating, through which I dimly beheld the damps of subterranean sepulchres. Those sepulchres, running round the royal vault of which I have above spoken, once held near all the buried Majesty of France. Before descending into them, it may not be uninteresting to recall a few facts respecting their pillage.

On the 31st of July, 1793, the National Convention decreed the destruction of all the royal tombs in the church of St. Denis. A committee for that purpose was immediately appointed, to which, at the earnest solicitation of some friends to the Arts, was added another committee, charged to preserve any monuments which might be deemed worthy thereof. To

this committee, are we indebted for the three beautiful mausoleums, which have been already alluded to. It was on Saturday night, the 12th of October, 1793, that the committee, by the light of flambeaux, went down among these tombs for their work of desecration. Previous thereto, they had excavated a deep ditch on the western side of the church, for the promiscuous tumbling in of the bones of kings, and queens, princes, princesses, and renowned men,—the successive accumulations of near fifteen hundred years. The first body disinterred was that of the great Turenne. It was in perfect preservation. Instead of flinging this into the ditch, the committee placed it in the sacristy, where it remained eight months. Thence it was removed for exhibition to the Garden of Plants. It was afterwards placed in the Museum of French monuments, and finally in 1799, entombed at the Hotel of the Invalids, where at this day you may see over it, a splendid cenotaph. The next body they came to, was that of Henry IV. So well preserved was it, that a cast was taken of the countenance. The report of the committee states that his beard and moustaches were 'in excellent condition.' Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. were well preserved;—the skin of the latter looking black as ink. As to the body of Francis I. it was completely decomposed; so was that of Louis XV., as it *ought* to have been. Our committee now arrived at the tomb of Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. and wife of Charles I. of England, who died in 1669, at the age of sixty. An

impressive destiny was that of Henrietta Maria. One revolution chased her from the English throne, another revolution was now dragging her from her tomb in her native land. From the coffin of Charles V. who died in 1380, was taken a well-preserved crown of silver gilt; a hand of Justice in silver; a sceptre some five feet long, surmounted by foliage, and wrought with extreme beauty, for that time. In the coffin of Jeanne, his wife, were found parts of a crown, a golden ring and bracelets, a distaff of gilded wood, slippers, and much gold and silver embroidery. Philippe-le-Bel likewise bore a sceptre of gilded copper, a golden ring, and the fragment of a diadem.

But a chief delight to our pillaging radicals, if in the least degree antiquarian, must have been the breaking open the stone tomb of old Dagobert, who died in 638, and whose soul we have already contemplated in bass-relief, passing through its several stages up to bliss. After having broken through the statue which, as usual, served as a cover to the stone sarcophagus, they came to a coffin of wood about two feet long, lined with lead, and containing the bones of the king and his queen, enveloped in silk, and separated from each other by a little division. On one side of the coffin was inscribed—'Hic jacet corpus Dagoberti,' and on the other :—'Hic jacet corpus Nanthildis.' Near by, stood the leaden tomb of Bertrand Duguesclin. The skeleton was uninjured, the head in good condition, and the bones were quite white. Duguesclin was the first on whom a eulogy was pronounced by

the Church. Several other coffins contained peculiarities, but I particularize only that of Philippe-le-Long. He was well preserved in his royal robes, and wore a crown of gilded silver, enriched with precious stones. His mantle was fixed with a clasp of gold, in the form of a lozenge. Other golden and silver ornaments shone upon him, and his right hand held a sceptre of gilded copper.

These royal corpses thus uncoffined, a diadem plucked from one, and a bracelet from another, were all, Louis XIV. and Francis I., as well as the meanest, heaped pell-mell into the aforenamed excavation. Fifteen hundred years of proud French Legitimacy thus tumbled, all at once, by the light of torches, into that deep ditch on the western side of St. Denis! Surely, human envy could desire to gloat over a no more humiliating spectacle than this. Let not the mightiest prince of Europe go down in confidence to his sepulchre; for the time may come,—though not within fifteen centuries,—the time *may* come when a Convention's committee shall be breaking into his sarcophagus, and be seen at midnight, conveying his rattling bones forth into the degradation of a common ditch. The character of the past has sometimes been reflected, only in the history of monarchs living. One part of the character of Frenchmen might well be read in the history of their monarchs' corpses.

The guide now turning the key of the iron grate, it heavily swung back upon its hinges. I descended,

and by dim lights, beheld arches branching before me into various directions; while beneath them stood, here and there, huge sarcophagi, upon most of which reclined an image of its departed royalty. The scene, with its terrible associations, was not unimpressive. I doubt whether even the presence of the bones, which during so many ages, had consecrated those last narrow palaces of kings, could have made it more so. The destiny of French monarchs when living, has generally been unquiet and unenviable; but even death, the giver of rest to all others, gives no rest to them;—they are banished from their very tombs. Their coffins now lie before me, tenantless. Behold those grim images, in stone and marble, still holding sceptres, and crowned with diadems. The passion which laid waste the dwellers, spared their dwellings. And those dwellings here still stand;—memorials of the dead in humiliation, and of unhallowed hatred in the living. The night of the 12th of October is already half forgotten. The passion it witnessed, has ceased. The desecrators of the royal dead are fast joining their corruption, and in a few more years, will all be stretched in silence, as passionless and powerless as they.

My guide now struck his cane upon a sarcophagus, saying, 'This contained the body of Clovis I.' I read upon it the following inscription—'Clovis, First Christian King.' On the opposite side of the vault is a statue of Clotilde, his queen. Proceeding onward, we came to the coffins of the princes of the second

race. Here was the carved out stone wherein were once the bones of Charlemagne. Here was the tomb of Charles Martel, and that of Pepin and queen Bertha. As I have already said, upon most of these sarcophagi, were reclining statues in stone, of those once beneath. At the feet of each king couched a lion, the symbol of strength; and of each queen, a dog, the emblem of fidelity. We next came to the tombs of the third, or present dynasty. There was the sarcophagus of Hugh Capet, and near it, the vault of St. Louis and his sons. Every moment the guide pronounced a name, glorious or degrading in the history of France. Now he pointed to a bust, and now to a statue, ascending each a thousand years. At length, we reached the expiatory chapel, around whose walls were black marble slabs, containing the names of those whose tombs had been violated. By the dim light, I read of them, some forty or fifty. Nearly opposite to this chapel, is the original entrance to the imperial vault, designed by Napoleon. By him, on February 20th, 1806, was published this decree: 'The Church of St. Denis is consecrated to the sepulture of the Emperors.' That entrance is now closed up with black marble slabs, surmounted by a crown. But its two brazen doors still stand there, and my guide pointed to the lock for three keys, which was never to be opened save by an order from Napoleon's hand. An order from Napoleon's hand! Thirty years only have passed away, since that decree was issued. Napoleon sleeps hence a thousand leagues, at St.

Helena. Those brazen doors have been wrenched from their hinges. Legitimacy has again gotten possession of St. Denis, and the tomb of the Emperors holds Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. We walked on, pausing here and there before a statue or a sarcophagus, till we arrived at a far away vault, through the iron bars of whose door I beheld, by a lamp-light feebly glimmering, two modern-shaped coffins in black, and silver embroidered. They were the coffins of two princes of Bourbon and Condé.

The subterranean damps had now quite chilled me. The hour of evening had advanced, and I heard the clock faintly sounding in the ancient steeple of the church. For four hundred years had that iron tongue been speaking forth the steady onwardness of time. The mourners of twenty kings had heard it, as they followed the dead into this, their royal charnel house. I doubt not that four hundred years hence, some pilgrim from my own country, may stand, as I now stand, among the sepulchres of St. Denis. To him, may some aged cicerone point out the tombs of coming monarchs, and perhaps the dismantled sarcophagus of Louis Philippe himself, as this now points out to me, the desecrated coffin of Philippe-le-Bel; and yonder may he designate the tomb, then broken into fragments, of his eldest son, and that son's queen, a princess of the House of Mecklembourg. Whatever destiny awaits France, one portion of that accomplished destiny shall be read in the royal cemetery

of St. Denis. Departing at sunset, an hour's walk conveyed me back once more, from those silent sepulchres, to the roar and rushing life-tides of the great metropolis.

XVIII.

THE PARISIAN MARKETS.

If there be one respect wherein more than any other, Paris is central to all the world, it is in the matter of *cookery*. Of this subject, the French are universally allowed to be absolute masters. No word has a more rightful place in their vocabulary than the word, 'gourmand.' But let it not be hastily inferred, that all Frenchmen breakfast and dine well. I do believe that except in a few of her largest cities, there can be no more barren and unsatisfactory eating than in France. Nay, I query whether all the eulogies we hear about French cooking, must not be confined to *Paris* alone, and even in Paris, to some half a dozen renowned restaurants. In my travels through the kingdom, I have been surprised to find on what wretched diet wretchedly cooked, the millions live. In my observations about this metropolis, I have likewise been surprised to find its multitudes of the poor classes subsisting on meagre soups, tasteless bread, villanous meats, and sour wines. There is a numerous class just above the very poor, which lives at the magazins-devin. Then come the wealthier patrons of the eighteen and twenty-two sous eating-houses. There is still a large and richer class which constitutes the public of the

two francs restaurants. After them, come the respectably rich supporters of the third and second rate eating-houses. Finally we arrive at the comparatively small public of the great and costly centres;—the Rocher de Cancale, Grignons, the Grand Vatel, the Deux Fréres, the Café de Paris, and Vefours and Verys. We likewise come to the comparatively few, who at hotels,—as Meurices, at club-rooms, and at their private residences, sit down each day to sumptuous banquets. France contains thirty-three and a half millions of people. It is but an exceedingly small fraction of this immense multitude, that knows any thing from experience of the beauties of French cookery. No one however, who has, not so much a relish for food, as a taste for eating, but may wish to dine, though but in imagination, at one of the Parisian restaurants. To such, moreover, it may not be uninteresting, as dinner time is distant, to walk for a few hours over some of the establishments, through which the aliment then to be enjoyed, has passed, ere it reached the hand of the cook, and the assiette of the garçon. If all Paris were to be annihilated, except merely that part of it which may be called its system for directly administering to the palate, there would still remain, in buildings and people, a very respectable city. And if we should go still further on, and annihilate of this system all, except what legitimately tends to make merely our dinners and breakfasts worthy of their name, still would there survive a very large town.

Of these establishments, the most prominent are the Abattoirs, the Markets, and the Comestibles. Of the Abattoirs there are five, situated in the suburbs of the city. They are from Napoleon's idea, and have all been constructed since 1809. Previous to that time, the slaughter-houses were scattered about, here and there, over the city, tainting the atmosphere and helping to make Paris then, what Paris is now, the nastiest city on all the continent. The great original idea of Bonaparte was worthy of him, and when detailed, and embodied into plans by Happe, and Radel, and Gisors, formed the most magnificent establishments of their kind in Europe. They were erected at an expense of more than three millions of dollars. Let us walk through the Abattoir de Popincourt. Leaving a very pleasant promenade shaded by trees, you enter a large gate, and a cicerone, in the shape of an old woman holding a bunch of keys, salutes you with, 'Bon jour, Monsieur.' You are within four walls, embracing a parallelogram of about six hundred and fifty, by five hundred and seventy feet. This amplitude pleases you. Around this space, and near the wall, are eight *bouveries*, or stone buildings for oxen, sheep, and calves, hither brought from the markets of Sceaux, Poissy, and others in the vicinity. They will accommodate, of the first, four hundred head; of the second, three thousand; and of the third, fifteen hundred. You are delighted with the extreme neatness of the interior of these buildings. In front of four of them, and on opposite sides of the parallelogram, are four other

buildings, each one hundred and forty feet long, by about one hundred broad, into which said oxen, and sheep, and calves are momently dragged to the slaughter. Each of these buildings is separated by a finely paved and slanting court into two piles, which are themselves divided off into sixteen different butchering apartments. The ventilation of these apartments is perfect, and the inclined pavement, which by the way,

'all the time runs blood,'

is kept rather clean, by water continually streaming over it from two elevated reservoirs, placed on a third side of the parallelogram. These reservoirs, are supplied through aqueducts from the little village of Belleville. The division of labor is here very minute, and the speed with which these hundred men perform their bloody business, might quiet the fears of the most voracious eater in all the metropolis. It is hardly worth while, particularly to describe the appearance of the animals, in this stage of their progress onward to their destinies. We may soon have an opportunity of contemplating them at Grignon's, under the more interesting form of Fricandeau-au-jus, and Rognons à-la-brochette. I will only add that the weekly butchering in this Abattoir is of about six hundred oxen, one thousand calves, fifteen hundred sheep, and two hundred cows; and that a duty is paid on each slaughtered animal, of six francs for an ox, four for a cow, two for a calf, and for a sheep, ten sous. In other

parts of the establishment, are spacious rooms for forage, others for melting and preparing tallow, commodious watering places, and in the loft of many of them, are spaces for drying skins. The Abattoir of Popincourt, with that at Montmartre, is the largest; and its form and system may be taken as examples of the form and system of the others.

Of the twenty-two provision markets of Paris, I observe, that with three or four exceptions, their origin dates not back beyond 1809, and that after St. Germains and the Halle-aux-Blés, not one of them can compare with the fine establishments of Liverpool, New-Castle-on-Tyne, and others in Great Britain; nor distantly approach the specimen, superior to them all, which adorns the city of Boston. The largest, and among the oldest existing, is the Marché des Innocens. The space it covers was converted from a cemetery to its present purpose, in 1786. In 1813, four extensive wooden galleries were erected. About that time, Bonaparte, under whose reign nearly all the improvements in this department, were begun, conceived the large project of assembling at this spot, all the markets of Paris, in a square of one hundred acres. A noble scheme it was, and when executed, would have been a fit complement to his splendid Abattoirs. Bonaparte fell. The stupid dynasty again came in, and with it, much of that indifference to the wants and comforts of the common people, which characterized it, previous to the Grand Revolution. With the exception of the fish market, and that for butter, eggs and cheese, the

Restoration did nothing to ameliorate the situation of the thousands and thousands, exposed each day to heat or cold, in their vocation of supplying Paris with provisions.

Like nearly all the markets of Paris, the Marché des Innocens is of wood. Its low roofs rest upon little posts, and open as the buildings are on every side, their appearance is altogether barn-like and temporary. The four large buildings are divided off into many hundred little stalls, in each of which presides a female. In cold weather, she keeps warm her feet over a little pan of coals, and her hands by the aid of a little earthen vessel, half filled with the same combustible. And yet, why such a glowing mass of life and muscle as she unquestionably is, could ever need external means of warmth, is a little mysterious. I have nowhere seen a class of females worthy of comparison, in certain features, with the market-women of Paris. They are hugely big. And yet it is not so much the bigness of mere flesh, as the ample and sturdy developement of sinew. Their strength is Herculean. Their muscle is not only largely developed, but intensely so, and condensed like that of a tough Normandy dray-horse. Their voice has a breadth, and compass, and loud vigorous energy, informing you that the vocal organs are as strongly framed as the arms and legs. I know of nothing more artillery-like, than a battle, in their unearthly patois, between two of these stentorian voices. In their dress, I recognise little or nothing of costume. They are

universally well clothed. Their garments are thick, and warm, and never ragged. Their heads are wrapped about in a fancy piece of cotton cloth, and their feet are often thrust into wooden shoes half filled with straw. They invariably look healthy, in red John-bull-like visages. They also look ugly and animal. I cannot recall one among their many countenances, where intelligent expression for a moment ever arrested the step. And yet I *do* remember me of one. She was in her brown youth, and enshrined in a certain stall of the fish market. Squared about her were four broad marble slabs, whereon lay extended enormous salmon, broad turbots and delicate sole, and in one of which was carved out a basin, wherein swam many an eel. Her arms were folded, and her two large black eyes reposed, in a sort of day dream, upon the crimson of a divided salmon. She was evidently rapt, as long she stirred not, and hailed no passer-by. In her way, she was no bad picture, and yet hers was alone among a thousand of the coarsest faces I have ever seen. The time for seeing the Marché des Innocens is a little after midnight, when, while all else of Paris is in sleep and silence, here arrive, from ten leagues around, six thousand peasants. The scene is curious of flaring lamps, and crimson dresses, and active motions ; the rattling of carts, braying of asses, and the shouts of women as they arrange their vegetables, fruits, and nuts, for purchasers from the metropolis. In the centre of this market, is a magnificent fountain, the largest in Paris;

and near the fountain is a little miserable lattice-like fence, enclosing some monuments erected over certain martyrs, who here fell in the revolution of 1830. These monuments are merely six or eight wooden crucifixes,—some broken and prostrate, some stuck in the earth; two or three pyramids of the same material, hung about with faded amaranthine circles; here and there a green cypress, and several dirty, ragged, tricolored standards, on one of which, as it sways about in the wind, you may read, 'Aux Portiers de la Halle, morts pour la liberté, 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830.' On the crucifixes and pyramids, are inscriptive words almost faded into the illegible. With difficulty I made out some of them; 'Here lies Charles Laurent, aged 20, who fell for liberty, his country, and glory, on 28th July, 1830. Pray to God for him.' I deciphered this stanza:

'Passant, à nos concitoyens,
Va dire qu'ici de la vie,
Nous avons rompu les siens,
Pour le salut de la patrie.'

Like the half dozen other monuments to the victims of 1830, here and there erected in Paris, it is wooden, mean and fragile, seemingly but waiting any blast from the next aroused political indignation to sweep it away.

Leaving the Marché des Innocens, and walking through the Rue Tonnellerie, you pause for a moment at No. 3, for there stood the house in which Moliere was born. On its site is now raised a tradesman's shop. A bust of the great dramatist occupies a little

niche in its front, and underneath are these words:—'Jean Baptiste P. Moliere. This house stands on the site of that in which he was born, in 1620.' They moreover pretend to show you the very Café, in which he was accustomed to spend long days in looking and listening, after he had flung away books, resolved in future to read only society and the world.

A short walk thence brings you to the Marché au Poisson. It contains near two hundred and fifty stalls. Its flag-stone pavements slant away, and down five channels in them, continully flow five pure water streams, from a fountain at the upper end. Here fish is sold wholesale, by auction, from four o'clock to eight, each morning, and then retailed during the day. It is commodious compared with the place occupied by the fishmongers, previous to the time of its construction. Until then, they presented a most disgusting and filthy appearance. Like the present oyster-sellers, and venders of flowers on the Quai Desaix, they sat wrapped about in straw mats under broad red umbrellas. They had no other screens from the storm, the heat, and the cold. At present their situation is better. It is perhaps in harmony with the situation of others in this uncomfortable country,—a country where ingenuity, while achieving triumphs in matters of luxury and mere fancy, has done little or nothing for the useful, the comfortable,—for real positive enjoyment.

Having passed into the egg, cheese, and butter market, which, like so many others, is composed of merest wooden sheds; having critically tasted, as

would do a purchaser, of those immense masses of Issigny and Gournay butter, immense as if moulded in the compass of a Winchester bushel; having been hailed, at least three hundred times, with 'qu'est-ce que vous cherchez, Monsieur? Approchez donc, tenez, sacrés les Anglais,' you are happy to move thence into the Marché à la Viande. This is the large meat market of the city, and here, in another stage of its progress onwards to its end, may you see the lamb which your riot, with that of other gourmands, doomed perchance this day to bleed, in the Abattoir of Popincourt. This market is composed of twenty-two buildings, each fifteen feet by fifty, and about thirteen high. Looking into the books of the *bureau*, I find that on Wednesday last, the quantity of beef here sold was twenty-nine thousand pounds—of veal, eleven hundred—of mutton, four thousand and eighty—of fresh pork, ninety-seven thousand two hundred and forty. Like most of the Parisian markets, it has its fountain, and like them too, it has its filth.

And here, as at many other markets and in many a street of Paris, will you see the *décrotteur*, with his blacking-pot and brushes, and little box whereon, by the way, it may now be well to rest for a few moments, our much-fouled boots. He is stationed here to polish into gentility the shoes of those peasant girls, or old women, who may wish towards evening, to walk up and look at Napoleon's column in the Place Vendome, at the triumphal arch, or the gay world in the public promenades. His is a very necessary vocation in this

nasty capital. The French will not exert ingenuity to keep clean their streets. They do exert it however, to remove the effects of their uncleanness. No class in Paris is unprovided with a regular shoe or boot cleaner, at a charge of from one sous up to five. On the Point Neuf, the profession is often exercised by a woman, who thereunto also joins the vocations implied in these words: 'elle tond les chiens et coupe les chats.' In some of the passages, the *décrottage*-establishments are magnificent. They are very richly adorned; a lady presides therein, and while two garçons are giving to your boots the reflective power of twenty mirrors in the walls, you lean comfortably upon the arms of your damask-cushioned seat, and read the Journal des Debats. Few are the streets of Paris, through which, if you are sensitive in the matter of cleanliness, you can promenade without great offence. The Rue de la Paix, and the Rue de Rivoli may be clean enough, and yet five minutes' walk from them into any direction, will lead you among a hundred streets, thick with mud and filth. All the public avenues of the city are paved; few of them have side-walks. Hence is walking in Paris, except in the large streets, very inconvenient. The possession of a well-developed calf, resulting from springy tip-toe movements over large, uneven paving stones, will hardly compensate the continual danger from passing and repassing vehicles. It is moreover not agreeable in respect of odor. Paris was first paved in 1189. The inducement thereunto, actuating Philippe Auguste, might well work some

changes at the present time. The historian Rigord relates, that as this King was one day walking in his royal palace, now the Palais de Justice, 'he approached the window, where he sometimes sat, to amuse himself by looking at the waters of the Seine. Carts drawn by horses were then passing through the *Cité*, and stirring up the mud, caused thence an exhalation of insupportable odor. The King could not stand it, and the stench pursued him even into the interior of his palace. Then did he conceive a plan very difficult, yet very necessary;—a plan which none of his predecessors, on account of its great expense and other obstacles, had dared to undertake. He convoked *le bourgeois* and the *prévôt* of the town, and ordered them to pave, with stones hard and strong, all the streets and ways of the Cité.' The stench which offended royal nostrils in the twelfth century, still rises strong and insupportable in the nineteenth. Were it not unphilosophical to generalize about the character of a few thousands, from the habits and residences of the million, your nose and eyes might, from their experience in this metropolis, draw the conclusion that the Parisians of 1837, are the dirtiest people in Europe. Let justice, however, be given where due. The *quays* of Paris are worthy of highest praise. While the Thames at London is foul as the foulest dock, the Seine here flows between lofty stone walls, strongly and very elegantly constructed.

The Marché St. Honoré, consisting of eight large, open buildings like those already described, is for mis-

cellaneous provisions. It is located on the site of the convent of Jacobins, much celebrated in the Revolution. I have nothing particular to say about it, except that here I first witnessed the sale of frogs. When Englishmen laugh at the French for eating frogs, they only make more manifest the coarse vulgarity of their palate. That an animal, whose very delicacy of limb helped to lay the foundation of a wonderful science, had rightful claims to a place in the repertory of a French cook, was a delicate and a bold idea, worthy of great Vatel himself. How there can be any thing more revolting in French frog-eating, than in English eel-eating, a Parisian cannot easily comprehend. Suppose your frog to possess bad colors, a repulsive form, an ungraceful gait; yet let him but pass through the transforming mystery of Grignon's cook, and what to the eye was something forbidding, becomes divinest morcel to the palate. There is a cook in one of the great restaurants of Paris, whose broad reputation is, as he desires to have it, based on no other bottom, than his skill in serving up frogs' legs. The animals at the Marché St. Honoré, to the number of perhaps five hundred, were sprawling about alive in a large tub. The *poissarde* who recommended them, thrust, every now and then, her brawny arm down into their depths, turning them carelessly up and over, as if they had been so much wheat. She informed me that the price of the largest was six sous, that of the smallest but three. A purchaser at length arrived, and twenty victims were eviscerated and de-

captitated in a style of despatch, well worthy the Jacobinical associations of the spot.

Behind the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, is St. Martin's market. It is finer than any we have yet visited, built of stone, and contains near four hundred stalls. It is to be remembered as the only market in the metropolis, through which you may pass, without being hailed. No one asks you to buy. Nay, you may look at a dame right full in the face, she will merely retort your look. Here you may see peasant damsels reading Paul de Kock's *Cocu*, or his *Laitière de Montfermeil;* and here may you pause to enjoy a sober conversation with a fat, respectable woman, about yonder tri-colored flag, the plaster bust of Louis Philippe under it, and the prices of the various provisions. The conversation will be concluded by her asking;—'Monsieur est Anglais?' 'Non, Americain.' 'Bah, c'est égal;'—a confounding of nations which you will deem any thing but complimentary, on reflecting in what deep execration the English are held by, to say the least, the lower classes of the French.

The poultry market is over on the south side of the river, and, like many others, is erected on the site of an ancient convent. The building is still finer than that just visited. It is of hewn stone, roofed with slate, and presents, between four walls pierced with arcades, three galleries, each near two hundred feet in length. To the lover of capons, turkeys, geese, and even game, a visit to this scene is no dull appetite-whetter. There they hang, thousands on thou-

sands,—large, fat and polished. Loitering and looking about here, may always be seen the *Chiffonier*. He is clothed in dirtiest rags. He has a large basket upon his back, and a little stick, terminated by a curved iron point, in his right hand. He goes about striking that curved iron point into thrown-away heads, legs and offals of poultry, and then darts them over his shoulder, quick as a flash, into his large basket. His is a profession in Paris. The statistical estimates return some thousands living by it. You will generally see him at evening, with that huge basket on his back, that pronged staff in his right hand, and a little lantern in his left, driving through the streets in storm and in calm, stopping at every heap of rubbish, and overhauling it, to abstract therefrom any old rag, bit of paper or similar truck. Such class in this metropolis, is one sad commentary upon the avenues to subsistence among its poor population.

The Marché St. Germain is but a short distance from the poultry market. It is very spacious and commodious. Its plan is parallelogram of about two hundred and eighty, by two hundred and twenty-five feet. It has something like four hundred stalls for all sorts of provisions. In the court of this parallelogram are several magazines of fifth rate milliners, filled with ribbons, caps, bonnets, and various dresses for the old and young peasantry. Here, too, as at several of the other markets, is the office of an écrivain. He announces himself as ready to execute any sort of writing, from the drawing of petitions, to the inditing

of a billet-doux. This market is one of the liveliest possessions of the tristful and aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. I note it as the finest in Paris ; and now we come to the Halle-aux-Blés. As at a *Marché*, articles are only retailed, so at a *Halle*, are they disposed of only by wholesale. The Halle-aux-Blés is certainly one of the most magnificent things of the kind in the world. It is a circular building of hewn stone, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and over-covered by a dome, a vast and wondrous dome of iron and copper. The diameter of this dome is one hundred and twenty-six feet, only thirteen less than that of the cupola of St. Peter's church at Rome. The building is intersected by twenty-five arches, like those in the outer wall of a Roman amphitheatre, through six of which you may pass into the interior. Light is admitted through a window at the top. On one side, may be seen the bust of Louis Philippe under a tricolored flag, and on the other, is a marble medallion of Philibert Delorme, who commenced this building in 1763. As you stand in the centre, listening to the echo of many voices, and surveying the wide and harmonious dimensions, the impression is admirable indeed. Is that impression injured or improved, by the sight of ten thousand bags of grain, flour, pulse and seeds, piled up, one upon the other, on every side? For these articles, is this the great central wholesale market of Paris. In it are eight rather elegant offices, in each of which sits a lady-like personage. She bargains with the city purchaser, and thereupon a porter of the Halle,

in broad-rimmed hat, and mealy white, as is your charbon-de-bois carrier coal-like black, stoops patiently down, receives a huge bag upon his shoulders, and walks off. My plan does not exact from me a statement of the prices of provisions in Paris. Such may be seen, twice each week, in periodicals established exclusively to represent the markets. Nor does my plan include a visit to the Marché-du-vieux-linge with its *two thousand stalls*, where may be seen in dirty hands of Jews, the silks that adorned a countess at a last week's ball; nor to the picture-like scenes in the flower-markets; nor to the grand Marché-aux-chevaux, wherein on a single day, five hundred horses may pass from seller to purchaser; nor to a score of other markets, small it may be, and dirty too, yet not unworthy of a traveller's visit. But as this day's walk is preliminary to a dinner, it becomes very proper to look, for one moment, into the Halle-aux-vins. Wine is necessary part of every dinner, and of most breakfasts, in Paris. A garçon never dreams of asking if you desire wine; his question invariably is, '*Quel* vin voulez vous, Monsieur?'

The Halle-aux-vins has no parallel in the world. It occupies a space of near thirty acres. It is fronted along the Seine, by a lofty iron railing, twenty-six hundred feet in length. Within the enclosure are seven masses of buildings all of stone, with tiled roofs. These buildings, with their forty-nine cellars, accommodate eight hundred thousand casks of wine. They are separated from each other by tree-shaded streets,

named after certain wines;—as 'Rue de Champagne,' 'Rue de Bourgogne,' &c. &c. Another idea this, from Napoleon's abundant storehouse. Its magnitude points to its author. The first stone was laid, under his auspices, in August 1813. It was completed at an expense of two millions of dollars. In the seventy or eighty small offices scattered about, here and there, I was rather surprised to find no presiding females, and that the more, inasmuch as the sex is trusted with any quantities of the liquid, in at least seven thousand wine-retailing-shops of the metropolis. At the time I first visited it, there were waiting for admission, on the quay near by, more than four thousand casks, from the various vineyards of the kingdom. And at this quay were moored eight wine-filled boats, huge, and fashioned not unlike the scows and clumsy arks of the Mississippi. Walking into the avenue-like cellars, excavated far under the earth, and dimly lighted, I was reminded, of the vast subterranean wine and spirit vaults in some of the London docks. In these cellars is wine deposited, previous to its sale and distribution in the city. Fifteen hundred casks sometimes enter on a single day. Each admitted cask pays a duty of one franc. Leaving the Halle-aux-vins, I annexed it, though administering rather to luxury than mere comfort, to my small list of Parisian establishments, that strive to vie in magnitude with the enormous works of useful character, public and private, which crowd Great Britain.

Neglecting the Laitière, the Patissier, the Confiseur,

and several other providers, from each of whom is derived something, directly or indirectly contributive to a first rate restaurant dinner, we come at once to the *Comestibles*. Chevet, who writes himself Furnisher to the King and the Princes, has a rich one behind the Théâtre Français. But for those most truly magnificent, it will be necessary to look up the Rue Vivienne. The word 'Comestibles,' is always written over the entrance to an elegant magazin, wherein certain choice eatables are exposed partly for sale, and much for show. And certainly there can be no finer illustration of the saying that 'the French are up to any thing,' than is furnished by this before us. And where, if one would have his appetite, phœnix-like resuscitated, immediately after the heartiest meal, could he resort with surer prospects of success? Seen in the evening, it is far more brilliant than now. Then, out from the eyes of that brazen bass-relief visage in yonder mirror, ray double pencils of pure gas light, while from its mouth gushes a constant flood of water into the little fountain beneath. You perceive in the fountain several golden fish, while round its edge hangs many a lobster, looking, Narcissus-like, into its depths. This is intensely French. Every thing you see, is arranged with taste, and for effect. In yonder broad white platter, extends the body of a *Cochon de lait*, itself quite white, with its tail turned up over its back, and in its mouth the cruel mockery of a lemon. And then what broad turbots, and long salmon garnished with roses, strew that marble table!

And here are a hundred terrines of *foie gras* from Strasburg. Enough is condensed within one of those little pots to satiate the palates of fifty. And beyond them is a huge boar's head carved out from jelly. Observe that score of flower-adorned *Dindons* stuffed to bursting, and ready quite for the skewer. The garçon tells you there is nothing like this in the whole world, out of the Rue Vivienne. He deems it a jewel, and is delighted that you take an interest therein. He points you particularly to the bécasses, or wood-cocks, and to the bécassines, or snipes. They are completely dressed for the cook. Their next transition will be into his hand. There they lie upon their backs, in rows of twenty, side by side. Their legs and wings are delicately tucked up beneath a white envelope, that folds quite round their bodies, and looking at them long in those snowy shrouds, unbidden come the lines:

> 'And they lay like warriors taking their rest,
> With their martial cloaks around them.'

About the room hangs many a chevreuil just from life; and elegantly clad, amidst flowers and fruits, sits in the distance, a dame-du-comptoir. Several large mirrors in the walls and ceiling, reproduce the scene a dozen times.

A transition from the comestibles to a restaurant is easy. The hour of five has arrived. The walks and cogitations of the day, have bestowed an appetite. There are one thousand restaurants in Paris. Where shall we dine?

XIX.

EATING HOUSES IN PARIS.

'This great writer (Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles) did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his happiness. His poem is a treasure of science; every verse is a precept.' ATHENÆUS.

If there be some delicious eating in Paris, there is a vast deal which is not so. For every five persons who dine richly, there are fifty who dine well, one hundred and fifty who dine poorly, and five hundred who dine wretchedly. Vidocq, and he is pretty good authority, says that eighty thousand Parisians arise each morning, without knowing, not merely where, but how they are to eat, before night. In my wanderings about this metropolis, I have often seen the wretched diners. I do not pass them by, without observation. Believing, as I do, that all revolutions in Europe should be for ameliorating the condition, not only of the middle, but also of the lower classes, I wish to know what, for these latter, the revolutions in France have done. Have they bettered their habitations, their raiment, and their food? Doubtless in these three physical spheres, to say nothing of the intellectual and moral,

they have achieved much. In the matter of food, however, much remains to be done. Death by starvation often takes place in this metropolis, and suffering from miserable diet, takes place oftener.

The lowest forms of Parisian eating, may be found in certain streets of the faubourgs, and in the market places. Visit the Marché des Innocens at any hour of the day. You will see around its fountain some score of old women, couched in the open air, by the side of their little tin cooking apparatus. Around each are a dozen men, women and children, some standing, some sitting, and all devouring the bowls of steaming, parti-colored soup, which have just, for eight liards or two sous each, been ladled forth. The dishes smell of garlic, and judging from signs in faces, cannot be over relishable. The multifarious ingredients that surround the compounders of this broth,

> 'The eyes of newt and toes of frog,
> The lizard's legs and owlet's wings,'

remind you of that 'gruel thick and slab,' manufactured by the witches in Macbeth. This is but the type of many other scenes, and thus banquet thousands of the Parisians.

Walk into the large meat market. At one corner, are half a dozen stalls. In each, sits a mutton-complexioned woman. Around her are twenty white platters, heaped up with second-hand, and third, and even *fourth*-hand remnants. They are remnants from the great restaurants. And now here comes a ragged

man, bearing upon his shoulders, a dirty bag. Bargaining for its contents with the woman of a stall, he outpours a bushel of half-meated bones, and half-munched crusts of bread. The heap looks repulsive enough, and you pronounce it unnourishable and unpalatable. Your dog merely smells at it, as he passes by. And yet on such forbidding food, are nourished thousands of the Parisians. Here are some sad facts, about which your gourmand at the Rocher, prating of luxury in Parisian banquets, never dreams. There are wide contrasts at Paris, and none more wide than those in eating. The scenes just visited, have some mournful interest. Amidst them, commenced that cry for bread in the former revolution,—that cry which was not silenced, till the Royal Family were dragged by a starving multitude, from the palace at Versailles to their prison in the Tuileries.

The next highest form of Parisian eating may be found at the *Magazins de Vin.* Of these establishments, there are seven thousand in the capital. They are the nearest approach, I have here seen, to the grog-shops of the United States, and the gin palaces of England. They may be seen in every quarter of Paris, and chiefly in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Look into one of them, if you would know, among other things, how a Frenchman behaves when in hiccoughs; (*his*-cups). At the entrance, may generally be inhaled the flavors of marron-roasting. Within, is a female well-dressed, and seated behind a counter whereon stand queerly-fashioned bottles, glasses, and flasks.

She sells bread at a price fixed for every fifteen days by the authorities; wine at six or ten sous per bottle, and beer and cider at four. This beverage, and bread with occasional cheese, are conveyed into a small back apartment, containing several cloth-covered tables, to be enjoyed. The conversation and manners of those apartments, you will find abundantly in some novels of Paul de Kock. Good bread, good cheese, and wine at six sous the bottle, make no unimportant portion of the subsistence of multitudes of Parisian operatives. It is just one step *above* the diet of the classes before mentioned, and just one step *below* that of restaurants, whose dinners cost sixteen sous. A restaurant of sixteen sous !!—nay of fifteen, if you at once purchase fifteen tickets; and of fourteen, if you forswear wine. The Rocher de Cancale is the highest restaurant in Paris. The Au Bon Potage, in the Rue Jannison, is the lowest. They are at the extremities of the restaurant banqueting scale. Between them, range some dozen varieties. Among the fixed-priced restaurants are those of eighteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-eight, thirty-two, and finally of forty sous. Passing beyond the forty sous dinners, you sail out through a widening channel, into a broad ocean of charges, whose counter winds and cross currents so engulph and collapse the purse, that you almost wish your appetite anchored back amidst the tranquillity of *fixed prices*.

Your restaurant of sixteen sous, though entertaining its customers with rather questionable soups, yet serves

itself with pretty pompous titles. For instance, it inscribes over its door, *Au Bon Potage*, or *À La Renommée des Pieds de Mouton*. Sometimes it calls itself *Le Petit Very*, sometimes the *Restaurant de l'Univers*, and then again *Au Petit Rocher*. An establishment having lately assumed this latter designation, was therefor prosecuted by the proprietor of the veritable Rocher de Cancale. He deemed the assumption unwarrantable, and calculated to jeopardize, and depreciate the reputation of his famed resort. The complaint was, by a criminal tribunal, pronounced well-based, and the title of *Au Petit Rocher* joined the *has beens*.

The sixteen-sous-restaurant generally announces a 'salon superbe et magnifique!' with one hundred or more covers. Its napkins are always wonderfully clean, and its plate of rarest workmanship. The service is of most quick despatch, and its advertisement winningly says, 'on-y-lit le journal.' For sixteen sous, it will give you this dinner; to wit:—a soup; two dishes of meat very strong, (très forts) and garnished with vegetables selected from the carte by yourself; a carafon, or little decanter of good Macon; bread always *à discrétion*, and a very fine (très beau) dessert, corresponding to the season, *or* a petit verre of brandy. The generous feature about this bill of fare, is evidently the *pain à discrétion*. At every other restaurant, you must pay five sous for each additional roll. Hence do you see the *habitué* of a sixteen-sous establishment, nibbling away at roll after

roll, until he has managed to secure an extraordinary quantity of nourishment for his money. In its public, is comprehended a very large class, though not a wealthy one. Many students at law and medicine frequent it, reading professional treatises in the intervals between the dishes. And yet shall you there sometimes see the darkly-moustached individual, whom in the afternoon you had admired for most exquisite bearing, among the promenaders in the gardens of the Tuileries. It is an equally significant proof of breeding to find fault at a sixteen-sous-restaurant, as at the Grand Vatel, and consequently even there may you often hear drawled forth aristocratical reproaches of 'quel diner, garçon, quel ex-é-*cra*-ble diner!'

I hardly think it worth while to tarry much, here or there, as we journey onwards, up and through the thirty-two sous, and other restaurants, until we arrive at those of forty. They unquestionably differ from each other. There is a difference, for instance, between the restaurant of twenty, and that of twenty-two sous. But the distinction is delicate, and seldom appreciable save by the garçon, and a practised habitué. They each have their single soup, their two dishes of meat, their carafon of wine, their bread at discretion, and their dessert. They each, moreover, have their peculiar *clientèle*, or public. It is not until you get up to a thirty-two-sous-restaurant, that the prospect begins to widen, and you find yourself entitled to *three* dishes of meat, and a *half bottle* of Macon, or *Chablis*. Gaucher keeps a very good res-

taurant of this description, behind the Palais Royal. He gives you one dinner for thirty-two sous, or fifteen dinners for twenty-two and a half francs. The dishes at Gaucher's are thoroughly cooked; the lady at the counter has big white hands, and the garçons move about with the rapidity of lightning. If you know how to order, you may there get along very well. Gaucher's argenterie, however, is altogether *too* second hand. The forks have their prongs half eaten up by use. The spoons are extremely worn, and the knives look lean and dangerous. The company at Gaucher's comes under the head of 'shabbily genteel.' I have before me a caricature of this establishment. Eight diners have just discovered in their bowl of soup, a small shoe. Calling the garçon, they reproach him, not for the presence of the shoe, but for the absence of the soup which that shoe displaced. Gaucher's is patronized chiefly by those gentlemen, who are little anxious about the distinction between a cat and a rabbit.

Leaving Gaucher's, we come at once to the restaurants of forty sous. There are half a dozen in the Palais Royal. On the western side, Follet's is to be spoken of; and on the eastern, Yon's and Richard's. At Follet's, may you meet respectable looking refugees; Italian, Spanish and Polish. At Richard's, presides a dame-du-comptoir, more magnificent than any I have yet seen in similar establishments. These restaurants, however, lack in essential points. Follet's kitchen is altogether too near the salon, so that its

fumes reek through your atmosphere. At Richard's and Yon's, the floors fail in cleanliness, and the garçons move over them in heavy shoes, instead of noiseless pumps. At all of them, moreover, the conversation is quite too loud;—likewise, there is much blowing of noses;—also, they *do* spit. I know of no two-francs-restaurant, containing less exceptionable features than the *Colbert*, in the Galerie Colbert. The ceiling is lofty, the ventilation good, and magnificent mirrors surround the rooms. There are forty tables, for about one hundred and fifty covers. The company around you is promiscuous of ladies and gentlemen, speaking all European languages. That company is rather genteel. The conversation is through subdued tones. The ladies break bread in nice blue kids, and powdered-haired gentlemen tap their golden snuff boxes, at the end of the second course. The garçons, though too often serving in fidgety haste, every now and then exhibit some of that characteristic tranquillity, which adorns the best garçons of Vefour's and Grignon's. At the Colbert, you are perfectly at your ease, and may dine democratically, *with your hat on.**

* So far as *management of the hat* is concerned, very little but most dubious contradiction, can be inferred, respecting European civility. The Frenchman oftentimes dines, not only at restaurants, but at tables d'hôte, and in the company of ladies too, with his top hatted. Stopping, as he travels by public conveyance, to dine, he does never, as always does the Englishman, take off hat or cap. At theatres, both English and French keep hats on, while the curtain is down;—the English oftentimes, while

The dinner served at Au Grand Colbert for forty sous, is as follows:—a roll of bread; a half bottle of Macon, or Chablis; a soup; three dishes, and a dessert. Your soup may be selected out from *nine* different descriptions. You may choose your *three dishes*

the curtain is up. On entering cafés, restaurants, reading-rooms, &c. &c., the custom of slightly raising the hat, in civility to the general company, is universal in France, and also in Italy. The Englishman does no such thing. The French Chambers legislate with hats off. The English Houses of Parliament,—Lords as well as Commons,—do business with hats on, taking off the same on rising to speak. The Germans, whom I am happy to note down as the civilest-politest people in Europe, make a great deal of the hat. When passing friends in the public streets, they take the hat entirely off: sometimes letting it fall, in extremest feeling of courtesy, to the very arm's length. This act of civility is also often done to solitary strangers, and *always* if in company with a friend who chances to know, and who salutes those strangers. A German, unlike your Englishman, would certainly make effort to save a drowning man, although he might perchance have never been introduced to him. So far as hat-civility is concerned, the vulgar and democratic familiarity, which the Tory part of John Bull likes sometimes to charge upon his brother Jonathan, is left far behind by the practice under many European despotisms. The King of Bavaria thus recognises every body, and never leaves his Pinakothek, without raising his hat to the seven-foot high porter, there stationed at the door. The Emperor of Austria,—the 'Good Ferdinand,'—the paternal despot,—when alone promenading in the Prater, is continually taking off hat to any and every one that does the same to him, resolved not to be outrivalled, in this form of politeness. At Munich, no one is permitted to put on hat in the theatre, whether the curtain be up or down. I was, one evening, rather amused at the growl of an

from eighteen kinds of fish; six forms of fowl; eight kinds of game; twenty-one forms of beef; twenty-five forms of veal; thirteen forms of mutton, and from thirty kinds and forms of vegetables. Finally, for your dessert, you have a choice among thirty-six differ-

Englishman, at whom, as he put on his hat when rising at the close of the performance to leave the house, a huge, blackly-moustached, brazen-armed German gên d'armes, first softly sent, and, not being regarded, afterwards hoarsely *hurled* a horrid mass of native phraseology, signifying '*off* with that hat.' My Englishman deemed such remaining uncovered, exceeding humbug, saying such was not expected in England, &c. &c. &c. As to German reading-rooms, (to be found at Munich;—Vienna, Prague, Dresden and Berlin have them not. In these cities, European periodicals can be found *only* at their Cafés) and public galleries of Art, (I am of course speaking of the heart of Germany, and not of its skirts along the Rhine, which the English have so much haunted, and so much changed) every one takes off hat on entering, and puts it not on, till departing. Go into a circulating library,—you are expected to doff hat. Visit any store, or even shop,—you must dis-cover:—nay, you should discrown on entering each dirtiest Eilwagen-office, to engage a seat for your next pausing place in travel; you *should* do so, for you perceive every German about you so doing. Your Allemand, who thus makes of his hat so much, that a *picture of German civility*, would be almost coincident with a *daily history of German hats*, does not, however, make much of the *glove*. He does not, like your American for instance, keep the hand of a friend, just returned after long absence, patiently out-extended as if for alms, until he can go through the hard process of pulling off a tight-embracing glove, in order that the coming shake may be a warm one, of naked palms. The wise traveller, however, never quarrels with *forms* of civility. If through such forms, the *thing* be visible;—enough. A flexible man will

ent delicacies. Now this is all extremely liberal, and the business of selection may seem very easy. But I think you will hardly find it so. Much knowledge and skill are indispensable. Your great governing principle should be this ;—never select very compounded dishes. No cooks compound alimentary elements so much as the French. Nine dishes out of ten are described by one or the other of these terms of art, *à la*, or *sauté*,—that is to say, *got up*. Your veal is, *à la* chicorée, and your beef is *sauté* aux champignons, or *sauté* au Madère, that is to say, *got up* with mushrooms, or Madeira wine. The *à la* and the *sauté* are often carried to terrible extremes. I have, in several instances, known the original central substance completely lost in them ; as sometimes you may have failed to recognise a simple, long familiar air, amidst the *appoggiatúras* and flourishes, with which a professional

soon be bended to the form. It is only certain unbendable Englishmen, who with their bodies, resolutely transport their forms, nay more, their narrow island-spirit, over to the broad Continent, that suffer rubs, and checks and even breaks. I recollect an individual who conveyed across the channel, that one among his many forms called *language*, and who rather unfairly complained at Cologne, because forsooth, the landlord did not speak English. Of manners, as of morality and religion, there is no unexceptionable standard in the form ; as there certainly seems to be, in forms embodying beauty, or sublimity, or utility. Whoever wanders much and observingly over Europe, may perhaps, not after long time, hear his voice, Pyrrho-like, exclaiming that in most of these minor matters, as in many more serious ones,

'All we know is, nothing can be known.'

executor surrounds it. The consequences in a two-francs-restaurant, may be terrible. You cannot be sure of what you are dining on. A cat *à la* or *sauté*, may, with ease, be substituted for a chevreuil *à la* or *sauté*. Very little experience will inform you on this point. Nay, on reading over the carte of a Parisian restaurant, you may, ere aware of it, find your hand struck down with conviction upon the table, and your tongue declaring that you believe these French, even out of wasted chair bottoms or old leather, could get up a very palatable dish.

The above reflections will serve to guide us in the application of our general principle, and consequently we may subject it to this rule :—exercise *great* caution in selecting the *à las*, and the *sautés*. We have thus narrowed our sphere of choice into some security. We find, that as in the renowned restaurants, our chief effort is to hit upon the best dishes ; so at the Au Grand Colbert, the great task is to avoid the bad ones. For my part, I adopt a most un-epicurean simplicity. I prefer the Doric of a two-francs-restaurant, to its Corinthian. I feel always safe in the bread. *That*, thank God, was baked at a boulangerie. But when I come to the soup, I have not the same confidence. There are nine different kinds. Choose the simplest, but beware, oh beware, of the *Crouton à la purée*. I then usually call for a simple fried sole, and then,—as the knives and forks are never changed,—for a mere cutlet of mutton. By this time, the garçon begins to perceive that he is dealing with a man who perfectly

understands him. You look up into his face with the confidence of one who feels that he has not been gulled,—that he has not ordered one dish, and been served with another. For the third and last course, merely bespeak potatoes simply boiled. As for the dessert; I think you can never dream of Byronically wishing it your 'dwelling-place.' Though the map, or carte before you, be studded with marmelades and compotes, distrust them, and satisfy yourself with a dry *biscuit*. I have sometimes ventured into a meringue à la crême, but that rarely. The *à la* was there, and that *à la* enshrouds mysteries. If the mastication of the meringue, sound like the mastication of newly fallen snow, you may go on with assurance. If, however, its substance adhere tenaciously to the teeth, you had better generously abandon it, to be fabricated up into another meringue for some coming dessert-lover, and betake yourself at once to settling for the meal. Having got out of the Procrustean bed of two francs, the only question remaining is, what shall be presented to the garçon for his services. At a sixteen-sous-restaurant, the garçon expects two sous, and at that of thirty-two sous, he will not thank you unless you leave him four. At Colbert's, do not go beyond five. If you do, the garçon to be sure will thank you, and that profoundly, but inwardly he will pronounce you an Englishman and a flat. As you have merely tasted the half bottle of sour Macon or Chablis, the best thing you can do, after quitting Colbert's, and shaking the dust from your feet, is to repair at once to

Veron's for your coffee. A two-francs-restaurant is called cheap. Certain persons wonder how their dinners can be served at that price. When last in Boston, I dined at the Tremont House for a few sous more than two francs, on a dinner four times as desirable. That, to be sure, was a table d'hôte. Essentially so, is a two-francs-restaurant. The difference in mere *form*, between them, should, I think, if any thing, contribute to the greater cheapness of the latter.

It moreover serves you a déjeuner, or breakfast, at the fixed price of twenty-five sous. For this sum, you have bread, a half bottle of white or red wine, and two dishes chosen as at dinner. If you please, you may substitute a third dish for your wine. The French like substantial wine breakfasts. A light déjeuner is what they dream not of, and considering this meal with their dinner at five, you may fairly pronounce them the biggest eaters in Europe,—always excepting the Austrians. One feature about their meals, I here applaud. They are never profaned with *hot bread*. That steaming, leaden mixture, which burdens digestion at so many hotels and taverns, and private houses in the United States, you may search not only France, but all the continent over for in vain. There is a distant approach to it in England, under the disguise of buttered muffins. But, thank Heaven, that approach is distant. There are a few features wherein we may copy Europe, without contaminating our nationality. Cold bread at breakfast is one.

Next to the two-francs restaurants, are several thou-

sand Parisian tables d'hôte, of about equal cheapness. You may find them at the third and fourth rate hotels, and in private halls. These are democratically French, as are the aristocratically separated tables of the restaurants. Around them, gather strangers and friends to talk literature, business, or politics. They furnish pleasant pictures of French vivacity and *laisser-aller*. Here is one at the Hôtel Violet. It is kept by Monsieur and Madame Swager. Its *prix-fixe* is three francs, wine included. In rainy weather, I have dined at this table, rather for the sake of Monsieur Swager's company, than for his soup. Monsieur Swager's soup is bad; not bad for one franc, but bad, *exceedingly* bad for three. Moreover, you have not at his table, as at a restaurant, the regulating the succession of your dishes. This is also bad. Next to illy-cooked dishes, is the evil of their injudicious succession. Only your epicure may fitly appreciate this truth. A *plea in abatement* after a *plea in bar*, no new matter having arisen, would not more shock the professional palate of a common law judge, than would a *galantine à la gelée* after a *soufflé à la vanille*, shock the professional palate of a Parisian epicure. There is necessary sequence in the latter, as in the former. The complaint of not having enjoyed one's dinner, is less often attributable to the quality of the dishes, than to unskilfulness in their order of succession.* Hence does your epicure very properly

* I dined last July, at a genteely-thronged table d'hôte in Toeplitz, the renowned watering-place of Bohemia. For my

indulge a sort of contempt for all tables d'hôte, and particularly that at the Hôtel Violet. I have often applauded Monsieur Swager's entrées, never his entremets. His *bouilli*, being a universal French dish, is always relishable. His *aspergès à la sauce* is, with-

two swanzigers, I had presented to me the following dishes in the following order. First, came a bean soup. Secondly, a sort of indescribable pie. Thirdly, a boiled dish merged in gravy. Fourthly, sausages and green beans in the pod. Fifthly, sponge cake with cream. Sixthly, lamb and salad with preserved cherries. Seventhly, cheese and some butter. Eighthly, a quantity of very light thin cake. I partook of all these courses, but with little or no satisfaction. Their confusion perplexed me. No distinct, positive impressions remained. Their effects upon as elegant a company as I have ever seen, at good tables d'hôte in Germany, were various. Immediately after eating of the boiled dish so much merged in gravy, one *very* fat gentleman, nearly opposite me, fell fast asleep, and his head lolled back over his chair, while his mouth actually opened. The *Kellner*, or garçon, on presenting the 'sausages and green beans in pod,' was constrained to make one or two efforts to arouse him. Another gentleman, just after partaking of the lamb, salad, &c., thrust his big *table-knife* into his mouth, for the purposes of a tooth-pick. This, however, I had often witnessed before, at Munich and at Vienna, and by so well-bred persons in *other* respects, that the practice was gradually shifting in my estimation, from a very vulgar into a rather genteel one. Several persons sulkily read newspapers, in the long interval between the courses. Between cheese and the light thin cake, more than one individual rising, strolled restlessly twice or thrice through the hall, and then resumed his seat. The tumult of many in talk and laughter, was extremely discomposing. I may remark also that the ladies, whose bonnets, when not upon their heads,

out exception, the worst I have ever tasted. This class of tables d'hôte centres each day about it, no insignificant portion of the wit, intelligence, and manners of the metropolis. It is characteristic, and thoroughly French. Go there, if you would see the complaisant freedom of French intercourse, and the charming vivacity of French conversation. The English have no tables d'hôte; the Americans have no restaurants.* The French are more comprehensive. They embrace both. They have restaurants *and* tables d'hôte.

We may now look into the restaurants of second class, the first rate tables d'hôte, and finally into those seven renowned establishments which constitute, as it were, the summit of the Parisian banqueting pyramid.

hung over their chair-backs, and who lounged about lazily upon their elbows like the gentlemen, seemed never one jot nauseated at the largest quantity of public spitting, I had lately witnessed. I did not here see any one dining in his *shirt-sleeves;* a spectacle I once beheld on a rather warm day in July, in the public room of *Zum Goldenen Lamm*, the finest hotel in Vienna. The Germans appear to me to be the kindest-courteous people in Europe, but their tables d'hôte are damnable, and an Englishman judging of their manners at them, by the stubborn standards he invariably brings from his own narrow island, will pronounce such manners exceedingly strange, to say the least of them. One of their features is rather pleasant. No German gentleman, or German lady sits down at, or rises from, a German table d'hôte, without first offering the civility of a smile and bow, to the acquaintance and the strangers in his or her vicinity.

* Of course, with the exception of Delmonico's fine establishment in New York.

XX.

THE SECOND RATE RESTAURANTS.

'Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur
Mais de son estomac, je distingue son coeur.'
BERCHOUX.

THOSE intellectual gentlemen, who deem the pleasures of eating unworthy of speech and perhaps of thought, will hardly sympathize with the facts and reflections of the two following Passages. Aware of this, I feel distrustful of their companionship, and almost request them to abstain from walking with me through the renowned restaurants of Paris. Those gentlemen, on the other hand, who reckon the pleasures of eating among the commendable pleasures of life; who can distinguish between Spartan black broth, and *creci au clair de la lune;* who esteem a good dinner as worthy, first of anticipation, then of enjoyment, and afterwards of remembrance; and who, finally, behold in the cookery of a people, one type of their progress in civilization;—such gentlemen, I trust, may not look with frowning eyes upon these cogitations. Into *their* hands, may I venture to entrust myself. It is *their* sympathies and footsteps which, with some confidence, I solicit for the ensuing wanderings.

Paris contains five hundred restaurants of the second

class. I place them, for one reason, in the second class, because, though capable of providing very expensive dinners, they usually provide comparatively cheap ones. These restaurants are distributed all about the metropolis. In the Palais Royal, Prevot's has great merit. Prevot's apartment, in the magnificence of its chandeliers, columns, and mirrors, is next to Very's. There is one table whereat sitting, you may multiply yourself enjoying *pets de nonne*, at least seven times. The spaciousness of this hall requires at its farther extremity, an additional desk for an extra dame-du-comptoir.

Not far from Prevot's, and to be ranked on the same level with it, stands the Perigord. Its interior is not so spacious, but it is very tastefully adorned, and the chief window exhibits treasures in the way of game, and fish, fruit and fowl, not unlike those at a Comestibles. I know of nothing more stimulating to an appetite, than the spectacle in this window. Retiring once from the restaurant with a friend, after a hearty meal, and pausing a moment to contemplate this scene, he declared that he felt as strong a disposition to dine, as when, one hour before, he commenced his *potage à la julienne.* It is amusing to watch the countenances of the multitudes who, there promenading, stop for an instant, to eat these luxuries with their eyes. Would to heaven that thus cheaply, they might gratify their palates. If the Perigord's window feast the visual, the flavors from the Perigord's *cuisine* feast the nasal organs. They reek up through an aperture

on the other side of the building. Around this aperture, may you often see couched some half dozen ragged Savoyards, not apparently more for the purpose of watching the mysteries going on in the laboratory below, than for inhaling the fumes and ascending savors. A hungry man of vigorous fancy, there lingering for a moment, and thrusting, as he walks slowly round the corner, a tooth-pick into his mouth, might almost imagine that he had dined.

On the Boulevards, Hardy's may be named as a quiet, comfortable dining house. Many, however, prefer the Café Anglais, directly opposite. The Café Anglais has a questionable name. Moreover, it takes Galignani. Such manifested spirit to encourage the English, is proof that seeds of degeneration are already sown therein. The English corrupt three things:—the dishes—the laisser-aller—and the garçons. A *vol-au-vent de turbot à la Marengo*, for instance, cooked at a purely French-frequented restaurant, is a dish quite different from that got up under the same name, at a restaurant much patronized by Englishmen. The delightful Parisian laisser-aller is contaminated by English silence, and stiffness of deportment. The garçons are corrupted by too great presents. An Englishman gives twenty sous, where a French gentleman has been accustomed to give ten. Hence arise exorbitant expectations in garçons, much restlessness, indifferent service to all save eaters in big red faces, and vague dreamings after gold. Thus does the garçon grow up into an epitome of those hotels much

frequented by English travellers in Italy. Such garçon and his restaurant are to be avoided. They become members of the same class with certain Parisian shops, on whose doors are written 'English spoken here,' which is, being interpreted, 'English *taken in* here.'

Douix keeps a respectable restaurant over the passage to the Opera. One of his garçons is extremely amiable, and rather intelligent, with a fancy brilliant as his polished hair. Ask him to name his best dishes. With what significant upturnings of the eye, as if in recollection, does he not go on with announcements of 'we have this *sauté*,' and 'we have that *à la!*' His words address not only the ear and eye, but likewise the olfactories. He so describes a dish, you fancy that you can smell it. The last time I dined with Douix, he charged thirteen sous for a pear, and one franc for *fire*. This last charge looked rather singular, and a German gentleman at the next table declared, with a *bei Gott*, that he would not pay it, never having called for that dish, and swearing that the room was cold as the Hartz in midwinter. The dame-du-comptoir politely insisted, and the German was about to stop his dues to the garçon, when the resistless *manner* of that garçon quite overcame him.

Near the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, is the Omnibus-Restaurant. It has but recently been opened. At its head is the Vicompte de Botherel. Titled gentlemen open restaurants in Paris, as titled gentlemen drive stage-coaches in England. The Viscount's es-

tablishment is based on a capital of two hundred thousand francs, whose shares are seven hundred and fifty francs each. Capitalists are pleased thus to invest moneys, and receive their due dividends. The rooms of this restaurant are exceedingly brilliant, and in its *clientèle* predominate the sex. It is the only establishment of this kind, wherein I have seen respectable ladies dining, without the presence of a gentleman.

The Boulevards abound in second rate restaurants. They do not, however, monopolize them. The faubourgs are likewise thronged. The hungry stranger is surprised to find in many of those unfashionable sections, such excellent eating. It was not until lately that I made some very valuable discoveries. The Rocher, itself located in a very obscure street, first gave me the hint. So recently as yesterday, walking in the Faubourg-Poissonière, I read the word 'Restaurant,' in very small and dirty letters. As the hour of five had arrived, I suggested to my companion, that for curiosity's sake, we should there dine. Entering through a narrow avenue, and ascending a narrower flight of stairs, we found ourselves in a small room, containing half a dozen tables. At one, was a national guard in full uniform, seated opposite a rather old lady. At another, was a fine looking old gentleman, reading the Journal des Debats. At a third, were four gentlemen conversing with vivacity, and scattered among whose words, I frequently heard the names of Guizot and Molé. The garçon, in light pumps, and with a pocket full of spoons, pointed us to a vacant

seat, placed a carte within reach, gave us each a bread roll, and at once asked what wine we desired. I found his carte extremely rich. It seemed to me equalling Very's, in the number and complexity of its dishes. And then the cookery was admirable. The *apartment* and *furniture* were indeed ordinary; the *courses* were delicious. There was no parade, hardly a mirror, not a curtain, not even a dame-du-comptoir, and but one very poor chandelier. But there *was* the glory of a French cuisine. Nothing fed the eye; all was for the palate, and before the patisserie was half concluded, my companion exclaimed, 'the pleasures of eating are intense.' Eight francs were paid for a dinner, which at the Café de Paris, would have absorbed sixteen. Here was harmony between the thing given, and the thing received. At the Rocher, there is too often discord. I dined there about three weeks since, with a party of five. A twenty-five francs dinner each, had been ordered;—the bill, including wine, amounted to one hundred and ninety-two francs. Having dined at some forty different Parisian restaurants, I was satisfied of the gross exorbitancy of that charge. Such impositions are practised daily. There was not correspondence, nor slightest harmony, between the garçon's bill of fare, and his bill of expense, and no lover of concords could have been otherwise than offended. The world has not an eating house, whose dinners in their tout-ensemble, equal those that may be given at the Rocher de Cancale; and it has none, whose charges, for an ordi-

nary dinner, are so high. Wonders exist in this metropolis, whereof neither the American nor the English traveller, sojourning briefly, ever dreams. I am assured of the existence of Restaurants, whose *single* dishes, *not* courses, come quite up to any of the Rocher, at but one third of their expense. Certain ancient French epicures know their locality, and they have regard enough for their palates and purses, to keep such knowledge to themselves.

Among the tables d'hôte of the first class, are chiefly to be mentioned Meurice's, and that at the Hôtel des Princes. I first dined at Meurice's, on the second day of my arrival in Paris. I was charmed by the brilliancy of the table, adorned as it was, from the beginning to the end of the banquet, with vases of flowers and fruit. I was amazed and bewildered, by the multitudinous succession that passed before me, of unheard-of dishes. Meurice's table will accommodate thirty persons. Madame Meurice has, however, been known to crowd about it, thirty-five and even forty. It then becomes miserable residence for an epicure. The most flavorous dish produces little impression on him, whose elbows are pinned to his loins, like the wings of a skewered becassine. Hence an objection. Intending to dine at Meurice's, ascertain beforehand if the company will probably be numerous. If not, you may reasonably reckon among your day's pleasures, the prospect of enjoying a very magnificent banquet at five o'clock. Out from *twenty-seven* different dishes, you may select, for combination, the elements

of your meal; and when informed that the sum of only four francs responds to such luxury, your surprise mounts up into astonishment. Here seems a discord violent as that at the Rocher, but it is one whereof you have little right, and less disposition, to complain. The four francs, however, will bring forth no wine. You may select that in whole bottles, or half bottles, from the proper carte. The objection to tables d'hôte, on the ground of not being able to regulate the succession of your dishes, is much done away at Meurice's by the multitude of courses. There is a probability, amounting to moral certainty, that among the twenty-seven dishes, you will be able to combine into their due order, those which will most harmoniously correspond with your past habitudes, and gustatory organization. The company at Meurice's is chiefly English. That fact might perhaps have been inferred, from the *abundance* of the courses. Green English come over to the mysteries of Meurice's banquet. At once, some of them ignorantly satiate their appetite on the four first dishes. Twenty-three untasted delicacies that follow, teach them an important lesson for the next banquet. Two hours employed at table, enable one to discover, first, the untravelled English boor; second, the would-be English puppy; and finally, the thorough-bred Englishman,—whom by the way, you will afterwards recall, as one of the most finished and graceful models in your memory. Meurice's is pronounced the finest table d'hôte in the world. It is perhaps the most abundant and various, for the simple

charge of four francs. I do not, however, prefer it to that at the Hôtel des Princes. The latter has a quiet, and a certain delightful air of French self-possession about it, which you may search for in vain among the English at Meurice's. Its dinners are admirable for five francs; its wines very superior, and its service is extremely comme-il-faut.

There is another form of Parisian eating, that may be fitly introduced here. It is furnished by a *Traiteur*. Families sojourning here for a few months, find it particularly convenient. The usual custom is, to engage by the week or month, a traiteur to furnish breakfasts and dinners at a fixed price, and according to a regulated bill of fare. Thus may you often live extremely cheap, and extremely well. Sometimes, perhaps, you had better leave the bill of fare discretionary with the traiteur. Only say to him amiably, 'furnish to me and my family of four, at five o'clock each day, as good a dinner as you can, for five francs, per palate.' Such confidence on your part, often begets very pleasing results. You throw, as it were, a part of your happiness into the traiteur's power, and if he be Battiste, near the Palais Royal, your generosity will not be abused. Though the traiteur may cook far from your apartments, his dishes are always in the proper temperature. He serves them before you with as much finished regularity, as they are served at a table d'hôte, or restaurant. I doubt not you will often be gratified and startled, by his ingenuity in choosing, and regulating the order of your

dishes. You fancy yourself reading therein, his knowledge of your character. You, moreover, often experience the joy of doubtful anticipation, followed by an agreeable surprise. There is, perhaps, no moment in the life of a gourmand, more interesting than the interval between the consumption of one dish, and the arrival of its unknown successor. Hope, fear, confidence, doubt;—these are the battling emotions of that interregnum. The mere deposit, by the traiteur of his dish before him, does not put those emotions to flight; no, nor even the removal of the silver cover, for the combination is mysteriously French. It is not until the proper question is asked;—'Eh bien, mon ami, quel morceau piquant avez vous là?' that tranquillity is restored. Happy he, if the traiteur smilingly respond;—'vol-au-vent à la financiere, monsieur.' It is however, only the *gourmand* who descends to the ignorant pleasure of surprise in unexpected dishes. Your accomplished epicure writes out his palate's programme beforehand, and he eats his first course with harmonious reference to those which are to follow.

Leaving the traiteur, let us now ascend, at once, to the highest class of Parisian restaurants.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

JAN 29 1903

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 9999 10089 472 2